THE
WORKS
OF
BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

THE WORKS OF BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER,

WITH AN

INTRODUCTION AND EXPLANATORY NOTES,

E E BY

HENRY WEBER, Esq.

VOLUME THE ELEVENTH,

CONTAINING

THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN.
THE MAID OF THE MILL.
LOVE'S PILGRIMAGE.
THE LOVERS' PROGRESS.

EDINBURGH:

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1812.

FOUR PLAYS,

OR

MORAL REPRESENTATIONS,

IN ONE.

BY

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

FOUR PLAYS,

OR

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THIS very singular composition was first printed in the folio of 1647, and, though we have no data to determine positively whether it was the production of both our authors, we may with considerable confidence decide that it was. There is a disparity between the two first of the short plays introduced and the two last, too obvious to require to be pointed out to an attentive reader; and the latter have such strong points of resemblance (particularly in the flowing versification, and the great multiplicity of female terminations of the lines) to those plays which are known to have been produced by Fletcher solely, that we need not hesitate to ascribe them to him; the two first Triumphs, with the Induction, were therefore probably the work of Beaumont. As to the time of its production, nothing can be decided on; but the dumb shows, the processions, &c. seem to indicate that the piece was of an early date; and if the allusion to a disease which was described by a contemporary glossarist in 1611, as one which had made its appearance shortly before, has any weight, the play was probably produced about that time.

The compiler of the *Biographica Dramatica* observes, " whether this medley of dramatic pieces was ever performed or not does not plainly appear." There is, however, no good reason to doubt that it was brought on the stage at the time it was written, though since that period it has probably never been acted.

Our authors were not the first who conceived the idea of collecting a number of short pieces, and joining them into one by means of a fictitious audience, before whom they are supposed to be represented. On the 6th of March, 1591, a drama was performed, entitled, Four Plays in One, and another the 7th of Oc-

tober, 1597, with the title of Five Plays in One. About 1605, a piece called All's One, or Four Plays in One, was produced; one of the short pieces being Shakspeare's Yorkshire Tragedy. The same design was afterwards adopted by Sir William Davenant in his Playhouse to be Let, and by Motteux in The Novelty, or Every Act a Play.[1] The idea, however, was not a very happy one, as few audiences could relish an entertainment so miscellaneous as the present, in which they are regaled with two tragi-comedies, a tragedy, and a moral masque, and behold a fictitious audience concluding every piece with a moralisation, which had much better have been left to the real spectators.

The idea of introducing the Triumphs of Honour, Love, Death, and Time, was probably suggested by the *Trionfi* of Petrarch, which had been translated shortly before; and which, with other Italian poetry, seems to have obtained great popularity in England.

The Triumph of Honour is by no means the most happily conceived, nor the best executed among the four. It has a good deal of bombast and false conceit; the classical allusions are not happily introduced, and the mock deification of Valerius is extremely puerile. The hint of the plot is taken,[2] as Langbaine observes, from Boccaccio's Decameron, (Giornata X. Nov. V.) of which the following is the substance: "Dianora, the wife of Gilberto, in order to get rid of the importunities of her lover Ansaldo, promised to gratify his desires if he would present her with a garden bearing flowers and fruit in the month of January. Ansaldo realised her wish by the assistance of a magician, who, to the astonishment of the whole city of Udine, produced the desired miracle. Dianora, in despair, mentioned the bargain she had made with Ansaldo to her husband, who, notwithstanding his extreme love for her, commanded her to fulfil the pledge. When the lover came to obtain the promise, beheld the despair of Dianora, and heard the consent of Gilberto, he was so touched by the generosity of the latter, that he released the lady from her promise. The necromancer, not to be behind hand with him, refused to accept any remuneration for his enchanted garden." Manni observes, that Boccaccio probably founded his novel on a relation in Tritemius of a Jew physician, who, in the year 876, in the middle of winter, caused, by enchantment, a garden,

[1] One of Calderon's plays, *Los tres mayores prodigios*, is formed on a similar plan, every one of the three *jornadas*, or acts, forming a separate play. The subjects are the adventures of Jason, Hercules, and Theseus. They are not, however, connected together as the present drama.

[2] Another old comedy, entitled, The two Merry Milkmaids, or The best Words wear the Garland, by J. C. Lond. 1620, is partly founded on the same novel.

with trees and flowers in bloom, to appear before a numerous and splendid company.

The Triumph of Love is far superior to the former, and contains some exquisite touches of nature. The story is interesting, and in general well told. Indeed, this short piece contains the stamina of a very interesting regular tragi-comedy, for which it is far better fitted than many other plots in these volumes. This fable also is taken from a novel of Boccaccio, (Giorn. V. Nov. VII.) "In the reign of William, King of Sicily, Amerigo, a rich and noble gentleman, dwelt at Trapani, and one day a Genoese vessel coming to port with slaves, which they had captured in a Turkish galley, he purchased a youth, who was supposed to be a Turk, and whom he caused to be baptized Pietro. When he grew up, a strong attachment took place between him and Violante, the daughter of Amerigo. One day the whole family had proceeded on an excursion from a country villa, when a thunder-storm forced them to make all possible haste homewards. The young slave and Violante outstripped the rest in speed, and being forced into an old ruinous mansion by a shower of hail, they took the opportunity to consummate their wishes. The effect of this soon became apparent, and Pietro wished to avoid the impending danger by flight; but Violante promising not to betray him as the author of her shame, and threatening to kill herself if he left her, he consented to remain. When the time of parturition arrived, she feigned a tale to her mother, who promised to conceal her condition from Amerigo. Unfortunately the latter, hearing her cries, rushed into the room, and putting his sword to her breast, extorted the truth. Pietro was apprehended, sent for judgment to Trapani, and being put to the torture by Currado the governor, confessed his guilt. Amerigo then gave a phial of poison and a dagger to a servant, bidding him carry them to his daughter, who should choose one of the two deaths, and threatening to burn her alive in case of refusal. The infant he ordered to be put to death, and its carcase to be given to the dogs. When Pietro was led to the gallows to be executed, a crimson spot upon his breast led to his recognition by Fineo, (then on an embassy from the king of Arminia to Rome,) as his son Teodoro, who, fifteen years before, had been made prisoner by pirates. Fineo immediately made the circumstance known to Amerigo, and offered his son in marriage to his daughter. The latter hastened to his country-house, and fortunately arrived before the servant had compelled Violante to make choice of dying by the poison or the dagger. The marriage was then concluded and solemnized to the content of all parties."

The Triumph of Death is deserving of fully as much commendation as the former; and, notwithstanding the brevity of this drama, there are few tragedies of the usual length so pathetic. The

plot is interesting without being too intricate; the versification exquisitely harmonious; no scenes of low buffoonery are introduced, and recourse is not had to under-plots and transactions foreign to the main design. This is evidently the result of the shortness of the piece; but it proves that, contrary to the usual practice, a tragic drama may be produced, confined within very narrow limits, without weakening the intended effect upon the audience. The plot is founded, as Langbaine observes, " on a novel in The Fortunate, Deceived, and Unfortunate Lovers, part iii. vol. iii. See besides, Palace of Pleasure, Nov. 40, Belleforest, &c." The original, however, is the first novel of Bandello, which seems to have been founded on fact. Buondelmonte, of one of the principal families in Florence, is betrothed to one of the Amadei. A widow of the family of the Donati, ambitious to match her daughter to him, puts her in his way, and he is immediately so struck with her beauty, as to forget his pre-contract, and to marry her; in consequence of which he is murdered by the two great families, the Uberti and Amadei.

The Triumph of Time is a moral masque, which was a favourite species of composition in the reign of James I. It may claim as much encomium as most pieces of a similar description, while it participates in their absolute want of interest, and the other defects which such personifications of the virtues and vices uniformly exhibit.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Emanuel, *king of Portugal and Castile,* Isabella, *his queen,* Lords, Frigoso, *a courtier,* Rinaldo, *his acquaintance,*	*spectators of the play at the celebration of the nuptials.*

Poet, Lords, Attendants, Spectators.

SCENE—Lisbon.

The Triumph of Honour.

Martius, *a Roman general.*
Valerius, *his brother.*
Sophocles, *duke of Athens.*
Nicodemus, *a cowardly corporal.*
Cornelius, *a wittol sutler.*
Captains.

Diana.
Dorigen, *Sophocles's wife, the example of chastity.*
Florence, *wife to Cornelius.*

SCENE—Athens and the adjoining Country.

The Triumph of Love.

Cupid.
Rinaldo, *duke of Milan.*

Benvoglio, Randulpho,	*brothers, lords of Milan.*
Alphonso, Ascanio,	*disguised under the names of Gerrard, Ferdinand, sons of the duke, supposed to be lost.*

Friar, Secretary, Guard, States, Executioners.

Angelina, *wife to Benvoglio.*
Violante, *her daughter, Gerrard's mistress.*
Dorothea, *Violante's attendant.*
Cornelia, *the obscured duchess.*

SCENE—Milan.

The Triumph of Death.

Duke of Anjou.
Lavall, *his lustful heir.*
Marine, *father to Hellena.*
Gentille, *a courtier, father to Perolot.*
Perolot, *contracted to Gabriella.*
Two Gentlemen.
A Spirit.
Shalloone, *servant to Lavall.*

Gabriella, *the despised wife of Lavall.*
Hellena, *his second wife.*
Casta, *daughter to Gentille.*
Maria, *a servant attending on Gabriella.*

SCENE—Angiers.

The Triumph of Time.

Jupiter.
Mercury.
Plutus.
Time.
Atropos.
Desire.
Vain-Delight.
Bounty.
Poverty.
Honesty.
Simplicity.
Humility.
Fame.
Industry.
The Arts.
Labour.
Craft.
Lucre.
Vanity.
Indians.

FOUR PLAYS,

OR

MORAL REPRESENTATIONS,

IN ONE.

INDUCTION.[1]

Lisbon. A State-Room in the Palace, with a Throne and Scaffolds, crowded with Spectators.

Enter FRIGOSO. [*Noise within.*]

Fri. Away with those bald-pated rascals there! their wits are bound up in vellum; they are not current here. Down with those city gentlemen![2]

[1] The editors of 1750 and 1778, preferring to the very end of their labours the most unmetrical verse to good prose, have cut down every prose speech in this play into a certain number of lines, the most uncouth which have ever been exhibited.

[2] *Down with those city gentlemen!* &c.] I do not know what the *&c.* here alludes to. Perhaps it was left to the discretion of the actor to add similar exclamations according to his own discretion. *Cuckolds* in the next line is not to be found in the old folio, but a bar only indicates the omission of the word. So again Frigoso's answer farther on is thus exhibited:—"No, by my —— do I not." To such an extent was the delicacy of the licensers carried; and so ludicrous was the contrast betwixt the gross impro-

Out with those cuckolds, I say, and in with their wives at the back door![3]—Worship and place, I am weary of ye; ye lie on my shoulders like a load of gold on an ass's back. A man in authority is but as a candle in the wind, sooner wasted or blown out than under a bushel.—How now! What's the matter?—who are you, sir?

Enter RINALDO.

Rin. Who am I, sir? Why, do you not know me?
Fri. No, by my faith, do I not.
Rin. I am sure we dined together to-day.
Fri. That's all one: as I dined with you in the city, and as you paid for my dinner there, I do know you, and am beholding to you: but as my mind is since transmigrated into my office, and as you come to court to have me pay you again, and be beholding to me, I know you not, I know you not!
Rin. Nay, but look you, sir!
Fri. Pardon me! If you had been my bedfel-

prieties they were compelled to retain, and the harmless expletives they thought themselves compelled to expunge!

[3] *Out with those cuckolds, I say, and in with their wives at the back door.*] This was the common practice at the court-masques in King James's time, and of course led to the most gross debaucheries. See A Wife for a Month, vol. VIII. p. 173. In Sir Edward Peyton's Divine Catastrophe of the Stuarts, he thus reprehends the disgraceful consequences produced by these practices:

"These bawdy transactions, as in a prospective glass, may bring nearer to our memories the fashion of Charles his reigne, how sin was hatched from an egg to a dragon, to devour holiness of life; insomuch, that the masks and plays at Whitehall were used onely for incentives to lust: therefore, the courtiers invited the citizens wives to those shews on purpose to defile them in such sort. There is not a lobby nor chamber (if it could speak) but would verify this." From the present and other old plays, it is however evident that the origin of the custom was not to be charged to King Charles's court, as it was equally prevalent in that of King James,

low these seven years, and lent me money to buy my place, I must not transgress principles: this very talking with you is an ill example.

Rin. Pish! You are too punctual a courtier, sir! Why, I am a courtier too; yet never understood the place or name to be so infectious to humanity and manners, as to cast a man into a burning pride and arrogance, for which there is no cure. I am a courtier, and yet I will know my friends, I tell you.

Fri. And I tell you, you will thrive accordingly, I warrant you.

Rin. But, hark you, signor Frigoso! you shall first understand, I have no friends with me to trouble you.

Fri. Humh! that's a good motive.

Rin. Nor to borrow money of you.

Fri. That's an excellent motive.

Rin. No, my sweet don, nor to ask what you owe me.

Fri. Why, that is the very motive of motives why I ought and will know thee: and if I had not wound thee up to this promise, I would not have known thee these fifteen years, no more than the arrantest or most foundered Castilian that followed our new queen's carriages a-foot.

Rin. Nor for any thing, dear don, but that you would place me conveniently to see the play to-night.

Fri. That shall I, signor Rinaldo. But would you had come sooner: You see how full the scaffolds are! there is scant room for a lover's thought here.—Gentlewomen, sit close, for shame! Has none of ye a little corner for this gentleman?—I'll place you, fear not. And how did our brave king of Portugal, Emanuel, bear himself to-day? You saw the solemnity of the marriage.

Rin. Why, like a fit husband for so gracious and excellent a princess, as his worthy mate Isabella, the king of Castile's daughter, doth, in her very external lineaments, mixture of colours, and joining dove-like behaviour, assure herself to be. And I protest, my dear don, seriously, I can sing prophetically nothing but blessed hymns, and happy occasions to this sacred union[4] of Portugal and Castile, which have so wisely and mutually conjoined two such virtuous and beautiful princes as these are; and, in all opinion, like to multiply to their very last minute.

Fri. The king is entering: Signor, hover hereabout, and as soon as the train is set, clap into me; we'll stand near the state. If you have any creditors here, they shall renew bonds a twelvemonth on such a sight: But to touch the pomel of the king's chair, in the sight of a citizen, is better security for a thousand double ducats, than three of the best merchants in Lisbon. Besides, signor, we will censure, not only the king in the play here, that reigns his two hours, but the king himself, that is to rule his life-time. Take my counsel!— I have one word to say to this noble assembly, and I am for you.

Rin. Your method shall govern me.

Fri *Prologues are hushiers bare before the wise;*[5]
Why may not then an hushier prologuise?

[4] *I can sing prophetically nothing but blessed hymns, and happy occasions to this sacred union.*] If *occasions* be the right word, it must mean consequences; but I suspect that we ought to read *orisons.*—Mason.

Mason's explanation is right; his amendment needless, and even absurd; for how could *orisons* suit the blessed union between Portugal and Castile?

[5] *Prologues are* bad *huishers before the wise.*] If prologues are *bad* huishers, how does the consequence follow, that therefore an

Here's a fair sight; and were ye oftner seen
Thus gather'd here, 'twould please our king and queen.
Upon my conscience, ye are welcome all
To Lisbon, and the court of Portugal;
Where your fair eyes shall feed on no worse sights
Than preparations made for kings' delights.
We wish to men content, the manliest treasure;
And to the women, their own wish'd-for pleasure!
[Flourish.

Enter EMANUEL *and* ISABELLA, *and take their Seat on the Throne; Lords, and Attendants.*

Eman. Fair fountain of my life, from whose pure streams
The propagation of two kingdoms flows,
Never contention rise in either's breast,
But contestation whose love shall be best!
Isab. Majestic ocean, that with plenty feeds
Me, thy poor tributary rivulet;
Sun of my beauty, that with radiant beams
Dost gild and dance upon these humble streams;
Cursed be my birth-hour, and my ending day,
When back your love-floods I forget to pay!
Or if this breast of mine, your crystal brook,
Ever take other form in, other look
But yours, or e'er produce unto your grace
A strange reflection, or another's face,
But be your love-book clasp'd, open'd to none
But you, nor hold a story, but your own;

huisher or *usher* should prologuise? I believe *bad* a corruption, and that we should read *but*, which renders the whole easy and intelligible.—*Seward.*

The present text is from the first edition. *Bare* seems used in the sense of *but*, or *mere*. It is also sense, in the acceptation of *uncovered*, in this place.—Ed. 1778.

A water fix'd, that ebbs nor floods pursue,
Frozen to all, only dissolved to you!

Eman. Oh, who shall tell the sweetness of our love
To future times, and not be thought to lie?
I look through this hour like a perspective,
And far off see millions of prosperous seeds,
That our reciprocal affection breeds.
Thus my white rib,[6] close in my breast with me,
Which nought shall tear hence, but mortality!

Lords. Be kingdoms blest in you, you blest in them! [*Flourish.*

Fri. Whist! signor! My strong imagination shews me Love, methinks, bathing in milk and wine in her cheeks. Oh, how she clips him, like a plant of ivy!

Rin. Ay; could not you be content to be an owl in such an ivy-bush, or one of the oaks of the city, to be so clipt?

Fri. Equivocal don, though I like the clipping well, I could not be content either to be your owl, or your ox of the city.—The play begins. [*Flourish.*

Enter a Poet with a Garland.

Poet Prologue. *Low at your sacred feet our poor muse lays*
Her, and her thunder-fearless verdant bays.
Four several Triumphs to your princely eyes,
Of Honour, Love, Death, and Time, do rise

[6] *My* white *rib.*] *White* was a very general epithet of endearment. So in The Return from Parnassus, Amoretto's page says, "When he returns, I'll tell twenty admirable lies of his hawk: and then I shall be his little rogue, his *white* villain, for a whole week after."

From our approaching subject; which we move
Tow'rds you with fear, since that a sweeter love,
A brighter honour, purer chastity,
March in your breasts this day triumphantly,
Than our weak scenes can shew: Then how dare we
Present, like apes and zanies, things that be
Exemplified in you, but that we know
We ne'er craved grace which you did not bestow?

THE

TRIUMPH OF HONOUR.

SCENE I.

Before the Walls of Athens.

Enter in Triumph with Drums, Trumpets, Colours, MARTIUS, VALERIUS, SOPHOCLES *bound,* NICODEMUS, CORNELIUS, *Captains, and Soldiers.*

Mar. What means proud Sophocles?
Soph. To go even with Martius,
And not to follow him like his officer:
I never waited yet on any man.
Mar. Why, poor Athenian duke, thou martyr slave;

My blows have conquer'd thee.
Soph. Thy slave, proud Martius?
Cato thy countryman (whose constancy,
Of all the Romans, I did honour most)
Ripp'd himself twice to avoid slavery,
Making himself his own anatomy.
But look thee, Martius; not a vein runs here
From head to foot, but Sophocles would unseam, and,
Like a spring-garden,[7] shoot his scornful blood
Into their eyes, durst come to tread on him.
As for thy blows, they did not conquer me:
Seven battles have I met thee face to face,
And given thee blow for blow, and wound for wound,
And, till thou taught'st me,[8] knew not to retire:

[7] *Not a vein runs here*
From head to foot, but Sophocles would unseam, and
Like a spring-garden, shoot his scornful blood
Into their eyes, durst come to tread on him.] The last editors, not comprehending the meaning of this passage, propose to amend it, by reading *spring-gun*, instead of *spring-garden*; but they entirely mistake the allusion. It was the fashion formerly in improvements where there was a command of water, to convey it in pipes in such a manner, that, when you trod on a particular spot, the water played upon you, and wet you severely: These were called *spring-gardens*. And I remember to have seen one at Chatsworth, about five-and-twenty years ago, which has probably given place by this time to more modern and elegant decorations; such practical jokes being no longer in fashion. Spring-garden, which formerly made part of St James's Park, was probably a garden of this kind. It is to this that Sophocles alludes. Spring-guns would be a strange anachronism, and destroy both metre and sense. Paul Hentzner, who visited England in 1598, in his description of Nonsuch, the villa of Henry VIII., says, "There is, besides, another pyramid of marble full of concealed pipes, which spout upon all who come within their reach."—*Mason.*
Such fopperies are still to be seen in continental gardens.

[8] *Thou taught'st me.*] The context seems to require FATE *taught me*, or words to that effect.—Ed. 1778. This is a most needless

Thy sword was then as bold, thy arm as strong;
Thy blows then, Martius, cannot conquer me.
Val. What is it then?
Soph. Fortune.
Val. Why, yet in that
Thou art the worse man, and must follow him.
Soph. Young sir, you err: If Fortune could be call'd
Or his, or yours, or mine, in good or evil,
For any certain space, thou hadst spoke truth;
But she but jests with man, and in mischance
Abhors all constancy, flouting him still
With some small touch of good, or seeming good,
Midst of his mischief; which vicissitude
Makes him strait doff his armour, and his fence
He had prepared before, to break her strokes.
So from the very zenith of her wheel,
When she has dandled some choice favourite,
Given him his boons in women, honour, wealth,
And all the various delicacies of earth,
That the fool scorns the gods in his excess,
She whirls, and leaves him at th' Antipodes.
Mar. Art sure we have taken him? is this Sophocles?
His fetter'd arms say, no; his free soul, ay.[9]

alteration. Sophocles says simply, "I never knew how to retire till I learnt it by thy example."

[9] *His fettered arms say*, no; *his free soul*, ay.] Mason says we should transpose the affirmative and the negative in this line, because the question asked by Martius is, Whether he is a captive or not? But the text is capable of receiving the following very poetical explanation, furnished by a friend, which proves the propriety of it at once: "Is this Sophocles? the illustrious Sophocles? this! the enslaved being before me!—Regarding his fetters only, I should say—No. This captive cannot be the hero. But when I regard his "free soul," I hear it proclaim, Ay! Spite of his chains and captivity, he, whose great soul looks down upon chains and captivity, is indeed Sophocles, is indeed the hero whom outward events cannot alter or affect."

This Athens nurseth arts as well as arms.
Soph. Nor glory, Martius, in this day of thine!
'Tis behind yesterday, but before to-morrow;
Who knows what Fortune then will do with thee?
She never yet could make the better man,
The better chance she has: The man that's best
She still contends with, and doth favour least.
Mar. Methinks, a graver thunder than the skies
Breaks from his lips: I am amazed to hear;
And Athens' words, more than her swords, do fear.
[*Aside.*
Slave Sophocles——
Soph. Martius,[1] couldst thou acquire

[1] Soph. *Martius, slave Sophocles, couldst thou* acquire.] A transposition here has rendered this absolute darkness. Martius being struck with admiration at Sophocles's intrepidity, is resolved to put it to a farther trial by scoffs and insults; he therefore begins with calling him *slave*, as the answer evidently shews. There is therefore scarce doubt of the true reading being as the text is now reformed, making the first part of the speech spoke aside, and then,

Slave Sophocles.

Soph. *Martius, couldst thou* acquire, *&c.*
But there is, I believe, a great corruption still remaining in the word *acquire*, to *acquire to gather* is bad English; besides, as the sentence stands, the acquisition precedes the prayers. 'Tis therefore most probable that the true word is *aspire*, which seems clear of all objections.—*Seward.*

Acquire is, in our opinion, preferable.—Ed. 1778.

Seward's transposition is self-evident, but there can be no objection to the word *acquire*. Mason wishes to retain this word, but to make two *trifling* alterations, reading *wouldst thou* in the first line of the speech, and *together* in the fourth. But the present text is no more involved than many other passages in these plays. In the folios, the second and third lines are inclosed in parentheses, which, though they cannot be retained, prove the propriety of the text. The meaning may be thus explained with little alteration of the words—" Couldst thou acquire, by prayers to thy Roman gods, and did they love thy prayers and solemn sacrifice, so as to grant thy suit, to gather all the valour of the Cæsars thy predecessors, as well as successors, and to fling it on thee collectively, thou couldst," &c.

And did thy Roman gods so love thy prayers
And solemn sacrifice, to grant thy suit
To gather all the valour of the Cæsars
Thy predecessors, and what is to come,
And by their influence fling it on thee now,
Thou couldst not make my mind go less,[a] not pare
With all their swords one virtue from my soul:
How am I vassal'd then? make such thy slaves,
As dare not keep their goodness past their graves.
Know, general, we two are chances on
The die of Fate; now thrown, thy six is up,
And my poor one beneath thee; next, thy throw
May set me upmost, and cast thee below.

Mar. Yet will I try thee more: Calamity [*Aside.*
Is man's true touchstone.—Listen, insolent prince,
That darest contemn the master of thy life,
Which I will force here 'fore thy city-walls
With barbarous cruelty, and call thy wife
To see it, and then after send her——

Soph. Ha, ha, ha!

Mar. And then demolish Athens to the ground,
Depopulate her, fright away her fame,
And leave succession neither stone nor name.

Soph. Ha, ha, ha!

Mar. Dost thou deride me?

Val. Kneel! ask Martius
For mercy, Sophocles, and live happy still!

Soph. Kneel, and ask mercy? Roman, art a god?
I never kneel'd, or begg'd, of any else.
Thou art a fool! and I will lose no more
Instructions on thee, now I find thy ears
Are foolish, like thy tongue. [*Solemn music.*

[a] *Go less.*] That is, become less, be valued at less.

Enter Dorigen, *Ladies bearing a Sword.*

My Dorigen!
Oh, must she see me bound?
1 *Capt.* There's the first sigh
He breathed since he was born, I think.
2 *Capt.* Forbear,
All but the lady his wife!
Soph. How my heart chides
The manacles of my hands, that let them not
Embrace my Dorigen!
Val. Turn but thy face,
And ask thy life of Martius thus, and thou,
With thy fair wife, shalt live; Athens shall stand.
And all her privileges augmented be.
Soph. 'Twere better Athens perish'd, and my wife
(Which, Romans, I do know a worthy one,)
Than Sophocles should shrink of Sophocles,
Commit prophane idolatry, by giving
The reverence due to gods to thee, blown man!
Mar. Rough, stubborn cynic!
Soph. Thou art rougher far,
And of a coarser wale,[3] fuller of pride,
Less temperate to bear prosperity.
Thou seest my mere neglect hath raised in thee
A storm more boist'rous than the ocean's;
My virtue, Patience, makes thee vicious.
Mar. Why, fair-eyed lady, do you kneel?
Dor. Great general,
Victorious, godlike Martius, your poor handmaid
Kneels, for her husband will not, cannot; speaks
Thus humbly, that he may not. Listen, Roman!
Thou whose advanced front doth speak thee Roman
To every nation, and whose deeds assure it!

[3] *Wale.*] Web, *Sax.*

Behold a princess, whose declining head,
Like to a drooping lily after storms,
Bows to thy feet, and playing here the slave,
To keep her husband's greatness unabated;
All which doth make thy conquest greater! For,
If he be base in aught whom thou hast taken,
Then Martius hath but taken a base prize:
But if this jewel hold lustre and value,
Martius is richer then in that he hath won.
Oh, make him such a captive as thyself
Unto another wouldst, great captain, be!
Till then, he is no prisoner fit for thee.

Mar. Valerius, here is harmony would have brought
Old crabbed Saturn to sweet sleep, when Jove
Did first incense him with rebellion!
Athens doth make women philosophers;
And sure their children chat the talk of gods.

Val. Rise, beauteous Dorigen!

Dor. Not until I know
The general's resolution.

Val. One soft word
From Sophocles would calm him into tears,
Like gentle showers after tempestuous winds.

Dor. To buy the world he will not give a word,
A look, a tear, a knee, 'gainst his own judgment,
And the divine composure of his mind:
All which I therefore do; and here present
This victor's wreath, this rich Athenian sword,
Trophies of conquest, which, great Martius, wear,
And be appeased! Let Sophocles still live!

Mar. He would not live.

Dor. He would not beg to live:
When he shall so forget, then I begin
To command, Martius; and when he kneels,
Dorigen stands; when he lets fall a tear,
I dry mine eyes, and scorn him.

Mar. Scorn him now then,
Here in the face of Athens and thy friends!—
Self-will'd, stiff Sophocles, prepare to die,
And by that sword thy lady honoured me,
With which herself shall follow.—Romans, friends,
Who dares but strike this stroke, shall part with me
Half Athens, and my half of victory.

Capt. By Heaven, not we!

Nic. Corn. We two will do it, sir.

Soph. Away, ye fish-faced rascals!

Val. Martius,
To eclipse this great eclipse labours thy fame;[4]
Valerius thy brother shall for once
Turn executioner: Give me the sword.—
Now, Sophocles, I'll strike as suddenly
As thou darest die.

Soph. Thou canst not! and, Valerius,
'Tis less dishonour to thee thus to kill me,
Than bid me kneel to Martius: 'Tis to murder
The fame of living men,[5] when great ones do

[4] *To eclipse this great eclipse labours thy fame.*] This is so obscure, that many readers may think it requires an explication. The sense seems to be—Sophocles whilst he lives will be a great eclipse to thy fame, and thy fame is now labouring to eclipse him in thy turn, therefore thy brother shall be his executioner.—*Seward.*

A more plausible explanation is given by Mason in the following words:—"Martius, to dispel this great eclipse, which obscures thy fame, I, thy brother, will [for once] act the part of an executioner."

[5] ——— *'Tis to murder*
The fame of living men, which great ones do;
Their studies strangle, poison makes away,
The wretched hangman only ends the play.] Though false pointings have rendered this quite dark, yet if the printers have not made some mistake that I cannot discover. the poet himself was very obscure, and however proper the sentiment, 'tis certainly ill expressed. By making the first part of the sentence end at *strangle*, the following sense may be deduced from it: To make

9

Their studies strangle; poison makes away,
The wretched hangman only ends the play.

Val. Art thou prepared?

Soph. Yes.

Val. Bid thy wife farewell!

Soph. No; I will take no leave!—My Dorigen,
Yonder above, 'bout Ariadne's crown,
My spirit shall hover for thee; pr'ythee haste!

Dor. Stay, Sophocles! with this tie up my sight;
Let not soft Nature so transformed be
(And lose her gentler-sex'd humanity)

their fellow-creatures kneel to them, as great men frequently do, is worse than murdering them; it renders them servile and slavish, debases them below the dignity of their nature, murders therefore their fame, and fetters and strangles their *studies*, i. e. the free exertions of their rational faculties. Whereas poison makes away or destroys a man without injuring his fame, or diminishing the dignity of his soul; and the wretched despicable hangman only puts an end to the part we act upon the stage of this world. This sentiment is continued and improved in Sophocles's next speech upon death.—*Seward.*

Probably we should point,

——— *which great ones do*
Their studies strangle.

The sense is, "You will dishonour me less by killing me, than bidding me kneel to Martius. Great men exert themselves to murder the fame of the living; which is greater cruelty than poison or hanging, which but concludes our misery." The expression, however, in any sense, is certainly obscure.—Ed. 1778.

I should read,

'Tis to murder
The fame of living men, *when* great ones do
Their studies strangle, &c.

and the meaning may possibly be this: That when great men, by their power, force others to depart from the principles they have formed, from their studies, they destroy their fame. The passage, however, whatever the meaning of it may be, is very obscurely expressed; of the present reading I can make no sense.—*Mason.*

The reader is here left in possession of all the comments which have been offered on this passage; and as Mason's seems to be the

To make me see my lord bleed!—So! 'tis well;
Never one object underneath the sun
Will I behold before my Sophocles.
Farewell! Now teach the Romans how to die.

Mar. Dost know what 'tis to die?

Soph. Thou dost not, Martius,
And therefore not what 'tis to live. To die
Is to begin to live: It is to end
An old stale weary work, and to commence
A newer and a better: 'Tis to leave
Deceitful knaves, for the society
Of gods and goodness: Thou thyself must part
At last from all thy garlands, pleasures, triumphs,
And prove thy fortitude, what then 'twill do.

Val. But art not grieved nor vexed to leave life thus?

Soph. Why should I grieve or vex for being sent
To them I ever loved best?—Now I'll kneel;
But with my back toward thee. 'Tis the last duty
This trunk can do the gods.

Mar. Strike, strike, Valerius,
Or Martius' heart will leap out at his mouth!
This is a man; a woman! Kiss thy lord,
And live with all the freedom you were wont.
Oh, Love! thou doubly hast afflicted me,
With virtue and with beauty. Treacherous heart,
My hand shall cast thee quick into my urn,
Ere thou transgress this knot of piety.

Val. What ails my brother?

Soph. Martius, oh, Martius!
Thou now hast found a way to conquer me.

Dor. Oh, star of Rome, what gratitude can speak

most judicious, his variation has been adopted. I cannot, however, think any explanation satisfactory, and am very much inclined to suspect the loss of a line, an accident which has frequently occurred in modern as well as ancient presses.

Fit words to follow such a deed as this?
Mar. Doth Juno talk, or Dorigen?
Val. You are observed.
Mar. This admirable duke, Valerius, [*Apart.*
With his disdain of fortune, and of death,
Captived himself, hath captivated me;
And though my arm hath ta'en his body here,
His soul hath subjugated Martius' soul;
By Romulus, he is all soul, I think!
He hath no flesh, and spirit cannot be gyv'd:
Then we have vanquish'd nothing; he is free,
And Martius walks now in captivity.
Soph. How fares the noble Roman?
Mar. Why?
Dor. Your blood
Is sunk down to your heart, and your bright eyes
Have lost their splendour.
Mar. Baser fires go out
When the sun shines on 'em.—I am not well;
An apoplectic fit I use to have,[6]
After my heats in war carelessly cool'd.
Soph. Martius shall rest in Athens with his friends,
Till this distemper leave him. Oh, great Roman!
See Sophocles do that for thee he could not
Do for himself, weep. Martius, by the gods,
It grieves me that so brave a soul should suffer

[6] *An* apoplectic *fit.*] Whether there is any lesser degree of the apoplexy that does not deprive a man of his senses, I am not physician enough to know; but to make a man accustomed to apoplectic fits seems improper, since the third stroke is generally held fatal. I rather believe the poets wrote *epileptic*, a distemper that Shakspeare from history gives to two very great soldiers, Julius Cæsar and Henry IV.—*Seward.*

Probably our authors were even less acquainted with physical terms than Seward.

Under the body's weak infirmity.—
Sweet lady, take him to thy loving charge,
And let thy care be tender.

Dor. Kingly sir,
I am your nurse and servant.

Mar. Oh, dear lady;
My mistress, nay, my deity! Guide me, Heaven!
Ten wreaths triumphant Martius will give,
To change a Martius for a Sophocles:
Can it not be done, Valerius, with this boot?[7]
Inseparable affection, ever thus
Colleague with Athens Rome!

Dor. Beat warlike tunes,
Whilst Dorigen thus honours Martius' brow
With one victorious wreath more!

Soph. And Sophocles
Thus girds his sword of conquest to his thigh,
Which ne'er be drawn, but cut out victory!

Lords. For ever be it thus!

[*Exeunt all but* CORNELIUS *and* NICODEMUS.

Corn. Corporal Nicodemus, a word with you.

Nic. My worthy sutler Cornelius, it befits not Nicodemus the Roman officer to parley with a fellow of thy rank; the affairs of the empire are to be occupied.

Corn. Let the affairs of the empire lie awhile unoccupied! Sweet Nicodemus, I do require the money at thy hands, which thou dost owe me; and if fair means cannot attain, force of arms shall accomplish. [*Draws.*

Nic. Put up, and live.

Corn. I have put up too much already, thou corporal of concupiscence; for I suspect thou hast

[7] *With this* boot.] *i. e.* With this *advantage* in exchange.—Ed. 1778.

dishonoured my flock-bed, and with thy foolish eloquence, and that bewitching face of thine, drawn my wife, the young harlotry baggage, to prostitute herself unto thee. Draw, therefore; for thou shalt find thyself a mortal corporal!

Nic. Stay thy dead-doing hand, and hear; I will rather descend from my honour, and argue these contumelies with thee, than clutch thee (poor fly) in these eaglet claws of mine;[8] or draw my sword of fate on a peasant, a besognio,[9] a cocoloch,[1] as thou art. Thou shalt first understand this foolish eloquence, and intolerable beauty of mine (both which, I protest, are merely natural) are the gifts of the gods, with which I have neither sent bawdy sonnet, nor amorous glance, or (as the vulgar call it) sheep's eye to thy betrothed Florence.

Corn. Thou liest!

Nic. Oh, gods of Rome, was Nicodemus born
To bear these braveries from a poor provant?

[8] *Than clutch thee (poor fly) in these eaglet —— of mine.*] I cannot account for this omission in the old folios: *Claws* is the silent conjectural reading of Seward, and certainly makes sense; but I suspect the original word was one which the licenser of the stage would not suffer to stand.

[9] *Besognio.*] A very usual word of contempt in old authors, borrowed from the Spanish; meaning a recruit, a raw soldier. So in Massinger's Maid of Honour:

> ——" There was not
> So coy a beauty in the town, but would
> For half a mouldy biscuit sell herself
> To a poor *bisognion*, and without shricking."

[1] *A cocoloch.*] Cotgrave explains *coqueluche*, " a hood; also, the coqueluchoe, a new disease which troubled the French about the years 1510 and 1557; and *us but a while ago.*" Cotgrave's Dict. 1611, fol. Hence probably the word in the text became proverbial for a poor diseased wretch.

Yet when dogs bark, or when the asses bray,
The lion laughs; not roars, but goes his way.

Corn. A pox o'your poetical vein! this versifying my wife, has hornified me. Sweet corporal Cod's-head, no more standing on your punctilios and punkettos of honour, they are not worth a louse; the truth is, thou art the general's bigamy, that is, his fool, and his knave; thou art miscreant and recreant; not an horse-boy in the legions, but has beaten thee; thy beginning was knapsack, and thy ending will be halter-sack.[2]

Nic. Methinks I am now Sophocles the wise, and thou art Martius the mad.

Corn. No more of your tricks, good corporal Leather-chops! I say, thou hast dishonour'd me; and since honour now-a-days is only repaired by money, pay me, and I am satisfied; even reckoning keeps long friends.

Nic. Let us continue friends then, for I have been even with thee a long time; and though I have not paid thee, I have paid thy wife.

Corn. Flow forth, my tears! thou hast deflowered her, Tarquin! the garden of my delight, hedged about, in which there was but one bowling-alley for mine own private procreation, thou hast, like a thief in the night, leaped the hedge, entered my alley, and without my privity played thine own rubbers.

Nic. How long shall Patience thus securely snore?
Is it my fault, if these attractive eyes,

[2] *And thy ending will be* halter-sack.] *Halter-sack*, with the same sense as *gallow's bird*, has occurred in another of these plays. Seward would read *halter-sick!*

This budding chin, or rosy-coloured cheek,
This comely body, and this waxen leg,
Have drawn her into a fool's paradise?
By Cupid's godhead I do swear (no other[3])
She's chaster far than Lucrece, her grandmother;
Pure as glass-window, ere the rider dash it,[4]
Whiter than lady's smock, when she did wash it:
For well thou wot'st (though now my heart's commandress)
I once was free, and she but the camp's laundress.

Corn. Ay; she then came sweet to me; no part about her but smelt of soap-suds; like a dryad out of a wash-bowl.[5] Pray, or pay!

Nic. Hold!

Corn. Was thy cheese mouldy, or thy pennyworths small?—Was not thy ale the mightiest of the earth in malt, and thy stupe[6] fill'd like a tide? was not thy bed soft, and thy bacon fatter than a dropsy? Come, sir!

Nic. Mars then inspire me with the fencing skill
Of our tragedian actors! Honour pricks;

3 *By Cupid's —— I do swear (no other).*] This hiatus was properly filled up by the last editors. Seward would read,

By Cupid's bow (I do swear by *no other.)*

4 *Ere the rider* dash *it.*] Unless *dash* is here used in the sense of *splash* with dirt, this passage seems unintelligible.—*Reed.*

The explanation is obvious. *Dash* may stand as well as *splash* in the text.

5 *Like a* dryad *out of a wash-bowl.*] This was probably a designed mistake of *dryad* for *naiad;* and therefore Mr Sympson, who quarrels with the printer for making the author talk so improperly, seems to be angry without reason. It is not the author, but Cornelius talks nonsense.—*Seward.*

6 *Stupe.*] The same as *stoop,* a vessel to hold drink, which Mason would substitute. "A *stoop,* or *stowp,* a pot fastened in the earth, from the Latin *stupa.*"—*Ray's North Country Words.*

And, sutler, now I come with thwacks and thwicks.
Grant us one crush, one pass, and now a high lavalto fall;
Then up again, now down again, yet do no harm at all! [*They fight.*

Enter FLORENCE.

Flor. Oh, that ever I was born! why, gentlemen![7]

Corn. Messaline of Rome; away, disloyal concubine! I will be deafer to thee than thou art to others: I will have my hundred drachmas he owes me, thou arrant whore!

Flor. I know he is an hundred drachmas o' the score; but what o' that? no bloodshed, sweet Cornelius! Oh, my heart! o' my conscience, 'tis fallen thorow the bottom of my belly! Oh, my sweet Didymus, if either of ye miskill one another, what will become of poor Florence? pacify yourselves, I pray!

Corn. Go to! my heart's not stone; I am not marble: dry your eyes, Florence!—[*Aside.*] The scurvy ape's face knows my blind side well enough. —Leave your puling: will this content you? let him taste thy nether lip; which, in sign of amity, I thus take off again. Go thy ways, and provide the cow's udder.[8]

[7] *Gent.*] This is the almost universal abbreviation of *gentlemen* in the folios, and yet the modern editors retain it as a perfect word.

[8] *Go thy ways, and provide the cow's udder.*] As all the rest of the speech is a burlesque sublimity of style, and the whole was easily restored to its droll measure, there is reason to suspect this sudden fall of style and loss of metre to arise from some omissions, which, I hope, will be restored. There is no particular propriety in her providing a *cow's udder* rather than any other dish; but as

Nic. Lily of concord!—And now, honest sutler, since I have had proof as well of thy good nature, as of thy wife's before, I will acquaint thee with a project shall fully satisfy thee for thy debt. Thou shalt understand, I am shortly to be knighted.

Corn. The devil thou art!

Nic. Renounce me else! For the sustenance of which worship (which worship many times wants sustenance) I have here the general's grant to have the leading of two hundred men.

Corn. You jest, you jest!

Nic. Refuse me else to the pit.

Corn. Mercy on us! ha' you not forgot yourself? by your swearing, you should be knighted already.

Nic. Damn me, sir, here's his hand! Read it.

Corn. Alas, I cannot.

Nic. [*Aside.*] I know that.—It has pleased the general to look upon my service. Now, sir, shall you join with me in petitioning for fifty men more, in regard of my arrearages to you; which, if granted, I will bestow the whole profit of those fifty men on thee and thine heirs for ever,
Till Atropos do cut this simple thread.

milk is the emblem of peace, and she is immediately afterwards called *Lily of Concord*, there is great humour in celebrating their treaty of friendship by a libation of milk to the goddess of Peace. I read therefore,

> ——— *which, in sign of amity,*
> *I thus take off again. Go thy ways, and*
> *Provide the* friendly juice of *the cow's udder.*—Seward.

Seward to the last labours in the fruitless task of metrifying all the prose in his authors into droll measure, forsooth! as if prose became any droller for being put into the most rambling and unmetrical verse. As to the dish mentioned by Cornelius, it was, as Mr Mason observes, "no despicable repast for a sutler and a corporal," and it may be added, that verily superior palates do not despise it even in the present day.

Corn. No more, dear corporal! Sir Nicodemus that shall be! I cry your worship's mercy![9] I am your servant, body and goods, moveables and immoveables; use my house, use my wife, use me, abuse me, do what you list.

Nic. A figment is a candied lie: This is an old pass. Mark, what follows! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A rocky View before the City.

Enter MARTIUS *and two Captains.*

Mar. Pray leave me! you are Romans, honest men;
Keep me not company; I am turned knave,
Have lost my fame and nature. [*Exeunt Captains.*
Athens, Athens,
This Dorigen is thy Palladium!
He that will sack thee, must betray her first,
Whose words wound deeper than her husband's sword;
Her eyes make captive still the conqueror,
And here they keep her only to that end.
Oh, subtile devil, what a golden ball
Did tempt, when thou didst cast her in my way!

[9] *I cry your* wishes *mercy.*] If this be genuine, the meaning is. I beg pardon of your expectations, in which you are already a knight. But it will be more intelligible to read, *worship's mercy.* He calls him afterwards before Martius,

His worship *Sir Nicodemus.*—Seward.

Why, foolish Sophocles, brought'st thou not to field
Thy lady, that thou might'st have overcome?
Martius had kneel'd, and yielded all his wreaths
That hang like jewels on the seven-fold hill,
And bid Rome send him out to fight with men,
(For that she knew he durst) and not 'gainst Fate
Or deities; what mortal conquers them?
Insatiate Julius, when his victories
Had run o'er half the world, had he met her,
There he had stopp'd the legend of his deeds,
Laid by his arms, been overcome himself,
And let her vanquish th' other half; and Fame
Made beauteous Dorigen the greater name.
Shall I thus fall? I will not! no; my tears,
Cast on my heart, shall quench these lawless fires:
He conquers best, conquers his lewd desires.

Enter DORIGEN, *with Ladies.*

Dor. Great sir, my lord commands me visit you:
And thinks your retired melancholy proceeds
From some distaste of worthless entertainment.
Will't please you take your chamber? How d'ye do, sir?

Mar. [*Aside.*] Lost, lost again! the wild rage of my blood.
Doth ocean-like o'erflow the shallow shore
Of my weak virtue: My desire's a vane,
That the least breath from her turns every way.

Dor. What says my lord?

Mar. Dismiss
Your women, pray, and I'll reveal my grief.

Dor. Leave me! [*Exeunt Ladies.*

Mar. Long tales of love (whilst love itself
Might be enjoy'd) are languishing delays.
There is a secret strange lies in my breast,
I will partake with you, which much concerns

Your lord, yourself, and me. Oh!
Dor. Strange secrets, sir,
Should not be made so cheap to strangers; yet
If your strange secret do no lower lie
Than in your breast, discover it.
Mar. I will.
Oh! Can you not see it, lady, in my sighs?
Dor. Sighs none can paint, and therefore who can see?
Mar. Scorn me not, Dorigen, with mocks! Alcides,
That master'd monsters, was by beauty tamed;
Omphale smiled his club out of his hand,
And made him spin her smocks.—Oh, sweet, I love you;
And I love Sophocles: I must enjoy you;
And yet I would not injure him.
Dor. Let go!
You hurt me, sir! Farewell!—Stay, is this Martius?
I will not tell my lord: He'll swear I lie;
Doubt my fidelity, before thy honour.
How hast thou vexed the gods, that they would let thee
Thus violate friendship, hospitality,
And all the bonds of sacred piety?[3]
Sure thou but try'st me, out of love to him,
And wouldst reject me if I did consent.
Oh, Martius, Martius! wouldst thou in one minute
Blast all thy laurels, which so many years
Thou hast been purchasing with blood and sweat?
Hath Dorigen never been written, read,
Without the epithet of *chaste*, *chaste* Dorigen,

[3] *And all the* bounds *of sacred piety?*] Though this be good sense, yet as *bonds* is the more natural and better word, I believe it the original.—*Seward.*

And wouldst thou fall upon her chastity,
Like a black drop of ink, to blot it out?
When men shall read the records of thy valour,
Thy hitherto-brave virtue, and approach
(Highly content yet) to this foul assault
Included in this leaf, this ominous leaf,
They shall throw down the book, and read no more,
Though the best deeds ensue, and all conclude
That ravell'd thy whole story,[4] whose sound heart
(Which should have been) proved the most leprous
part.

Mar. Oh, thou confut'st divinely, and thy words
Do fall like rods upon me! but they have
Such silken lines and silver hooks, that I
Am faster snared: My love has ta'en such hold,
That (like two wrestlers) though thou stronger be,
And hast cast me, I hope to pull thee after:
I must, or perish.

Dor. Perish, Martius, then!
For I here vow unto the gods, these rocks,
These rocks we see so fix'd, shall be removed,
Made champain field, ere I so impious prove,
To stain my lord's bed with adulterous love.

[4] —— *and all conclude*
That ravelled the *whole story, whose sound heart*
(*Which should have been*) *proved the most leprous part.*] The meaning of this passage is sufficiently plain; but it is impossible to reconcile it to grammar as it stands, there being no antecedent to which the pronoun *whose* can possibly refer. I therefore think it necessary to read,

— and all conclude
That ravelled *thy* whole story,

whose heart, which should have been the soundest part, proved the most leprous.—*Mason*.

Enter VALERIUS.

Val. The gods protect fair Dorigen!
Dor. Amen!
From all you wolvish Romans! [*Exit.*
Val. Ha! what's this?
Still, brother, in your moods?—Oh, then my doubts
Are truths. Have at it! I must try a way
To be resolved. [*Aside.*
Mar. How strangely dost thou look!
What ail'st thou?
Val. What ail'st thou?
Mar. Why, I am mad.
Val. Why, I am madder!—Martius, draw thy sword,
And lop a villain from the earth; for if
Thou wilt not, on some tree about this place
I'll hang myself! Valerius shall not live
To wound his brother's honour, stain his country,
And branded with ingratitude to all times.[5]
Mar. For what can all this be?
Val. I am in love.
Mar. Why, so am I.—With whom? ha?
Val. Dorigen.
Mar. With Dorigen?—How dost thou love her? speak;
Val. Even to the height of lust; and I must have her,
Or else I die.
Mar. Thou shalt, thou daring traitor.
On all the confines I have rid my horse,

[5] *And branded.*] Former editions. I read, *brand it.*—*Seward.* *Branded* is best: Valerius shall not live *branded,* &c.—Ed. 1778.

Was there no other woman for thy choice
But Dorigen? Why, villain, she is mine:
She makes me pine thus, sullen, mad, and fool;
'Tis I must have her, or I die.

Val. Oh, all ye gods,
With mercy look on this declining rock
Of valour and of virtue! breed not up,
From infancy, in honour, to full man,
As you have done him, to destroy! Here, strike!
For I have only search'd thy wound; dispatch!
Far, far be such love from Valerius!
So far, he scorns to live to be call'd *brother*
By him that dares own such folly and such vice.

Mar. 'Tis truth thou speak'st; but I do hate it: Peace!
If Heaven will snatch my sword out of my hand,
And put a rattle in it, what can I do?
He that is destined to be odious
In his old age, must undergo his fate.

Enter CORNELIUS *and* NICODEMUS.

Corn. If you do not back me, I shall never do't.

Nic. I warrant you.

Corn. Humh, humh!—Sir! my lord! my lord!

Mar. Ha! what's the matter?

Corn. Humh!—Concerning the odd fifty, my lord, an't please your generality, his worship Sir Nicodemus——

Mar. What's here? a pass? you would for Rome? You lubbers!
Doth one day's laziness make you covet home?
Away, ye boarish rogues! ye dogs, away!
[*Strikes them.*

Enter FLORENCE.

Corn. Oh, oh, oh!

Flor. How now, man?[6] are you satisfied?

Corn. Ay, ay, ay; a pox o' your corporal! I am paid soundly; I was never better paid in all my life.

Flor. Marry, the gods' blessing on his honour's heart!—You have done a charitable deed, sir; many more such may you live to do, sir! The gods keep you, sir, the gods protect you!

[*Exit with* CORNELIUS *and* NICODEMUS.

Mar. These peasants mock me sure!—Valerius,
Forgive my dotage, see my ashes urn'd,
And tell fair Dorigen, (she that but now
Left me with this harsh vow, sooner these rocks
Should be removed, than she would yield) that I
Was yet so loving, on her gift to die!

Val. Oh, Jupiter forbid it, sir, and grant
This my device may certify thy mind!
You are my brother, nor must perish thus;
Be comforted! Think you fair Dorigen
Would yield your wishes, if these envious rocks
By skill could be removed, or by fallacy
She made believe so?

Mar. Why, she could not chuse;
The Athenians are religious in their vows,
Above all nations.

Val. Soft! down yonder hill
The lady comes this way. Once more to try her;
If she persist in obstinacy, by my skill,

[6] Wife. *Oh! Oh! Oh!*
How now, man ——] As it is plain the wife, by her question, knows not of her husband's disappointment or beating, the *ohs!* are improper to her, and evidently belong to *Cornelius*.—Seward.

Learn'd from the old Chaldean was my tutor,
Who train'd me in the mathematics, I will
So dazzle and delude her sight, that she
Shall think this great impossibility
Effected by some supernatural means.
Be confident; this engine shall at least,
Till the gods better order, still this breast. [*Exit.*

Mar. Oh, my best brother, go; and for reward
Chuse any part o' th' world, I'll give it thee.
Oh, little Love,[7] men say thou art a god;
Thou might'st have got a fitter fool than I.

Enter DORIGEN.

Dor. Art thou there, basilisk? Remove thine eyes;
For I am sick to death with thy infection.

Mar. Yet, yet have mercy on me! save him, lady,
Whose single arm defends all Rome, whose mercy
Hath saved thy husband's and thy life!

Dor. To spoil
Our fame and honours? No; my vow is fix'd,
And stands as constant as these stones do, still.

Mar. Then pity me, ye gods! you only may
Move her, by tearing these firm stones away.

[*Solemn music. A mist ariseth, the rocks remove.*

[7] *O little* Rome, *men say thou art a god.*] *Rome* in this place is in every light absurd. For why was the mistress of the world to be called *little*? Why a god, when she was always represented as a female and a goddess? And lastly, though he was become a fool, it was not *Rome* that made him so. For these reasons it is almost self-evident that *love* was the true reading. I had wrote this before I saw that, at five lines below, *all Rome* is mentioned with a particular emphasis; this having been marked for Italics, might draw the printer's eye to it, and a small degree of absence cause him to insert it in this place.—*Seward.*

Enter VALERIUS, *habited like* MERCURY, *singing.*

Val. *Martius, rejoice! Jove sends me from above,*
His messenger, to cure thy desperate love,
To shew rash vows cannot bind Destiny.
Lady, behold, the rocks transplanted be!
Hard-hearted Dorigen, yield; lest, for contempt,
They fix thee here a rock, whence they're exempt.[8]
[*Exit.*

Dor. What strange delusion's this? what sorcery
Affrights me with these apparitions?
My colder chastity's nigh turn'd to death.—
Hence, lewd magician! dar'st thou make the gods
Bawds to thy lust? will they do miracles
To further evil? or do they love it now?
Know, if they dare do so, I dare hate them,
And will no longer serve 'em. Jupiter,
Thy golden shower, nor thy snow-white swan,
Had I been Leda, or bright Danaë,
Had bought mine honour. Turn me into stone,
For being good, and blush when thou hast done!
[*Exit* DORIGEN.

Enter VALERIUS.

Mar. Oh, my Valerius, all yet will not do:
Unless I could so draw mine honesty
Down to the lees to be a ravisher.
She calls me witch, and villain!
Val. Patience, sir!
The gods will punish perjury. Let her breathe,

8 —— *yield; lest for contempt*
They fix thee here a rock whence they're exempt.] That is, they fix you a rock in this place, from whence the rocks are taken away; for that is the meaning of the word *exempt*, from the Latin *eximere.* —*Mason.*

And ruminate on this strange sight!—Time decays
[*Aside.*
The strongest, fairest buildings we can find;
But still, Diana, fortify her mind! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Athens. A Room in the House of Sophocles.

Enter SOPHOCLES *and* DORIGEN.

Soph. Weep not, bright Dorigen; for thou hast stood
Constant and chaste, it seems, 'gainst gods and men,
When rocks and mountains were removed.—These wonders [*Aside.*
Do stupify my senses! Martius,
This is inhuman. Was thy sickness lust?
Yet were this truth, why weeps she? Jealous soul,
What dost thou thus suggest? Vows, magic, rocks,
Fine tales, and tears? She ne'er complain'd before.
I bade her visit him; she often did,
Had many opportunities. Humh! 'tis naught: Oh!
No way but this.—Come, weep no more; I have ponder'd
This miracle, the anger of the gods,
Thy vow, my love to thee and Martius:
He must not perish, nor thou be forsworn,
Lest worse fates follow us: Go, keep thy oath!
For *chaste*, and *whore*, are words of equal length.
But let not Martius know that I consent.—

Oh, I am pull'd in pieces! [*Aside.*
Dor. Ay? say you so? [*Aside.*
I'll meet you in your path. Oh, wretched men!
With all your valour and your learning, bubbles!—
[*Kneels.*
Forgive me, Sophocles—Yet why kneel I
For pardon, having been but over-diligent,
Like an obedient servant, antedating
My lord's command?—
Sir, I have often, and already given
This bosom up to his embraces, and
Am proud that my dear lord is pleased with it;
Whose gentle honourable mind I see
Participates even all, his wife and all,
Unto his friend. You are sad, sir! Martius loves
me,
And I love Martius, with such ardency
As never married couple could: I must
Attend him now. My lord, when you have need
To use your own wife, pray, sir, send for me;
Till then, make use of your philosophy! [*Exit.*
Soph. Stay, Dorigen!—Oh, me, inquisitive fool!
Thou that didst order this congested heap
When it was chaos, 'twixt thy spacious palms,
Forming it to this vast rotundity,
Dissolve it now; shuffle the elements,
That no one proper by itself may stand!
Let the sea quench the sun, and in that instant
The sun drink up the sea! Day, ne'er come down,
To light me to those deeds that must be done!
[*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

The Roman Camp before the City.

Enter MARTIUS, VALÉRIUS, *Captains and Soldiers, with Drums and Colours at one Door; and* DORIGEN *with Ladies, at another.*

Dor. Hail, general of Rome! From Sophocles,
That honours Martius, Dorigen presents
Herself to be dishonour'd: Do thy will;
For Sophocles commands me to obey.
Come, violate all rules of holiness,
And rend the consecrated knot of love!
Mar. Never, Valerius, was I blest till now!
Behold the end of all my weary steps,
The prize of all my battles. Leave us, all;
Leave us as quick as thought. Thus joy begin!
In zealous love a minute's loss is sin.
Val. Can Martius be so vile? or Dorigen?
Dor. Stay, stay! and, monster, keep thou further off!
I thought thy brave soul would have much, much loath'd
To have gone on still on such terms as this.
See, thou ungrateful, since thy desperate lust
Nothing can cure but death, I'll die for thee,
While my chaste name lives to posterity.
[*Offers to kill herself.*
Mar. [*Kneels.*] Live, live, (thou angel of thy sex, forgive!)
Till by those golden tresses thou be'st snatch'd

Alive to Heaven; for thy corruption's
So little, that it cannot suffer death.
Was ever such a woman? Oh, my mirror!
How perfectly thou shew'st me all my faults,
Which now I hate; and when I next attempt thee,
Let all the fires in the zodiac
Drop on this cursed head!

All. Oh, bless'd event!

Dor. Rise like the sun again in all his glory,
After a dark eclipse!

Mar. Never, without a pardon.

Enter SOPHOCLES, *and two or three with him.*

Dor. Sir, you have forgiven yourself.

Soph. Behold their impudence! are my words just?
Unthankful man, viper to arms, and Rome
Thy natural mother! have I warm'd thee here
To corrode even my heart? Martius, prepare
To kill me, or be kill'd.

Mar. Why, Sophocles,
Then pr'ythee kill me; I deserve it highly;
For I have both transgress'd 'gainst men and gods;
But am repentant now, and in best case
To uncase my soul of this oppressing flesh;
Which, though (gods witness) ne'er was actually
Injurious to thy wife and thee, yet 'twas
Her goodness that restrained and held me now:
But take my life, dear friend, for my intent,
Or else forgive it!

Val. By the gods of Athens,
These words are true, and all direct again.

Soph. Pardon me, Dorigen!

Mar. Forgive me, Sophocles,
And Dorigen too, and every one that's good!

Dor. Rise, noble Roman.—Beloved Sophocles,

Take to thy breast thy friend!
Mar. And to thy heart
Thy matchless wife! Heaven has not stuff enough
To make another such; for if it could,
Martius would marry too. For thy blest sake,
(Oh, thou infinity of excellence)
Henceforth in men's discourse Rome shall not take
The wall of Athens, as 'to-fore. But when
In their fair honours we to speak do come,
We'll say 'twas so in Athens and in Rome.
[*Exeunt in pomp.*

DIANA *descends.*

Diana. *Honour, set ope thy gates, and with thee bring*
My servant and thy friend, fair Dorigen;
Let her triumph with him,[9] *her lord and friend,*
Who, though misled, still honour was their end!
[Flourish.

Enter the show of Honour's Triumph; a great flourish of Trumpets and Drums within; then enter a noise[1] *of Trumpets sounding cheerfully; then follows an armed Knight bearing a Crimson Banneret in hand, with the inscription* Valour; *by his side a Lady bearing a Watchet Banneret, the inscription* Clemency; *next,* MARTIUS *and* SOPHOCLES *with Coronets; next, two Ladies, one bearing a White Banneret, the inscription* Chastity; *the other a Black, the inscription* Constancy; *then* DORIGEN *crowned; last, a Chariot drawn by two Moors, in*

[9] *With* her.] Corrected silently by Seward.

[1] *A noise of trumpets.*] i. e. *A* concert *of trumpets.* See Wit at Several Weapons, vol. X.—Ed. 1778.

it a Person crowned, with a Sceptre; on the top, in an antic Escutcheon, is written Honour. *As they pass over,* Diana *ascends.*

Rin. How like you it?

Fri. Rarely; so well, I would they would do it again! How many of our wives now-a-days would deserve to triumph in such a chariot?

Rin. That's all one; you see they triumph in caroches.

Fri. That they do, by the mass; but not all neither; many of them are content with carts. But, signor, I have now found out a great absurdity, i'faith.

Rin. What was't?

Fri. The prologue, presenting four Triumphs, made but three legs to the king:[2] A three-legg'd prologue! 'Twas monstrous.

Rin. 'T had been more monstrous to have had a four-legg'd one. Peace! the king speaks.

Eman. Here was a woman, Isabel!

Isab. Ay, my lord,
But that she told a lie to vex her husband;
Therein she fail'd.

Eman. She served him well enough;
He that was so much man, yet would be cast
To jealousy for her integrity.

[2] *Three legs.*] i. e. *Three bows.* See The Queen of Corinth, vol. X.—Ed. 1778.

This teacheth us, the passion of love
Can fight with soldiers, and with scholars too.
Isab. In Martius, clemency and valour shewn,
In the other, courage and humanity;
And therefore in the Triumph they were usher'd
By Clemency and Valour.
Eman. Rightly observed;
As she by Chastity and Constancy.
What hurt's now in a play, 'gainst which some rail
So vehemently?[3] thou and I, my love,
Make excellent use, methinks: I learn to be
A lawful lover void of jealousy,
And thou a constant wife. Sweet poetry's
A flower, where men, like bees and spiders, may
Bear poison, or else sweets and wax away.
Be venom-drawing spiders they that will!
I'll be the bee, and suck the honey still. [*Flourish.*

Cupid descends.

Cupid. *Stay, clouds! ye rack too fast.*[4] *Bright Phœbus, see,*
Honour has triumph'd with fair Chastity:
Give Love now leave, in purity to shew
Unchaste affections fly not from his bow.
Produce the sweet example of your youth,
Whilst I provide a Triumph for your truth.
[Flourish.

[3] *What hurt's now in a play, against which some rail So vehemently.*] In allusion to the puritans, who preached and wrote in the most venomous and inflammatory terms against the wickedness of stage-playing. See The Woman's Prize, vol. V. p. 330.

[4] *Stay, clouds! ye* rack *too fast.*] See vol. IV. p. 131.

THE

TRIUMPH OF LOVE.

SCENE I.

Milan. A Room in Benvoglio's *House.*

Enter VIOLANTE *(with child) and* GERRARD.

Vio. Why does my Gerrard grieve?
Ger. Oh, my sweet mistress,
It is not life (which, by our Milan law,
My fact hath forfeited) makes me thus pensive;
That I would lose to save the little finger
Of this your noble burden from least hurt,
Because your blood is in't: But since your love
Made poor incompatible me the parent,
(Being we are not married) your dear blood
Falls under the same cruel penalty;
And can Heaven think fit you die for me?
For Heaven's sake, say I ravish'd you! I'll swear it,
To keep your life safe and repute unstain'd.
Vio. Oh, Gerrard, thou'rt my life and faculties,
(And if I lose thee, I'll not keep mine own)
The thought of whom sweetens all miseries.
Wouldst have me murder thee beyond thy death?
Unjustly scandal thee with ravishment?
It was so far from rape, that, Heaven doth know,

If ever the first lovers, ere they fell,
Knew simply in the state of innocence,
Such was this act, this, that doth ask no blush!
Ger. Oh, but, my rarest Violante, when
My lord Randulpho, brother to your father,
Shall understand this, how will he exclaim,
At my poor aunt, and me,[5] which his free alms
Hath nursed, since Milan by the duke of Mantua
(Who now usurps it) was surprised! that time
My father and my mother were both slain,
With my aunt's husband, as she says, their states
Despoil'd and seiz'd; 'tis past my memory,
But thus she told me: Only this I know,
Since I could understand, your honour'd uncle
Hath given me all the liberal education
That his own son might look for, had he one;
Now will he say, "Dost thou requite me thus?"
Oh! the thought kills me.
Vio. Gentle, gentle Gerrard,
Be cheer'd, and hope the best! My mother, father,
And uncle, love me most indulgently,
Being the only branch of all their stocks:
But neither they, nor he thou wouldst not grieve
With this unwelcome news, shall ever hear
Violante's tongue reveal, much less accuse,
Gerrard to be the father of his own:
I'll rather silent die, that thou may'st live
To see thy little offspring grow and thrive.

Enter DOROTHEA.

Dor. Mistress, away! your lord and father seeks you:
I'll convey Gerrard out at the back-door.

[5] That *my poor aunt and me.*] This very obvious mistake was not observed till Mason proposed to correct it.

He has found a husband for you, and insults
In his invention, little thinking you
Have made your own choice, and possess'd him too.
Vio. A husband? 't must be Gerrard, or my death.
Farewell! be only true unto thyself,
And know, Heaven's goodness shall prevented be,
Ere worthiest Gerrard suffer harm for me.
Ger. Farewell, my life and soul! Aunt, to your counsel
I flee for aid.—Oh, unexpressible Love! thou art
An undigested heap of mixed extremes,
Whose pangs are wakings, and whose pleasures dreams. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Another in the same.

Enter BENVOGLIO, ANGELINA, *and* FERDINAND.

Benv. My Angelina, never didst thou yet
So please me, as in this consent; and yet
Thou hast pleased me well, I swear, old wench! ha, ha!—
Ferdinand, she's thine own; thou'st have her, boy;
Ask thy good lady else.
Ferd. Whom shall I have, sir?
Benv. Whom do you think, i' faith?
Ang. Guess!
Ferd. Noble madam,
I may hope (prompted by [my] shallow merit)

Through your profound grace, for your chamber-
maid.

Benv. How's that? how's that?

Ferd. Her chambermaid, my lord.[6]

Benv. Her chamber-pot, my lord!—You modest
ass!

Thou never shew'dst thyself an ass till now:
'Fore Heaven, I am angry with thee! Sirrah, sirrah,
This whitemeat spirit's not yours legitimate:[7]
Advance your hope, an't please you! guess again.

Ang. And let your thoughts flee higher; aim
them right,
Sir, you may hit; you have the fairest white.[8]

Ferd. If I may be so bold then, my good lord,
Your favour doth encourage me to aspire
To catch my lady's gentlewoman.

Benv. Where?
Where would you catch her?
Do you know my daughter Violante, sir?

Ang. Well said; no more about the bush!

[6] Ferd. *Her* chambermaid, *my lord.*
Benv. *Her, &c.*] This lection, which redeems the passage from being the rankest nonsense, is only in first folio. Other copies read,
Ferd. *Her* chamber-pot, *my lord. You modest ass.*—Ed. 1778.

[7] *This* whitmeat *spirit's not yours, legitimate.*] I put a hyphen to *whitmeat*, it being a compound word like *Whit-Sunday*, i. e. *White Sunday*, alluding to the white garments the newly-baptized used to wear. It would be an affront to the reader's understanding to explain the meaning *of whit-meat spirit;* he will observe, that I scratch out a comma after *yours*, understanding *legitimate* adverbially, as if he had said, —This weak effeminate spirit is not legitimately yours, you had it not from your father.—*Seward.*

We cannot see the use of the hyphen. *Whitmeat* means simply *white meat*, which is the most simple innocent food. His modesty is what Benvoglio here means to reprehend.—Ed. 1778.

[8] *Sir, you may* hit; *you have the fairest* white.] *To hit the white* is a term frequently used in our authors' time: It is taken from archery.—*Reed.*

Ferd. My good lord,
I have gazed on Violante, and the stars,
Whose heavenly influence I admired, not knew;
Nor ever was so sinful to believe
I might attain it.
Benv. Now you're an ass again;
For, if thou ne'er attain'st, 'tis only long
Of that faint heart of thine, which never did it.
She is your lord's heir, mine, Benvoglio's heir,
My brother's too, Randulpho's; her descent
Not behind any of the Millanois.
And, Ferdinand, although thy parentage be
Unknown, thou know'st that I have bred thee up
From five years old; and (do not blush to hear it)
Have found thy wisdom, trust, and fair success
So full in all my affairs, that I am fitter
To call thee master than thou me thy lord:
Thou canst not be but sprung of gentlest blood;
Thy mind shines through thee, like the radiant sun,
Although thy body be a beauteous cloud.
Come! seriously this is no flattery;
And well thou know'st it, though thy modest blood
Rise like the morning in thy cheek to hear't:
Sir, I can speak in earnest. Virtuous service,
So meritorious, Ferdinand, as yours,
Yet bashful still, and silent, should extract
A fuller price than impudence exact:[9]
And this is now the wages it must have;

[9] *Virtuous service,*
So meritorious, Ferdinand, as yours,
(Yet bashful still and silent ?) should extract
A fuller price than impudence exact.] The parenthesis and note of interrogation in the third line entirely perverts the sense of this passage, and proves that the editors did not understand it: they must both be struck out; for Benvoglio means to say, that such meritorious services as Ferdinand's, performed always with bashfulness and modesty, deserved greater rewards than impudence should exact.—*Mason.*

My daughter is thy wife, my wealth thy slave.

Ferd. Good madam, pinch! I sleep! does my lord mock,
And you assist? Custom's inverted quite;
For old men now-a-days do flout the young.

Benv. Fetch Violante!—As I intend this
Religiously, let my soul find joy or pain!

[*Exit* ANGELINA.

Ferd. My honour'd lord and master, if I hold
That worth could merit such felicity,
You bred it in me, and first purchased it;
It is your own, and what productions
In all my faculties my soul begets,
Your very mark is on; you need not add
Rewards to him, that is in debt to you.
You saved my life, sir, in the massacre;
There you begot me new, since foster'd me:
Oh! can I serve too much, or pray for you?
Alas, 'tis slender payment to your bounty.
Your daughter is a Paradise, and I
Unworthy to be set there: You may chuse
The royal'st seeds of Milan.

Benv. Pr'ythee, peace!
Thy goodness makes me weep. I am resolved;
I am no lord o' th' time, to tie my blood
To sordid muck; I have enough; my name,
My state, and honours, I will store in thee,
Whose wisdom will rule well, keep and increase·
A knave or fool, that could confer the like,
Would bate each hour, diminish every day.
Thou art her prize-lot then, drawn out by fate;
An honest wise man is a prince's mate.

Ferd. Sir, Heaven and you have over-charged my breast
With grace beyond my continence; I shall burst!
The blessing you have given me, witness saints,
I would not change for Milan!—But, my lord,

Is she prepared?

Benv. What needs preparative,
Where such a cordial is prescribed as thou?
Thy person and thy virtues, in one scale,
Shall poise hers, with her beauty and her wealth:
If not, I add my will unto thy weight.
Thy mother's with her now. Son, take my keys;
And let thy preparation for this marriage,
(This welcome marriage) long determined here,
Be quick, and gorgeous.—Gerrard!

Enter GERRARD.

Ger. My good lord,
My lord your brother craves your conference
Instantly, on affairs of high import.

Benv. Why, what news?

Ger. The tyrant, my good lord,
Is sick to death of his old apoplexy;
Whereon the states advise, that letters missive
Be straight dispatch'd to all the neighbour-countries,
And schedules too divulged on every post,
To enquire the lost duke forth: Their purpose is
To re-instate him.

Benv. 'Tis a pious deed.—
Ferdinand, to my daughter! This delay,
Though to so good a purpose, angers me;
But I'll recover it. Be secret, son!
Go woo with truth and expedition. [*Exit.*

Ferd. Oh, my unsounded joy!—How fares my Gerrard,
My noble twin-friend?—Fy, thy look is heavy,
Sullen, and sour; blanch it! Didst thou know
My cause of joy, thou'dst never sorrow more,
I know thou lov'st me so. How dost thou?

Ger. Well;

Too well! my fraught of health my sickness is;
In life, I am dead; by living, dying still.
Ferd. What sublunary mischief can predominate
A wise man thus? or doth thy friendship play
(In this antipathous extreme) with mine,
Lest gladness suffocate me? I, I, I do feel
My spirits turn'd to fire, my blood to air,
And I am like a purified essence
Tried from all drossy parts!
Ger. Were't but my life,
The loss were sacrifice;[1] but Virtue must
For me be slain, and Innocence made dust!
Ferd. Farewell, good Gerrard!
Ger. Dearest friend, stay!
Ferd. Sad thoughts are no companions for me now,
Much less sad words: Thy bosom binds some secret,
Which do not trust me with! for mine retains
Another, which I must conceal from thee.
Ger. I would reveal it; 'tis a heavy tale.
Canst thou be true, and secret still?
Ferd. Why, friend,
If you continue true unto yourself,
I have no means of falsehood. Lock this door;
Come, yet your prisoner's sure.
Ger. Stay, Ferdinand!
Ferd. What is this trouble? love?
Why, thou art capable of any woman.
Doth want oppress thee? I will lighten thee.
Hast thou offended law? my lord and thine,
And I, will save thy life. Does servitude
Upbraid thy freedom, that she suffers it?

[1] *The loss were sacrificed, but Virtue
Must for me be slain, and Innocence made dust.*] I read *sacrifice*, i. e. my life would then be not so much a loss as a sacrifice for the sake of the person I love.—*Seward.*

Have patience but three days, and I will make thee
Thy lord's companion. Can a friend do more?
Ger. Lend me the means. How can this be?
Ferd. First, let
This cabinet keep your pawn, and I will trust;
Yet, for the form of satisfaction,
Take this my oath to boot: By my presumed
Gentry, and sacred known Christianity,
I'll die ere I reveal thy trust!
Ger. Then hear it!
Your lord's fair daughter, Violante, is
My betroth'd wife, goes great with child by me;
And, by this deed, both made a prey to law.
How may I save her life? advise me, friend.
Ferd. What did he say? Gerrard, whose voice was that?
Oh, death unto my heart, bane to my soul!
My wealth is vanish'd like the rich man's store:
In one poor minute, all my dainty fare
But juggling dishes; my fat hope, despair.
Ger. Is this so odious? where's your mirth?
Ferd. Why, thou
Hast robb'd me of it! Gerrard, draw thy sword;
And if thou lov'st my mistress' chastity,
Defend it, else I'll cut it from thy heart,
Thy thievish heart that stole it, and restore't;
Do miracles to gain her!
Ger. Was she thine?
Ferd. Never, but in my wish, and her father's vow,
Which now he left with me; on such sure terms,
He call'd me *son*, and will'd me to provide
My wedding preparation.
Ger Strange!
Ferd. Come, let's
Kill one another quickly!
Ger. Ferdinand,

My love is old to her, thine new-begot:
I have not wrong'd thee; think upon thine oath!
Ferd. It manacles me, Gerrard; else this hand
Should bear thee to the law. Farewell for ever!
Since friendship is so fatal, never more
Will I have friend: Thou hast put so sure a plea,
That all my weal's litigious made by thee. [*Exit.*
Ger. I did no crime to you.—His love transports him!
And yet I mourn that cruel destiny
Should make us two thus one another's cross.
We have loved since boys; for the same time cast him
On lord Benvoglio, that my aunt and I
Were succour'd by Randulpho: Men have call'd us
The parallels of Milan; and some said
We were not much unlike. Oh, Heaven divert,
That we should (ever since that time) be breeding
Mutual destruction!

Enter DOROTHEA.

Dor. Oh, where are you? You have made a fair hand! By Heaven, yonder is your aunt with my lady: she came in just as she was wooing your mistress for another; and what did me she, but out with her purse, and shewed all the naked truth, i'faith. Fy upon you! You should never trust an old woman with a secret; they cannot hold, they cannot hold so well as we, an you'd hang 'em. First, there was swearing and staring; then there was howling and weeping, and *Oh, my daughter!* and *Oh, my mother!*
Ger. The effect, the effect?
Dor. Marry, no way, but one with you!
Ger. Why, welcome! Shall she 'scape?
Dor. Nay, she has made her 'scape already.

Ger. Why, is she gone?

Dor. The 'scape of her virginity, I mean. You men are as dull, you can conceive nothing; you think it is enough to beget.

Ger. Ay;
But surely, Dorothea, that 'scaped not;
Her maidenhead suffer'd.

Dor. And you were the executioner.

Ger. But what's the event? Lord, how thou starvest me, Doll!

Dor. "Lord, how thou starvest me, Doll?" By Heaven, I would fain see you cry a little! Do you stand now, as if you could get a child? Come, I'll rack you no more; this is the heart of the business—Always provided, signor, that if it please the fates to make you a lord, you be not proud, nor forget your poor handmaid Doll, who was partly accessary to the incision of this Holofernian maidenhead.

Ger. I will forget my name first. Speak!

Dor. Then thus: My lady knows all; her sorrow is reasonably well digested; has vowed to conceal it from my lord, till delay ripen things better; wills you to attend her this evening at the back gate: I'll let you in, where her own confessor shall put you together lawfully, ere the child be born; which birth is very near, I can assure you. All your charge is your vigilance; and to bring with you some trusty nurse, to convey the infant out of the house.

Ger. Oh, beam of comfort! Take! [*Gives money.*
Go, tell my lady
I pray for her as I walk. My joys so flow,
That what I speak or do, I do not know! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Another Room in the same.

Dumb Show.

Enter VIOLANTE *at one Door, weeping, supported by* CORNELIA *and a Friar; at another Door,* ANGELINA *weeping, attended by* DOROTHEA. VIOLANTE *kneels down for pardon.* ANGELINA *shewing remorse, takes her up, and cheers her; so doth* CORNELIA. ANGELINA *sends* DOROTHEA *for* GERRARD. *Enter* GERRARD *with* DOROTHEA; ANGELINA *and* CORNELIA *seem to chide him, shewing* VIOLANTE'S *heavy plight.* VIOLANTE *rejoiceth in him; he makes signs of sorrow, entreating pardon:* ANGELINA *brings* GERRARD *and* VIOLANTE *to the Friar; he joins them hand in hand, takes a ring from* GERRARD, *puts it on* VIOLANTE'S *finger, blesseth them;* GERRARD *kisseth her; the Friar takes his leave.* VIOLANTE *makes show of great pain, is instantly conveyed in by the Women,* GERRARD *is bid stay; he walks in meditation, seeming to pray. Enter* DOROTHEA, *whispers him, sends him out. Enter* GERRARD *with a Nurse blindfold; gives her a purse. To them enter* ANGELINA *and* CORNELIA *with an Infant; they present it to* GERRARD, *he kisseth and blesseth it, puts it into the Nurse's arms, kneels, and takes his leave. Exeunt all severally.*

SCENE IV.

Another Room, with a Curtain in the Back-ground.

Enter Benvoglio *and* Randulpho.

Benv. He's dead, you say then?
Rand. Certainly; and to hear
The people now dissect him now he's gone,
Makes my ears burn, that loved him not: Such libels,
Such elegies and epigrams, they have made,
More odious than he was!—Brother, great men
Had need to live by love, meting their deeds
With Virtue's rule; sound with the weight of judgment
Their privatest action: For though, while they live,
Their power and policy masque their villainies,
Their bribes, their lust, pride and ambition,
And make a many slaves to worship 'em,
That are their flatterers, and their bawds in these;
These very slaves shall, when these great beasts die,
Publish their bowels to the vulgar eye.
Ben. 'Fore Heaven, 'tis true. But is Rinaldo, brother,
Our good duke, heard of living?
Rand. Living, sir,
And will be shortly with the senate: has
Been close concealed at Mantua, and relieved.
But what's become of his, no tidings yet!
But, brother, till our good duke shall arrive,

Carry this news here. Where's your Ferdinand?
Benv. Oh, busy, sir, about this marriage:
And yet my girl o' th' sudden is fall'n sick.
You'll see her ere you go?
Rand. Yes. Well I love her;
And yet I wish I had another daughter
To gratify my Gerrard, who, by Heaven,
Is all the glory of my family,
But has too much worth to live so obscure:
I'll have him secretary of estate
Upon the duke's return; for, credit me,
The value of that gentleman's not known:
His strong abilities are fit to guide
The whole republic: He hath learning, youth,
Valour, discretion, honesty of a saint.
His aunt is wond'rous good too.
Benv. You have spoke
The very character of Ferdinand:
One is the other's mirrour.

The Curtain is drawn, VIOLANTE *is discovered in a Bed,* ANGELINA *and* DOROTHEA *sitting by her.*

How now, daughter?
Rand. How fares my niece?
Viol. A little better, uncle, than I was,
I thank you.
Rand. Brother, a mere cold!
Ang. It was
A cold and heat, I think; but Heaven be thank'd,
We have broken that away.
Benv. And yet, Violante,
You'll lie alone still, and you see what's got.
Dor. Sure, sir, when this was got, she had a bed-fellow. [*Aside.*
Rand. What, has her cholic left her in her belly?
Dor. 'T has left her, but she has had a sore fit.

Rand. Ay, that same cholic and stone's inherent to us
O' th' woman's side! our mothers had them both.

Dor. So has she had, sir.—[*Aside.*] How these old fornicators talk! she had more need of mace-ale, and Rhenish-wine caudles, Heaven knows, than your aged discipline.

Benv. Say.

Ang. She will have the man; and, on recovery,
Will wholly be disposed by you.

Benv. That's my wench!—

Enter FERDINAND *in mourning.*

How now! what change is this? Why, Ferdinand,
Are these your robes of joy should be indued?[2]
Doth Hymen wear black? I did send for you
To have my honourable brother witness
The contract I will make 'twixt you and her.

[2] *Are these your robes of joy should be* indued.] That is, with which you should be *indued*, that is, *endowed* or furnished. This passage supports Mr Malone's defence of the same word in the following passage of Hamlet, (Reed's Shakspeare, XVIII. 317.)—

"— Like a creature native and *indued*
Unto that element."

Mr Malone gives his explanation in the following terms:—"As we are *indued* with certain original dispositions and propensities at our birth, Shakspeare here uses *indued* with great licentiousness for formed by nature; clothed, endowed, or furnished with properties suited to the element of water. Our old writers used *indued* and *endowed* indiscriminately. 'To *indue*,' says Minsheu in his Dictionary, '*sepissime refertur ad dotes animo infusas, quibus nimirum ingenium alicujus imbutum et initiatum est, unde et G. instruire est. L. imbuere.* Imbuere *proprie est inchoare et initiari.*' In Cotgrave's French Dictionary, 1611, *instruire* is interpreted 'to fashion, to furnish with."—Fletcher uses the word *indued* in the text still more licentiously than Shakspeare. It is singular that Mason overlooked this passage, as he had previously attempted to substitute *inured* for *indued* in the quotation from Hamlet,

Put off all doubt; she loves you: What d'ye say?

Rand. Speak, man; why look you so distractedly?

Ferd. There are your keys, sir: I'll no contracts, I.——.

Divinest Violante, I will serve you
Thus on my knees, and pray for you.
Juno Lucina, fer opem!
My inequality ascends no higher:
I dare not marry you.

Benv. How's this?

Ferd. Good-night!
I have a friend has almost made me mad:
I weep sometimes, and instantly can laugh;
Nay, I do dance, and sing, and suddenly
Roar like a storm. Strange tricks these! are they not?
And wherefore all this? shall I tell you? no!
Thorough mine ears, my heart a plague hath caught;
And I have vow'd to keep it close, not shew
My grief to any, for it has no cure.—
On, wand'ring steps, to some remote place move!
I'll keep my vow, though I have lost my love.
[*Exit.*

Benv. 'Fore Heaven, distracted for her! Fare ye well!
I'll watch his steps; for I no joy shall find,
Till I have found his cause, and calm'd his mind.
[*Exit.*

Rand. He's overcome with joy.

Ang. 'Tis very strange.

Rand. Well, sister, I must leave you; the time's busy.—
Violante, chear you up! And I pray Heaven
Restore each to their love, and health again.
[*Exit.*

Viol. Amen, great uncle!—Mother, what a chance
Unluckily is added to my woe,
In this young gentleman!
Ang. True, Violante;
It grieves me much.—Doll, go you instantly,
And find out Gerrard! tell him his friend's hap,
And let him use best means to comfort him;
But, as his life, preserve this secret still!
Viol. Mother—I'd not offend you—might not Gerrard
Steal in, and see me in the evening?
Ang. Well;
Bid him do so.
Viol. Heaven's blessing o' your heart!—
Do you not call child-bearing *travel*, mother?
Ang. Yes.
Viol. It well may be: The bare-foot traveller
That's born a prince, and walks his pilgrimage,
Whose tender feet kiss the remorseless stones
Only, ne'er felt a travel like to it.
Alas, dear mother, you groan'd thus for me;
And yet, how disobedient have I been!
Ang. Peace, Violante; thou hast always been
Gentle and good.
Viol. Gerrard is better, mother:
Oh, if you knew the implicit innocency
Dwells in his breast, you'd love him like your pray'rs.
I see no reason but my father might
Be told the truth, being pleased for Ferdinand
To woo himself; and Gerrard ever was
His full comparative: My uncle loves him,
As he loves Ferdinand.
Ang. No, not for the world!
Since his intent is cross'd, loved Ferdinand

Thus ruin'd, and a child got out of wedlock,
His madness would pursue ye both to death!

Viol. As you please, mother. I am now, methinks,
Even in the land of Ease; I'll sleep.

Ang. Draw in
The bed nearer the fire.—Silken rest,
Tie all thy cares up! [*Exeunt.*[3]

SCENE V.

A Grove.

Enter FERDINAND, *and* BENVOGLIO *privately after him.*

Ferd. Oh, blessed solitude! Here my griefs may speak;
And, Sorrow, I will argue with thee now.
Nothing will keep me company! the flowers
Die at my moan; the gliding silver streams
Hasten to flee my lamentations;
The air rolls from 'em; and the golden sun
Is smother'd pale as Phœbe with my sighs;
Only the earth is kind, that stays: Then, Earth,
To thee will I complain. Why do the Heavens

[3] Mr Lamb, in his Specimens of Dramatic Authors, extracts the above scene, and observes in a note—"Violante's prattle is so very pretty and so natural, that I could not resist giving it a place. Juno Lucina was never invoked with more elegance. Pope has been praised for giving dignity to a game of cards. It required at least as much address to ennoble a lying-in."

Impose upon me love what I can ne'er
Enjoy?[4] Before fruition was impossible,
I did not thirst it: Gerrard, she is thine,
Sealed and delivered; but 'twas ill to stain
Her virgin state, ere ye were married.
Poor infant, what's become of thee? thou know'st
not
The woe thy parents brought thee to. Dear Earth,
Bury this close in thy sterility;
Be barren to this seed, let it not grow!
For if it do, 'twill bud no violet,
Nor gilly-flower, but wild brier, or rank rue,
Unsavoury and hurtful.

Benv. Ferdinand,
Thy steel hath digged the earth, thy words my
heart.

Ferd. Oh, I have violated faith, betrayed
My friend and innocency!

Benv. Desperate youth,
Violate not thy soul too! I have showers
For thee, young man; but, Gerrard, flames for thee!
Was thy base pen made to dash out mine honour,
And prostitute my daughter? bastard, whore?
Come, turn thy female tears into revenge,
Which I will quench my thirst with, ere I see
Daughter or wife, or branded family.
By Heaven, both die! and, for amends,
Ferdinando, be my heir! I'll to my brother;
First tell him all, then to the duke for justice;
This morning he's received.[5] Mountains nor seas

[4] *Impose* upon *me love what I can ne'er enjoy?*] i. e. *Force me* to love *what I cannot obtain.* The editors of 1750 expunge the word *upon,* for which we can see no reason; and print *Love* as a substantive, though it is so obviously a verb.—Ed. 1778.

[5] *This morning he's* received.] Mr Sympson would read *arriv-ed;* but surely *received* is infinitely more expressive, as it not on-

Shall bar my flight to vengeance! the foul stain
Printed on me, thy blood shall rinse again. [*Exit.*

Ferd. I have transgress'd all goodness, witlessly
Raised mine own curses from posterity!
I'll follow, to redress in what I may;
If not, your heir can die as well as they. [*Exit.*

SCENE VI.

An Apartment in the Palace.

Dumb Show.

Enter Duke RINALDO *with Attendants, at one Door; States,* RANDULPHO, *and* GERRARD, *at another: They kneel to the Duke, he accepts their obedience, and raises them up; they prefer* GERRARD *to the Duke, who entertains him; they seat the Duke in State. Enter* BENVOGLIO *and* FERDINAND: BENVOGLIO *kneels for Justice;* FERDINAND *seems to restrain him.* BENVOGLIO *gives the Duke a Paper; Duke reads, frowns on* GERRARD, *shews the paper to the States, they seem sorry, consult, cause the Guard to apprehend him; they go off with him. Then* RANDULPHO *and* BENVOGLIO *seem to crave Justice, Duke vows it, and exit with his Attendants.* RANDULPHO, BENVOGLIO, *and* FERDINAND *confer. Enter to them* CORNELIA, *with two Ser-*

ly speaks his arrival, but his being recognized by all his subjects as duke of Milan.—*Seward.*

vants; she seems to expostulate; RANDULPHO *in scorn causeth her to be thrust out poorly. Exit* RANDULPHO. BENVOGLIO *beckons* FERDINAND *to him, with much seeming passion, swears him, then stamps with his Foot. Enter* DOROTHEA, *with a Cup, weeping, she delivers it to* FERDINAND, *who with discontent exit, and exeunt* BENVOGLIO *and* DOROTHEA.

SCENE VII.

A Room in Benvoglio's *House.*

Enter VIOLANTE.

Viol. Gerrard not come? nor Dorothy return'd?
What adverse star ruled my nativity?
The time to-night hath been as dilatory
As languishing consumptions. But till now,
I ne'er durst say, my Gerrard was unkind.
Heaven grant all things go well! and nothing does,
If he be ill, which I much fear! My dreams
Have been portentous: I did think I saw
My love arrayed for battle with a beast,
A hideous monster, armed with teeth and claws,
Grinning, and venomous, that sought to make
Both us a prey; on's tail was lash'd in blood
Law; and his forehead I did plainly see
Held characters that spell'd *Authority.*
This rent my slumbers; and my fearful soul
Ran searching up and down my dismay'd breast,
To find a port to escape. Good faith, I am cold;
But Gerrard's love is colder: Here I'll sit,

And think myself away.

Enter FERDINAND *with a Cup and a Letter.*

Ferd. The peace of love
Attend the sweet Violante! Read;
For the sad news I bring I do not know:
Only I am sworn to give you that, and this.
Viol. Is it from Gerrard? Gentle Ferdinand,
How glad am I to see you thus well restored!
In troth he never wrong'd you in his life,
Nor I, but always held fair thoughts of you:
Knew not my father's meaning till of late;
Could ne'er have known it soon enough: For, sir,
Gerrard's and my affection began
In infancy: My uncle brought him oft
In long coats hither; you were such another;
The little boy would kiss me, being a child,
And say he loved me, give me all his toys,
Bracelets, rings, sweetmeats, all his rosy smiles:
I then would stand, and stare upon his eyes,
Play with his locks, and swear I loved him too;
For sure, methought, he was a little Love!
He wooed so prettily in innocence,
That then he warmed my fancy; for I felt
A glimmering beam of love kindle my blood,
Both which, time since hath made a flame and flood.
Ferd. Oh, gentle innocent! methinks it talks
Like a child still, whose white simplicity
Never arrived at sin. Forgive me, lady!
I have destroyed Gerrard and thee; rebelled
Against Heaven's ordinance; dis-paired two doves,
Made 'em sit mourning; slaughtered love, and cleft
The heart of all integrity. This breast
Was trusted with the secret of your vow,
By Gerrard, and revealed it to your father.
Viol. Ha!

Ferd. Read, and curse me!
Viol. Neither; I will never
Nor write, nor read again!
Ferd. My penance be it! [*Reads.*
" Your labyrinth is found, your lust proclaim'd."
Viol. Lust? hum!
My mother sure felt none when I was got.
Ferd. " I, and the law, implacably offended;
Gerrard's imprison'd, and to die."
Vio. Oh, Heaven!
Ferd. " And you to suffer, with reproach and scoffs,
A public execution. I have sent you
An antidote 'gainst shame, poison, by him
You have most wrong'd: Give him your penitent tears."
Viol. Hum! 'tis not truth.
Ferd. " Drink, and farewell for ever!
And though thy whoredom blemish thy whole line,
Prevent the hangman's stroke, and die like mine."
Viol. Oh, woe is me for Gerrard! I have brought
Confusion on the noblest gentleman
That ever truly loved. But we shall meet
Where our condemners shall not, and enjoy
A more refined affection than here:
No law nor father hinders marriage there
'Twixt souls divinely affied as, sure, ours were;
There we will multiply and generate joys,
Like fruitful parents.—Luckless Ferdinand,
Where's the good old gentlewoman, my husband's aunt?
Ferd. Thrust from your uncle, to all poverty.
Viol. Alas, the pity! Reach me, sir, the cup:
I'll say my prayers, and take my father's physic
Ferd. Oh, villain that I was, I had forgot
To spill the rest, and am unable now

To stir to hinder her!

Viol. What ail you, sir?

Ferd. Your father is a monster, I a villain,
This tongue has kill'd you!—Pardon, Violante!
Oh, pardon, Gerrard! and for sacrifice
Accept my life, to expiate my fault:
I have drunk up the poison.

Viol. Thou art not so
Uncharitable! a better fellow far;
Thou hast left me half. Sure Death is now a-dry,
And calls for more blood still to quench his thirst.
I pledge thee, Ferdinand, to Gerrard's health!

[*Drinks.*

Dear Gerrard, poor aunt, and unfortunate friend!
Ay me, that love should breed true lovers' end!

Ferd. Stay, madam, stay!—Help, hoa! for Heaven's sake, help!—
Improvident man! that good I did intend
For satisfaction, saving of her life,
My equal cruel stars made me forget.[6]

Enter ANGELINA *with two Servants.*

Ang. What spectacle of death assaults me? oh!

Viol. My dearest mother, I am dead: I leave
Father, and friends, and life, to follow Love.
Good mother, love my child, that did no ill.
Fy, how men lie, that say, death is a pain!
Or has he changed his nature? like soft sleep
He seizes me. Your blessing! Last, I crave,
That I may rest by Gerrard in his grave. [*Falls.*

[6] *My* equal *cruel stars*, &c.] Mr Sympson would read,

My unequal *cruel stars*——

but as *equal* is good sense, I don't change the text; I understand *equal* adverbially, *viz.* my stars *equally cruel* in this instance as in all others.—*Seward.*

Ferd. There lay me too. Oh, noble mistress, I
Have caused all this, and therefore justly die.
That key will open all. [*Falls.*

Ang. Oh, viperous father!
For Heaven's sake, bear 'em in! Run for physicians,
And medicines quickly! Heaven, thou shalt not have her
Yet; 'tis too soon: Alas, I have no more;
And, taking her away, thou robb'st the poor!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.

An open Place in the City.

Enter RINALDO, *States*, RANDULPHO, BENVOGLIO, GERRARD, *Secretary*, *Executioner*, *and* *Guard*.

Rin. The law, as greedy as your red desire,
Benvoglio, hath cast this man: 'Tis pity
So many excellent parts are swallowed up
In one foul wave. Is Violante sent for?
Our justice must not lop a branch, and let
The body grow still.

Benv. Sir, she will be here,
Alive or dead, I am sure.

Ger. How chearfully my countenance comments death!
That which makes men seem horrid, I will wear
Like to an ornament. Oh, Violante!

Might my life only satisfy the law,
How jocundly my soul would enter Heaven!
Why shouldst thou die? thou wither'st in thy bud,
As I have seen a rose, ere it was blown.—
I do beseech your grace, the statute may
(In this case made) be read: Not that I hope
To extenuate my offence or penalty,
But to see whether it lay hold on her.
And since my death is more exemplary
Than just, this public reading will advise
Caution to others.

Rin. Read it.

Rand. Brother, does not
Your soul groan under this severity?

Sec. [*Reads.*] "A statute provided in case of unequal matches, marriages against parents' consent, stealing of heirs, rapes, prostitutions, and such-like: That if any person meanly descended, or ignorant of his own parentage, which implies as much, shall, with a foul intent, unlawfully solicit the daughter of any peer of the dukedom, he shall for the same offence forfeit his right-hand: But if he further prostitute her to his lust, he shall first have his right-hand cut off, and then suffer death by the common executioner. After whom, the lady so offending shall likewise the next day, in the same manner, die for the fact."

Ger. This statute has more cruelty than sense!
I see no ray of mercy. Must the lady
Suffer death too? Suppose she were enforced,
By some confederates borne away, and ravished;
Is she not guiltless?

Rin. Yes, if it be proved.

Ger. This case is so: I ravished Violante.

State. Who ever knew a rape produce a child?

Benv. Pish! these are idle. Will your grace command

The executioner proceed?

Rin. Your office!

Ger. Farewell to thy enticing vanity,
Thou round gilt box, that dost deceive man's eye!
The wise man knows, when open thou art broke,
The treasure thou includ'st is dust and smoke;
Even thus, I cast thee by.—My lords, the law
Is but the great man's mule; he rides on it,
And tramples poorer men under his feet:
Yet when they come to knock at yon bright gate,
One's rags shall enter 'fore the other's state.
Peace to ye all!—Here, sirrah, strike! This hand
Hath Violante kiss'd a thousand times;
It smells sweet ever since: This was the hand
Plighted my faith to her; do not think thou canst
Cut that in sunder with my hand.— My lord,
As free from speck as this arm is, my heart
Is of foul lust, and every vein glides here
As full of truth.—Why does thy hand shake so?
'Tis mine must be cut off, and that is firm;
For it was ever constant.

Enter CORNELIA *veiled.*

Cor. Hold! your sentence
Unjustly is pronounced, my lord! This blow
Cuts your hand off; for his is none of yours,
But Violante's, given in holy marriage
Before she was delivered, consummated
With the free will of her mother, by her confessor,
In lord Benvoglio's house.

Ger. Alas, good aunt,
That helps us nothing; else I had reveal'd it.

Rin. What woman's this?

Benv. A base confederate
In this proceeding, kept of alms long time
By him; who now, exposed to misery,

Talks thus distractedly.—Attach her, guard!
Rand. Your cruelty, brother, will have end.
Cor. You'd best
Let them attach my tongue.
Rin. Good woman, peace!
For, were this truth, it doth not help thy nephew:
The law's infringed by their disparity;
That forfeits both their lives.
Cor. Sir, with your pardon,
Had your grace ever children?
Rin. Thou hast put
A question, whose sharp point toucheth my heart!
I had two little sons, twins, who were both
(With my good duchess) slain, as I did hear,
At that time when my dukedom was surprised.
Cor. I have heard many say, my gracious lord,
That I was wond'rous like her. [*Unveils.*
Omnes. Ha!
Rin. By all man's joy, it is Cornelia,
My dearest wife!
Cor. To ratify me her,
Come down, Alphonso, one of those two twins,
And take thy father's blessing! Thou hast broke
No law, thy birth being above thy wife's:
Ascanio is the other, named Fernando,
Who, by remote means, to my lord Benvoglio
I got preferr'd; and in poor habits clad,
(You fled, and the innovation laid again)
I wrought myself into Randulpho's service,
With my eldest boy; yet never durst reveal
What they and I were, no, not to themselves,
Until the tyrant's death.
Rin. My joy has fill'd me
Like a full-winded sail! I cannot speak!
Ger. Fetch Violante and my brother.
Benv. Run,
Run like a spout, you rogue! A pox o' poison!

That little whore I trusted will betray me.
Stay, hangman! I have work for you: There's gold,
Cut off my head, or hang me, presently!

Soft Music. Enter ANGELINA, *with the Bodies of* FERDINAND *and* VIOLANTE *on a Bier;* DOROTHEA *carrying the Cup and Letter, which she gives to* RINALDO; *he reads, seems sorrowful; shews it to* CORNELIA *and* GERRARD, *they lament over the Bier.* RANDULPHO *and* BENVOGLIO *seem fearful, and seem to report to* ANGELINA *and* DOROTHEA *what hath passed before.*

Rand. This is your rashness, brother!
Rin. Oh, joy, thou wert too great to last;
This was a cruel turning to our hopes!
Unnatural father! poor Ascanio!
Ger. Oh, mother, let me be Gerrard again,
And follow Violante!
Cor. Oh, my son——
Rin. Your lives yet, bloody men, shall answer this.
Dor. I must not see'em longer grieve.—My lord,
Be comforted; let sadness generally
Forsake each eye and bosom; they both live:
For poison, I infused mere opium;
Holding compulsive perjury less sin
Than such a loathed murder would have been.
All. Oh, blessed maiden!
Dor. Music, gently creep
Into their ears, and fright hence lazy sleep!
[*Music.*

Morpheus, command thy servant Sleep
In leaden chains no longer keep
This prince and lady! Rise, wake, rise,
And round about convey your eyes!

Rise, prince; go, greet thy father and thy mother;
Rise thou, to embrace thy husband and thy brother.

Rin. Cor. Son, daughter!
Ferd. Father, mother, brother! [7]
Ger. Wife!
Viol. Are we not all in Heaven!
Ger. 'Faith, very near it.
Ferd. How can this be?
Rin. Hear it!
Dor. If I had served you right, I should have seen
Your old pate off, ere I had reveal'd.
Benv. Oh, wench!
Oh, honest wench! if my wife die, I'll marry thee:
There's my reward.[8]
Rin. 'Tis true.

[7] Ferd. *Father, mother, brother.*
Ger. *Wife.*] According to this reading, Ferdinand, whose senses were but just recovered, knows perfectly all that has past whilst he was asleep, although he afterwards asks how can this be. I first thought a note of interrogation might solve it, by supposing Cornelia to have informed him in a whisper, and then he might ask the question,

Father? mother? brother?

But putting the whole into Gerrard's mouth takes away the difficulty much more easily.—*Seward.*

We think the old reading best, and don't understand the objection.—Ed. 1778.

Seward's objection is not so frivolous as the last editors seem to suppose; but I presume the poets are to be charged with inadvertence, forgetting that Ferdinand was as yet unacquainted with his relationship to Rinaldo, Cornelia, and Gerrard. His asking "How can this be?" without any intermediate explanation to him, countenances this charge of inadvertence, and proves the impropriety of Seward's variation.

[8] *There's thy reward.*] Text from first folio. It means, MY REWARDING YOU.—Ed. 1778.

Ferd. 'Tis very strange.[9]
Ger. Why kneel you, honest master?
Ferd. My good lord!
Ger. Dear mother!
Rin. Rise, rise! all are friends. I owe ye
For all their boards: And, wench, take thou the man
Whose life thou saved'st; less cannot pay thy merit.
How shall I part my kiss? I cannot! let
One generally therefore join our cheeks.
A pen of iron, and a leaf of brass,
To keep this story to eternity,
And a Promethean wit!—Oh, sacred Love,
Nor chance, nor death, can thy firm truth remove.
[*Exeunt. Flourish.*

Eman. Now, Isabella?
Isab. This can true love do.
I joy they all so happily are pleased!
The ladies and the brothers must triumph.
Eman. They do;
For Cupid scorns but to have his Triumph too.
[*Flourish.*

[9] Ferd. *'Tis true.*
Rin. *'Tis very strange.*] Here again the speakers were evidently wrong, and had changed places.—*Seward.*

The Triumph.

Enter divers Musicians, then certain Singers, bearing Bannerets, inscribed, Truth, Loyalty, Patience, Concord; *next,* GERRARD *and* FERDINAND *with Garlands of Roses; then* VIOLANTE; *last, a Chariot drawn by two Cupids, and a Cupid sitting in it.*

Flourish. Enter Prologue.

Prol. *Love, and the strength of fair affection,*
Most royal sir, what long seem'd lost, have won
Their perfect ends,[1] *and crown'd those constant hearts*
With lasting triumph, whose most virtuous parts,
Worthy desires, and love, shall never end.
Now turn we round the scene; and, great sir, lend
A sad and serious eye to this of Death.
This black and dismal triumph; where man's breath,
Desert, and guilty blood, ascend the stage;
And view the tyrant, ruin'd in his rage.
[Exit. Flourish.

[1] *Love, and the strength of fair affection,*
Most royal sir, what *long seem'd lost, have won*
Their perfect ends.] Mason proposes to read, "*that,* or *which* long seem'd lost;" but the text has evidently the same meaning.

THE

TRIUMPH OF DEATH.

SCENE I.

Angers. A Room in the House of Lavall.

Enter LAVALL, GABRIELLA, *and* MARIA.

Gab. No, good my lord, I am not now to find
Your long neglect of me: All those affections
You came first clad in to my love, like summer,
Lusty and full of life; all those desires
That like the painted spring bloom'd round about ye,
Giving the happy promise of an harvest,
How have I seen drop off, and fall forgotten!
With the least lustre of another's beauty,
How oft, forgetful lord, have I been blasted!
Was I so easily won? or did this body
Yield to your false embraces, with less labour
Than if you had carried some strong town?
Lav. Good Gabriella!
Gab. Could all your subtilties and sighs betray me,

The vows ye shook me with, the tears ye drown'd
me,
Till I came fairly off with honour'd marriage?
Oh, fy, my lord!

Lav. Pr'ythee, good Gabriella!

Gab. 'Would I had never known you, nor your
honours!
They are stuck too full of griefs. Oh, happy wo-
men,
That plant your love in equal honest bosoms,
Whose sweet desires, like roses set together,
Make one another happy in their blushes,
Growing and dying without sense of greatness,
To which I am a slave! and that blest sacrament
That daily makes millions of happy mothers,
Link'd me to this man's lust alone, there left me:
I dare not say I am his *wife*, 'tis dangerous;
His *love*, I cannot say. Alas, how many——

Lav. You grow too warm; pray you be con-
tent! You best know
The time's necessity, and how our marriage,
Being so much unequal to mine honour,
While the duke lives, I standing high in favour,
(And, whilst I keep that safe, next to the duke-
dom)
Must not be known, without my utter ruin.
Have patience for a while, and do but dream, wench,
The glory of a duchess.—How she tires me!
[*Aside.*
How dull and leaden is my appetite
To that stale beauty now! Oh, I could curse
And crucify myself for childish doting
Upon a face that feeds not with fresh figures
Every fresh hour; she is now a surfeit to me!—

Enter GENTILLE.

Who's that? Gentille?—I charge ye, no acquaintance, [*Apart to* GABRIELLA.
You nor your maid, with him, nor no discourse,
Till times are riper!
Gent. Fy, my noble lord!
Can you be now a stranger to the court,
When your most virtuous bride the beauteous Hellena,
Stands ready like a star to gild your happiness?
When Hymen's lusty fires are now a-lighting,
And all the flower of Anjou——
Lav. Some few trifles,
For matter of adornment, have a little
Made me so slow, Gentille; which now in readiness,
I am for court immediately.
Gent. Take heed, sir!
This is no time for trifling, nor she no lady
To be now entertain'd with toys; 'twill cost you—
Lav. You're an old cock, Gentille.
Gent. By your lordship's favour——
Lav. Pr'ythee, away! 'twill lose time.
Gent. Oh, my lord,
Pardon me that, by all means!
Lav. We have business
A-foot, man, of more moment!
Gent. Than my manners?
I know none, nor I seek none.
Lav. Take to-morrow!
Gent. Even now, by your lordship's leave.—Excellent beauty,
My service here I ever dedicate,
In honour of my best friend, your dead father,

To you, his living virtue; and wish heartily,
That firm affection that made us two happy,
May take as deep undying root, and flourish
Betwixt my daughter Casta, and your goodness,
Who shall be still your servant.

Gab. I much thank you.

Lav. Pox o' this dreaming puppy!—Will you go, sir?

Gent. A little more, good lord!

Lav. Not now, by Heaven!
Come, I must use you.

Gent. Goodness dwell still with you!

[*Exeunt* GENTILLE *and* LAVALL.

Gab. The sight of this old gentleman, Maria,
Pulls to mine eyes again the living picture
Of Perolot his virtuous son, my first love,
That died at Orleans.

Maria. You have felt both fortunes,
And in extremes, poor lady! for young Perolot,
Being every way unable to maintain you,
Durst not make known his love to friend or father;
My lord Lavall, being powerful, and you poor,
Will not acknowledge you.

Gab. No more! Let's in, wench;
There let my lute speak my laments! they have tired me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Before the Palace.

Enter two Courtiers.

1 *Court.* I grant, the duke is wond'rous provident
In his now planting for succession;
I know his care as honourable in the choice too,
Marine's fair virtuous daughter: But what's all this?
To what end excellent arrives this travel,
When he that bears the main roof is so rotten?
2 *Court.* You have hit it now indeed; for, if Fame lie not,
He is untemperate.
1 *Court.* You express him poorly,
Too gentle, sir: The most debosh'd and barbarous,
Believe it; the most void of all humanity,
Howe'er his cunning cloke it to his uncle,
And those his pride depends upon.
2 *Court.* I have heard too,
Given excessively to drink.
1 *Court.* Most certain,
And in that drink most dangerous: I speak these things
To one I know loves Truth, and dares not wrong her.
2 *Court.* You may speak on.

1 *Court.* Uncertain as the sea, sir,
Proud and deceitful as his sin's great master;
His appetite to women, (for there he carries
His main-sail spread) so boundless and abominable,
That but to have her name by that tongue spoken,
Poisons the virtue of the purest virgin.
2 *Court.* I am sorry for young Gabriella then,
A maid reputed, ever of fair carriage;
For he has been noted visiting.
1 *Court.* She is gone then;
Or any else, that promises, or power,
Gifts, or his guileful vows, can work upon:
But these are but poor parcels.
2 *Court.* 'Tis great pity!
1 *Court.* Nor want these sins a chief saint to befriend 'em:
The devil follows him; and, for a truth, sir,
Appears in visible figure often to him;
At which time he's possess'd with sudden trances,
Cold deadly sweats, and griping of the conscience,
Tormented strangely, as they say.
2 *Court.* Heaven turn him!
This marriage-day may'st thou well curse, fair Hellen.—
But let's go view the ceremony.
1 *Court.* I'll walk with you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Street before Lavall's *House.*

Music. GABRIELLA *and* MARIA *appear at a Window; below, enter* LAVALL, HELLENA, *States in solemnity as to Marriage, and pass over; then Duke,* MARINE, *and* LONGAVILLE.

Maria. I hear 'em come!
Gab. 'Would I might never hear more!
Maria. I told you still; but you were so incredulous—
See, there they kiss!
Gab. Adders be your embraces!
The poison of a rotten heart, oh, Hellen,
Blast thee as I have been! Just such a flattery,
With that same cunning face, that smile upon't
(Oh, mark it, Mary, mark it seriously!)
That master smile caught me.
Maria. There's the old duke, and
Marine her father.
Gab. Oh!
Maria. There Longaville;
The ladies now.
Gab. Oh, I am murder'd, Mary!—
Beast, most inconstant beast!
Maria. There——
Gab. There I am not;
No more—I am not there. Hear me, oh, Heaven!
And, all you pow'rs of justice, bow down to me!

But you, of pity, die. I am abused;
She that depended on your providence,
She is abused! your honour is abused!
That noble piece ye made, and call'd it *man*,
Is turn'd to devil: all the world's abused!
Give me a woman's will, provoked to mischief,
A two-edged heart; my suffering thoughts to wildfires,
And my embraces to a timeless grave turn!
Maria. Here I'll step in; for 'tis an act of merit.
Gab. I am too big to utter more.
Maria. Take time then. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The same.

Enter GENTILLE *and* CASTA.

Gent. This solitary life at home undoes thee,
Obscures thy beauty first, which should prefer thee;
Next, fills thee full of sad thoughts, which thy years
Must not arrive at yet; they choke thy sweetness:
Follow the time, my girl; and it will bring thee
Even to the fellowship of the noblest women,
Hellen herself, to whom I would prefer thee,
And under whom this poor and private carriage,
(Which I am only able yet to reach at)
Being cast off, and all thy sweets at lustre,
Will take thee as a fair friend, and prefer thee.
Casta. Good sir, be not so cruel as to seek

To kill that sweet content you have bred me to.
Have I not here enough to thank Heaven for?
The free air, uncorrupted with new flattery?
The water that I touch, unbribed with odours
To make me sweet to others? the pure fire
Not smother'd up, and choak'd with lustful incense
To make my blood sweat? but, burning clear and
high,
Tells me my mind must flame up so to Heaven.
What should I do at court? wear rich apparel?
Methinks these are as warm, and, for your state,
sir,
Wealthy enough: Is it, you would have me proud,
And, like a pageant, stuck up for amazements?
Teach not your child to tread that path; for fear,
sir,
Your dry bones, after death, groan in your grave
The miseries that follow.

Gent. Excellent Casta!

Casta. When shall I pray again, a courtier?*
Or, when I do, to what god? what new body
And new face must I make me, with new manners
(For I must be no more myself)? whose mistress
Must I be first? with whose sin-offering season'd?
And when I am grown so great and glorious
With prostitution of my burning beauties,
That great lords kneel, and princes beg for favours,
Do you think I'll be your daughter, a poor gentle
man's,
Or know you for my father?

Gent. My best Casta!
Oh, my most virtuous child! Heaven reigns with-
in thee!

* *When shall I pray again,* a courtier?] That is, if I commence courtier.—*Mason.*

Take thine own choice, sweet child, and live a
saint still.—

Enter LAVALL.

The lord Lavall! stand by, wench.
Lav. Gabriella—
She cannot, nor she dares not make it known;
My greatness crushes her, whene'er she offers:
Why should I fear her then?
Gent. Come; let's pass on, wench.
Lav. Gentille, come hither!—Who's that gentlewoman?
Gent. A child of mine, sir, who, observing custom,
Is going to the monastery to her prayers.
Lav. A fair one, a most sweet one! fitter far
To beautify a court, than make a votarist.—
Go on, fair beauty, and in your orisons
Remember me: Will you, fair sweet?
Casta. Most humbly. [*Exit with* GENTILLE.
Lav. An admirable beauty! how it fires me!
But she's too full of grace, and I too wicked.-

Enter a Spirit.

I feel my wonted fit: Defend me, Goodness!
Oh! it grows colder still, and stiffer on me;
My hair stands up, my sinews shake and shrink.
Help me, good Heaven, and good thoughts dwell
within me!
Oh, get thee gone, thou evil, evil spirit;
Haunt me no more, I charge thee!
Spirit. Yes, Lavall;
Thou art my vassal, and the slave to mischief:
I blast thee with new sin. Pursue thy pleasure!
Casta is rare and sweet, a blowing beauty;

Set thy desires a-fire, and never quench 'em
Till thou enjoy'st her! make her all thy Heaven,
And all thy joy, for she is all true happiness.
Thou art powerful; use command; if that prevail
not,
Force her: I'll be thy friend.

Lav. Oh, help me, help me!

Spirit. Her virtue, like a spell, sinks me to darkness. [*Vanishes.*

Enter GENTILLE *and* CASTA.

Gent. He's here still.—How is't, noble lord? Methinks, sir,
You look a little wildly?—Is it that way?
Is't her you stare on so? I have spied your fire, sir,
But dare not stay the flaming:—Come!

Lav. Sweet creature,
Excellent beauty, do me but the happiness
To be your humble servant.—Oh, fair eyes!
Oh, blessed, blessed sweetness, divine virgin!

Casta. Oh, good my lord, retire into your honour!
You are spoken good and virtuous, placed at helm
To govern others from mischances; from example
Of such fair chronicles as great ones are,
We do, or sure we should, direct our lives.
I know you are full of worth; a school of virtue,
Daily instructing us that live below you,
I make no doubt, dwells there.

Lav. I cannot answer;
She has struck me dumb with wonder.

Casta. Goodness guide you! [*Exeunt.*

Lav. She's gone, and with her all light, and has left me
Dark as my black desires. Oh, devil Lust,
How dost thou hug my blood, and whisper to me,
There is no day again, no time, no living,

Without this lusty beauty break upon me!
Let me collect myself; I strive like billows,
Beaten against a rock, and fall a fool still.
I must enjoy her, and I will; from this hour
My thoughts, and all my business shall be nothing,
My eating, and my sleeping, but her beauty,
And how to work it.

Enter MARIA.

Maria. Health to my lord Lavall!
Nay, good sir, do not turn with such displeasure!
I come not to afflict your new-born pleasures.
My honour'd mistress—Neither let that vex you,
For nothing is intended, but safe to you.

Lav. What of your mistress? I am full of business.

Maria. I will be short, my lord. She, loving lady,
Considering the unequal tie between ye,
And how your ruin with the duke lay on it,
As also the most noble match now made,
By me sends back all links of marriage,
All holy vows, and rights of ceremony,
All promises, oaths, tears, and all such pawns
You left in hostage; only her love she cannot,
For that still follows you, but not to hurt you;
And still beholds you, sir, but not to shame you:
In recompense of which, this is her suit, sir,
Her poor and last petition, but to grant her,
When weary nights have cloyed you up with kisses,
(As such must come) the honour of a mistress,
The honour but to let her see those eyes,
(Those eyes she dotes on, more than gods on goodness)
And but to kiss you only; with this prayer,
(A prayer only to awake your pity)
And on her knees she made it, that this night

You'd bless her with your company at supper.
Lav. I like this well; and, now I think on't better,
I'll make a present use from this occasion— [*Aside.*
Maria. Nay, good my lord, be not so cruel to her,
Because she has been yours!
Lav. And to mine own end [*Aside.*
A rare way I will work.
Maria Can love for ever,
The love of her, my lord, so perish in you?
As you desire in your desires to prosper!
What gallant under Heaven, but Anjou's heir, then
Can brag so fair a wife, and sweet a mistress?
Good, noble lord!
Lav. You misapply me, Mary;
Nor do I want true pity to your lady:
Pity and love tell me, too much I have wrong'd her
To dare to see her more: Yet if her sweetness
Can entertain a mediation,
(And it must be a great one that can cure me)
My love again, as far as honour bids me,
My service, and myself——
Maria. That's nobly spoken!
Lav. Shall hourly see her; Want shall never know her;
Nor where she has bestow'd her love, repent her.
Maria. Now whither drives he? [*Aside.*
Lav. I have heard, Maria,
That no two women in the world more loved,
Than thy good mistress and Gentille's fair daughter.
Maria. What may this mean?—You have heard a truth, my lord;
But since the secret love betwixt you two,
My mistress durst not entertain such friendship:
Casta is quick, and of a piercing judgment,
And quickly will find out a flaw.

Lav. Hold, Mary: [*Gives a purse.*
Shrink not; 'tis good gold, wench: Prepare a banquet,
And get that Casta thither; for she's a creature
So full of forcible divine persuasion,
And so unwearied ever with good office,
That she shall cure my ill cause to my mistress,
And make all errors up.
Maria. I'll do my best, sir:
But she's too fearful, coy, and scrupulous,
To leave her father's house so late; and bashful
At any man's appearance, that, I fear, sir,
'Twill prove impossible.
Lav. There's more gold, Mary;
And feign thy mistress wond'rous sick, to death, wench!
Maria. I have you in the wind now, and I'll pay you. [*Aside.*
Lav. She cannot chuse but come; 'tis charity,
The chief of her profession: Undertake this,
And I am there at night; if not, I leave you.
Maria. I will not lose this offer, though it fall out [*Aside.*
Clean cross to that we cast.—I'll undertake it;
I will, my lord; she shall be there.
Lav. By Heaven?
Maria. By Heaven, she shall.
Lav. Let it be something late then,
For being seen![3]—Now force or favour wins her.
My spirits are grown dull; strong wine, and store,
Shall set 'em up again, and make me fit
To draw home at the enterprize I aim at. [*Exit.*
Maria. Go thy ways, false lord! if thou hold'st, thou pay'st

[3] *Let it be something late then,*
For being seen.] That is, lest we should be seen.—*Mason.*

The price of all thy lusts. Thou shalt be there,
Thou modest maid, if I have any working,
And yet thy honour safe; for which this theif,
I know, has set this meeting; but I'll watch him.

Enter PEROLOT.

Per. Maria!
Maria. Are mine eyes mine own? or—bless me!
Am I deluded with a flying shadow?
Per. Why do you start so from me?
Maria. It speaks sensibly,
And shews a living body; yet I am fearful.
Per. Give me your hand, good Maria.
Maria. He feels warm too.
Per. And next your lips.
Maria. He kisses perfectly:
Nay, an the devil be no worse—You are Perolot?
Per. I was, and sure I should be: Can a small distance,
And ten short months, take from your memory
The figure of your friend, that you stand wond'ring?
Be not amazed! I am the self-same Perolot,
Living and well, son to Gentille, and brother
To virtuous Casta; to your beauteous mistress,
The long-since poor betrothed, and still-vowed servant.
Maria. Nay, sure he lives!—My lord Lavall, your master,
Brought news long since to your much-mourning mistress,
You died at Orleans; bound her with an oath too,
To keep it secret from your aged father,
Lest it should rack his heart.
Per. A pretty secret,
To try my mistress' love, and make my welcome

From travel of more worth; from whence, Heaven
thank'd!
My business for the duke dispatch'd to th' purpose,
And all my money spent, I am come home, wench.
How does my mistress? for I have not yet seen
Any, nor will I, till I do her service.
Maria. But did the lord Lavall know of your
love, sir,
Before he went?
Per. Yes; by much force he got it,
But none else knew; upon his promise too,
And honour, to conceal it faithfully
Till my return: To further which, he told me,
My business being ended, from the duke
He would procure a pension for my service,
Able to make my mistress a fit husband.
Maria. But are you sure of this?
Per Sure as my sight, wench.
Maria. Then is your lord a base dissembling
villain,
A devil lord, the damn'd lord of all lewdness,
And has betray'd you, and undone my mistress,
My poor sweet mistress (oh, that lecher lord!)
Who, poor soul, since was married!
Per. To whom, Maria?
Maria. To that unlucky lord, a pox upon him!
Whose hot horse appetite being allayed once
With her chaste joys, married again (scarce cool'd,
The torches yet not out the yellow Hymen
Lighted about the bed, the songs yet sounding)
Marine's young noble daughter Heliena,
Whose mischief stands at door next. Oh, that
recreant!
Per. Oh, villain! oh, most unmanly falsehood!
Nay, then, I see my letters were betrayed too.
Oh, I am full of this, great with his mischiefs,
Loaden and burst! Come, lead me to my lady.

Maria. I cannot, sir; Lavall keeps her conceal'd:
Besides, her griefs are such, she will see no man.
Per. I must, and will go to her; I will see her:
There be my friend, or this shall be thy furthest!
[*Puts his hand on his sword.*
Maria. Hold, and I'll help thee! But first you shall swear to me,
As you are true and gentle, as you hate
This beastly and base lord, where I shall place you,
(Which shall be within sight) till I discharge you,
Whate'er you see or hear, to make no motion.
Per. I do, by Heaven!
Maria. Stay here about the house then,
Till it be later; yet, the time's not perfect:
There at the back-door I'll attend you truly.
Per. Oh, monstrous, monstrous, beastly villain!
[*Exit.*
Maria. How cross this falls, and from all expectation!
And what the end shall be, Heaven only yet knows:
Only I wish, and hope. But I forget still;
Casta must be the bait, or all miscarries. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

The same.

Enter GENTILLE, *with a Torch,* SHALLOON *at a Window.*

Gent. Holla, Shalloon!
Shal. Who's there?

Gent. A word from the duke, sir.
Shal. Your pleasure?
Gent. Tell your lord he must to court straight.
Shal. He's ill at ease; and prays he may be par-
don'd
The occasions of this night.
Gent. Belike he is drunk then.
He must away; the duke and his fair lady,
The beauteous Hellena, are now at Cent;[4]
Of whom she has such fortune in her carding,
The duke has lost a thousand crowns, and swears,
He will not go to bed, till by Lavall
The tide of loss be turn'd again. Awake him!
For 'tis the pleasure of the duke he must rise.
Shal. Having so strict command, sir, to the
contrary,
I dare not do it: I beseech your pardon.
Gent. Are you sure he is there?
Shal. Yes.
Gent. And asleep?
Shal. I think so.
Gent. And are you sure you will not tell him,
Shalloon?
Shal. Yes, very sure.
Gent. Then I am sure, I will:
Open, or I must force,
Shal. Pray you stay! he is not,
Nor will not be this night: You may excuse it.
Gent. I knew he was gone about some woman's
labour.
As good a neighbour, though I say it, and as com
fortable!
Many such more we need, Shalloon. Alas, poor
lady,

[4] *Cent.*] This, from the context, is evidently a game at cards.

Thou art like to lie cross-legg'd to-night. Good monsieur,
I will excuse your master for this once, sir,
Because sometimes I have loved a wench myself too.

Shal. 'Tis a good hearing, sir.

Gent. But for your lie, Shalloon,
If I had you here, it should be no good hearing;
For your pate I would pummel.

Shal. A fair good-night, sir! [*Exit.*

Gent. Good-night, thou noble knight, Sir Pandarus![5]
My heart is cold o' th' sudden, and a strange dullness
Possesses all my body: Thy will be done, Heaven!
[*Exit.*

SCENE VI.

A Room in the House with a Gallery.

Enter GABRIELLA, CASTA, *and* MARIA *with a Taper.*

Casta. 'Faith, friend, I was even going to my bed,
When your maid told me of your sudden sickness:
But from my grave (so truly I love you)
I think your name would raise me. You look ill
Since last I saw you, much decay'd in colour;
Yet, I thank Heaven, I find no such great danger

[5] *Sir Pandarus.*] See Troilus and Cressida.—*Reed.*

As your maid frighted me withal: Take courage,
And give your sickness course! Some grief you have got
That feeds within upon your tender spirits,
And, wanting open way to vent itself,
Murders your mind, and chokes up all your sweetness.

Gab. It was my maid's fault, worthy friend, to trouble you,
So late, upon so light a cause; yet, since I have you,
Oh, my dear Casta——

Casta. Out with it, i' God's name!

Gab. The closet of my heart I will lock here,[6] wench,
And things shall make you tremble.—Who's that knocks there? [*Knocking within.*

Maria. 'Tis Lavall.

Gab. Sit you still!—Let him in.—
I am resolved; and, all you wronged women,
You noble spirits, that, as I, have suffer'd
Under this glorious beast, insulting man,[7]

[6] *The closet of my heart, I will* lock *here, wench.*] It is more natural to read,

——— *I will* unlock, *wench,*

as Mr Sympson would read, and at first sight the same change occurred to me; but the old reading is certainly sense, and a stronger sense, *viz.* That she would lock up all her secrets in Casta's breast, which she must lay her hand on, or point to while she speaks.—*Seward.*

[7] *Under this glorious* beast-insulting *man.*] The correction is very obvious, and would occur to any commentator. Seward first conjectured the present reading, but did not understand it, as he places a semicolon after *beast.* Subsequently he received a most needless alteration from Sympson, (*base* for *beast,*) and adopted it. This the editors of 1778 rejected, but still without understanding the context; they, as well as all the other commentators excepting Mason, supposing the line to apply to Lavall alone, whereas

Lend me your causes, then your cruelties;
For I must put on madness above women!
Casta. Why do you look so ghastly?
Gab. Peace! no harm, dear.

Enter LAVALL.

Lav. There, take my cloak and sword.—Where is this banquet?
Maria. In the next room.
Casta. How came he here? Heaven bless me!
Lav. Give me some wine, wench; fill it full, and sprightly——
Gab. Sit still, and be not fearful.
Lav. Till my veins swell,
And my strong sinews stretch like that brave Centaur,
That at the table snatch'd the bride away
In spite of Hercules.
Casta. I am betrayed!
Lav. Nay, start not, lady! 'tis for you that I come,
And for your beauty: 'Tis for you, Lavall
Honours this night; to you, the sacred shrine,
I humbly bow, offering my vows and prayers;
To you I live.—
Gab. [*To* MARIA.] In with the powder quickly!
—So; that and the wine will rock you.
Lav. Here; to the health [*Drinks.*
Of the most beauteous and divine fair Casta,
The star of sweetness!
Gab. Fear him not; I'll die first.—
And who shall pledge you?
Lav. Thou shalt, thou tann'd gipsey!

she evidently invokes the spirit of all women who have suffered under, or been betrayed by men.

And worship to that brightness give, cold Tartar!—
By Heaven, you shall not stir! You are my mistress,
The glory of my love, the great adventure,
The mistress of my heart, and she my whore!

Gab. Thou liest, base, beastly lord! drunker than anger,
Thou soused lord, got by a surfeit, thou liest basely!
Nay, stir not! I dare tell thee so.—Sit you still.—
If I be whore, it is in marrying thee,
That art so absolute and full a villain,
No sacrament can save that piece tied to thee.
How often hast thou wooed, in those flatteries,
Almost those very words, my constancy?
What goddess have I not been, or what goodness?
What star, that is of any name in Heaven,
Or brightness? which of all the virtues
(But drunkenness, and drabbing, thy two morals)
Have not I reach'd to? what spring was ever sweeter?
What Scythian snow so white? what crystal chaster?
Is not thy new wife now the same too? Hang thee,
Base bigamist, thou honour of ill women! [8]

Casta. How's this? Oh, Heaven defend me!

Gab. Thou salt-itch,
For whom no cure but ever-burning brimstone
Can be imagined!

Lav. Ha, ha, ha!

Gab. Dost thou laugh, thou breaker
Of all law, all religion? of all faith

[8] *Base bigamist, thou* honour *of* ill *women.*] Seward reads,

—— *Thou* horror *of* all *women:*

But HONOUR *of* ILL *women* may mean a man in request with prostitutes: So, he is afterwards called SALT-*itch*, &c. and immediately before, *Base bigamist.*—Ed. 1778.

Seward's alteration, which Mr Mason wishes to restore, is very tame, and what is more, incorrect, for Lavall is far from being detested by *all* women.

Thou foul contemner?

Lav. Peace, thou paltry woman!—
And sit by me, sweet.

Gab. By the devil?

Lav. Come,
And lull me with delights.

Gab. It works amain now. [*Aside.*

Lav. Give me such kisses as the queen of shadows
Gave to the sleeping boy she stole on Latmos;
Lock round about,[9] in snaky wreaths close-folded,
Those rosy arms about my neck, oh, Venus!

Gab. Fear not, I say.

Lav. Thou admirable sweetness,
Distil thy blessings like those silver drops,
That, falling on fair grounds, rise all in roses;
Shoot me a thousand darts from those fair eyes,
And through my heart transfix 'em all, I'll stand em;
Send me a thousand smiles, and presently
I'll catch 'em in mine eyes, and by Love's power
Turn 'em to Cupids all, and fling 'em on thee.
How high she looks, and heavenly!—More wine for me!

Gab. Give him more wine; and, good friend, be not fearful!

Lav. Here on my knee, thou goddess of delights,
This lusty grape I offer to thy beauties:
See, how it leaps to view that perfect redness
That dwells upon thy lips! now, how it blushes
To be out-blush'd! Oh, let me feed my fancy!
And as I hold the purple god in one hand,
Dancing about the brim and proudly swelling,
Deck'd in the pride of Nature, young and blowing,
So let me take fair Semele in the other,

[9] Look *round about*, &c.] So all copies but first folio.—Ed. 1778.

And sing the loves of gods, then drink: their nectar's[1]
Not yet desired!

Casta. Oh!

Lav. Then, like lusty Tarquin,
Turn'd into flames with Lucrece' coy denials,
His blood and spirit equally ambitious,
I force thee for mine own.

Casta. Oh, help me, justice! help me, my chastity!

Lav. Now I am bravely quarried.[2]

Enter PEROLOT, *above.*

Per. 'Tis my sister!

Gab. No, bawdy slave, no, treacher, she is not carried. [*Exit* CASTA.

Per. She's loose again, and gone. I'll keep my place still.

Maria. Now it works bravely. Stand! he cannot hurt you.

Lav. Oh, my sweet love, my life!

Maria. He sinks.

Lav. My blessing! [*He falls down and sleeps.*

Maria. So; now he is safe awhile.

Gab. Lock all the doors, wench;
Then for my wrongs!

Per. Now I'll appear to know all.

Gab. Be quick, quick, good Maria, sure and sudden.

Per. Stay! I must in first.

[1] —— *then drink their nectar,*
Not yet desired.] So Seward and the last editors absurdly read, and even without noticing the variation. The text is from both the folios.

[2] *Quarried.*] A term from falconry. A hawk was said to be on his *quarry* when he pursued his prey.

Gab. Oh, my conscience!
It is young Perolot! Oh, my stung conscience!
It is my first and noblest love.
Maria. Leave wond'ring,
And recollect yourself: The man is living;
Equally wrong'd as you, and by that devil.
Per. 'Tis most true, lady; your unhappy fortune
I grieve for as mine own; your fault forgive too,
If it be one. This is no time for kisses:
I have heard all, and known all, which mine ears
Are crack'd a-pieces with, and my heart perish'd.
I saw him in your chamber, saw his fury,
And am a-fire till I have found his heart out.
What do you mean to do? for I'll make one.
Gab. To make his death more horrid (for he shall die)——
Per. He must, he must.
Gab. We'll watch him till he wakes,
Then bind him, and then torture him.
Per. 'Tis nothing!
No; take him dead-drunk now, without repentance,
His lechery inseam'd upon him.[3]
Gab. Excellent!
Per. I'll do it myself; and, when 'tis done, provide ye;
For we'll away for Italy this night.

[3] *Take him* dead-drunk, *&c.*] This horrid sentiment seems to have been adopted from a similar one in Hamlet, where that prince, debating on the purposed death of the king, says,

> "When he is *drunk*, asleep, or in his rage,
> Or in the incestuous pleasures of his bed,
> At gaming, swearing, or about some act
> That has no relish of salvation in't,
> Then trip him, that his heels may kick at Heaven;
> And that his soul may be as damn'd and black,
> As Hell, whereto it goes."—*Reed.*

The sentiment occurs in many other old plays.

Gab. We'll follow through all hazards.
Per. Oh, false lord,
Unmanly, mischievous! how I could curse thee!
But that but blasts thy fame: Have at thy heart, fool!
Loop-holes I'll make enough to let thy life out.
Lav. Oh! does the devil ride me?
Per. Nay, then! [*Stabs him.*
Lav. Murder!
Nay, then, take my share too. [*Stabs* PEROLOT.
Per. Help! oh! he has slain me.
Bloody intentions must have blood.
Lav. Ha!
Per. Heaven—— [*Dies.*
Gab. He sinks, he sinks, for ever sinks! Oh, Fortune!
Oh, Sorrow! how like seas thou flow'st upon me!
Here will I dwell for ever. Weep, Maria,
Weep this young man's misfortune. Oh, thou truest—

Enter Spirit.

Lav. What have I done?
Spirit. That that has mark'd thy soul, man.
Lav. And art thou come again, thou dismal Spirit?
Spirit. Yes, to devour thy last.
Lav. Mercy upon me!
Spirit. Thy hour is come: Succession, honour, pleasure,
And all the lustre thou so long hast look'd for,
Must here have end: Summon thy sins before thee.
Lav. Oh, my affrighted soul!
Spirit. There lies a black one;
Thy own best servant by thy own hand slain:
Thy drunkenness procured it; there's another:

Think of fair Gabriella! there she weeps;
And such tears are not lost.
Lav. Oh, miserable!
Spirit. Thy foul intention to the virtuous Casta.
Lav. No more, no more, thou wildfire!
Spirit. Last, thy last wife,
Think on the wrong she suffers.
Lav. Oh, my misery!
Oh, whither shall I fly?
Spirit. Thou hast no faith, fool.
Hark to thy knell! [*Sings, and vanishes.*
Lav. Millions of sins muster about mine eyes now;
Murders, ambitions, lust, false faiths: Oh, Horror,
In what a stormy form of death thou ridest now!
Methinks I see all tortures, fires, and frosts,
Deep-sinking caves, where nothing but Despair dwells,
The baleful birds of night hovering about 'em;
A grave, methinks, now opens, and a hearse,
Hung with my arms, tumbles into it. Oh!
Oh, my afflicted soul! I cannot pray;
And the least child, that has but goodness in him,
May strike my head off, so stupid are my powers:
I'll lift mine eyes up though.
Maria. Cease these laments!
They are too poor for vengeance: Lavall lives yet.
Gab. Then thus I dry all sorrows from these eyes;
Fury and rage possess 'em now! Damn'd devil!
Lav. Ha!
Gab. This for young Perolot! [*Stabs him.*
Lav. Oh, mercy, mercy!
Gab. This for my wrongs!
Lav. But one short hour to cure me!
Oh, be not cruel! Oh! oh! [*Knock within.*
Maria. Hark, they knock!
Make haste, for Heaven's sake, mistress!

Gab. This for Casta! [*Stabs him again.*

Lav. Oh, oh, oh, oh! [*He dies.*

Maria. He's dead; come, quickly! let's away with him,
'Twill be too late else.

Gab. Help, help, up to th' chamber!

[*Exeunt with* LAVALL's *body.*

Enter Duke, HELLENA, GENTILLE, CASTA, *and Attendants, with Lights.*

Duke. What frights are these?

Gent. I am sure here's one past frighting.
Bring the lights nearer:—I have enough already.
Out, out, mine eyes!—Look, Casta.

Lord. 'Tis young Perolot!

Duke. When came he over?—Hold the gentlewoman!
She sinks; and bear her off.

Casta. Oh, my dear brother! [*Exit.*

Gent. There is a time for all; for me, I hope too,
And very shortly. Murder'd?

[GABRIELLA, MARIA, *with* LAVALL's *body, above.*

Duke. Who's above there?

Gab. Look up, and see.

Duke. What may this mean?

Gab. Behold it;
Behold the drunken murderer
Of that young gentleman: behold the rankest,
The vilest, basest slave that ever flourish'd!

Duke. Who kill'd him?

Gab. I; and there's the cause I did it:
Read, if your eyes will give you leave.

[*Throws down a paper.*

Hel. Oh, monstrous!

Gab. Nay, out it shall: There, take this false heart to ye, [*Throws down his heart.*
The base dishonour of a thousand women!
Keep it in gold, duke; 'tis a precious jewel.
Now to myself! for I have lived a fair age,
Longer by some months than I had a mind to.
Duke. Hold!
Gab. Here, young Perolot, my first-contracted!
True love shall never go alone. [*Stabs herself.*
Duke. Hold, Gabriella!
I do forgive all.
Gab. I shall die the better.
Thus let me seek my grave, and my shames with me!
Maria. Nor shalt thou go alone, my noble mistress:
Why should I live, and thou dead? [*Stabs herself.*
Lord. Save the wench there!
Maria. She is, I hope; and all my sins here written.
Duke. This was a fatal night.
Gent. Heaven has his working,
Which we cannot contend against.
Duke. Alas!
Gent. Your grace has your *alas* too.
Duke. 'Would 'twere equal!
For thou hast lost an honest noble child.
Gent. 'Tis heir enough he has left, a good remembrance.[4]
Duke. See all their bodies buried decently;
Though some deserved it not!—How do you, lady?
Hel. Even, with your grace's leave, ripe for a monastery;
There will I wed my life to tears and prayers,

[4] *'Tis heir enough* has lost *a good remembrance.*] Corrected by Sympson.

And never know what man is more.
Duke. Your pleasure.—
How does the maid within?
Lord. She is gone before, sir,
The same course that her lady[5] takes.
Gent. And my course
Shall be my beads at home, so please your grace
To give me leave to leave the court.
Duke. In peace, sir;
And take my love along!
Gent. I shall pray for you.
Duke. Now to ourselves: Retire we, and begin
By this example to correct each sin!
[*Exeunt. Flourish.*

Eman. By this we plainly view the two imposthumes
That choak a kingdom's welfare; ease and wantonness;
In both of which Lavall was capital:
For, first, ease stole away his mind from honour,
That active noble thoughts had kept still working;
And then delivered him to drink and women,
Lust and outrageous riot; and what their ends are,
How infamous and foul, we see example.
Therefore, that great man that will keep his name,
And gain his merit out of Virtue's schools,
Must make the pleasures of the world his fools.
[*Flourish.*

5 My *lady.*] Silently corrected in 1750.

The Triumph.

Enter Musicians; next them, PEROLOT, *with the wound he died with; then* GABRIELLA *and* MARIA, *with their wounds; after them, four Furies with Bannerets, inscribed,* Revenge, Murder, Lust, *and* Drunkenness, *singing; next them,* LAVALL *wounded; then a Chariot with Death, drawn by the Destinies.* [Flourish.

Enter PROLOGUE.

Prol. *From this sad sight ascend your noble eye,*
And see old Time, helping triumphantly,
Helping his master, Man: View here his vanities;
And see his false friends, like those glutted flies,
That, when they've suck'd their fill, fall off, and fade
From all remembrance of him, like a shade!
And last, view who relieves him! and that gone,
We hope your favour, and our play is done.
[Flourish.

THE

TRIUMPH OF TIME.

SCENE I.

A City.

Enter ANTHROPOS, DESIRE, VAIN-DELIGHT, *and* BOUNTY.

Anth. What hast thou done, Desire, and how employed
The charge I gave thee, about levying wealth
For our supplies?

Desire. I have done all, yet nothing;
Tried all, and all my ways, yet all miscarried:
There dwells a sordid dulness in their minds,
Thou son of Earth, colder than that thou art made of.
I came to Craft; found all his hooks about him,
And all his nets baited and set;[6] his sly self

all his hooks about him,
And all his nets baited and set.] Mr Sympson says, that to bait and set nets is inaccurate, and therefore would have *hooks* and

And greedy Lucre at a serious conference,
Which way to tie the world within their statutes:
Business of all sides[7] and of all sorts swarming,
Like bees broke loose in summer: I declared
Your will and want together, both enforcing
With all the power and pains I had, to reach him;
Yet all fell short.

Anth. His answer?

Desire. This he gave me:
Your wants are never ending; and those supplies
That came to stop those breaches, are ever lavish'd,
Before they reach the main, in toys and trifles,
Gewgaws, and gilded puppets. Vain-Delight,
He says, has ruin'd you, with clapping all
That comes in for support, on clothes and coaches,
Perfumes and powder'd pates; and that your mistress,
The lady Pleasure, like a sea, devours
At length both you and him too. If you have houses,
Or land, or jewels, for good pawn, he'll hear you,
And will be ready to supply occasions;
If not, he locks his ears up, and grows stupid.
From him, I went to Vanity, whom I found
Attended by an endless troop of tailors,
Mercers, embroiderers, feather-makers, fumers,[8]
All occupations opening like a mart,
That serve to rig the body out with bravery;
And through the room new fashions flew, like flies,

nets change places; but *nets* are sometimes baited and set as well as hooks, as for cray fish, grigs, &c. so that the change is not necessary.—*Seward.*

[7] *Business of all sides and of all sorts.*] "Of all sides" is the same in old language as *on* all sides. The explanation is only given because former editors have conceived alterations to be requisite.

[8] *Fumers.*] i. e. Perfumers.

In thousand gaudy shapes; Pride waiting on her,
And busily surveying all the breaches
Time and decaying Nature had wrought in her,
Which still with art she pieced again and strengthened:
I told your wants; she shewed me gowns and head-tires,
Embroider'd waistcoats, smocks seamed through with cut-works,[9]
Scarfs, mantles, petticoats, muffs, powders, paintings,
Dogs, monkies, parrots, which all seem'd to shew me
The way her money went. From her to Pleasure
I took my journey.

Anth. And what says our best mistress?

Desire. She danced me out this answer presently:
Revels and masques had drawn her dry already.
I met old Time too, mowing mankind down,
Who says you are too hot, and he must purge you.

Anth. A cold *quietus!* Miserable creatures,
Born to support and beautify your master,
The godlike Man, set here to do me service,
The children of my will, why, or how dare ye,
Created to my use alone, disgrace me?
Beasts have more courtesy; they live about me,
Offering their warm wool to the shearer's hand
To clothe me with, their bodies to my labours;
Nay, even their lives they daily sacrifice,
And proudly press with garlands to the altars,
To fill the gods' oblations. Birds bow to me,
Striking their downy sails to do me service,
Their sweet airs ever echoing to mine honour,
And to my rest their plumy softs they send me.
Fishes, and plants, and all where life inhabits,
But mine own cursed kind, obey their ruler;

[9] *Smocks seamed through with cut-works.*] See vol. II. p. 133.

Mine have forgot me, miserable mine,
Into whose stony hearts, neglect of duty,
Squint-eyed Deceit and Self-love are crept closely!
None feel my wants? not one friend with me?[1]

Desire. None, sir.

Anth. Thou hast forgot, Desire, my best friend Flattery;
He cannot fail me.

Delight. Fail? he will sell himself,
And all within his power, close to his skin first.

Desire. I thought so too, and made him my first venture;
But found him in a young lord's ear so busy,
So like a smiling shower pouring his soul
In at his portals; his face in thousand figures,
Catching the vain mind of the man: I pull'd him,
But still he hung like bird-lime; spoke unto him;
His answer still was, "By the lord, sweet lord,"
And, "By my soul, thou master-piece of honour!"
Nothing could stave him off: He has heard your flood's gone,

[1] *are crept closely:*
None feel my wants, not one friend with me.
Desire. *None, sir?*] The next line shews evidently that all the points here were wrong. The last line of Anthropos's speech should be disjoined from the foregoing, and be a question which Desire should answer; but these were not the worst of the mistake in this passage, for what is

—— not one friend with me?

One might force a sort of sense out of it, but 'tis much more probable that it is a mistake of the press, and that we should read either,

—— not one friend with me?
or, *—— not one befriend me?*

The former is nearest the trace of the letters, but the latter gives a more easy sense.—*Seward.*

The likelihood of corruption is a better authority than the easiest sense.

And on decaying things he seldom smiles, sir.
Anth. Then here I break up state, and free my followers,
Putting my fortune now to Time and Justice:
Go seek new masters now; for Anthropos,
Neglected by his friends, must seek new fortunes.
Desire, to Avarice I here commend thee,
Where thou may'st live at full bent of thy wishes.
And, Vain-Delight, thou feeder of my follies,
With light Fantastickness be thou in favour!
To leave thee, Bounty, my most worthy servant,
Troubles me more than mine own misery;
But we must part: Go, plant thyself, my best friend,
In honourable hearts that truly know thee,
And there live ever like thyself, a virtue!
But leave this place, and seek the country;
For Law and Lust, like fire, lick all up here.
Now none but Poverty must follow me,
Despised patch'd Poverty; and we two married,
Will seek Simplicity, Content, and Peace out,
And live with them in exile.

Enter POVERTY.

How uncall'd on
My true friend comes!
Pov. Here hold thee, Anthropos!
Thou art almost arrived at rest:[2] Put this on,
A penitential robe, to purge thy pleasures;
Off with that vanity!
Anth. Here, Vain-Delight,
And, with this, all my part to thee again
Of thee I freely render.
Pov. Take this staff now,
And be more constant to your steps hereafter!

[2] '*Thou art almost* arm'd *at rest.*] Amended by Sympson.

The staff is Staidness of Affections.—
Away, you painted flies, that with man's summer
Take life and heat, buzzing about his blossoms!
When growing full, ye turn to caterpillars,
Gnawing the root that gave you life. Fly, shadows! [*Exeunt* DESIRE *and* DELIGHT.
Now to Content I'll give thee, Anthropos,
To Rest and Peace: No Vanity dwells there,
Desire, nor Pleasure, to delude thy mind more;
No Flattery's smooth-filed tongue shall poison thee.

Anth. Oh, Jupiter, if I have ever offer'd
Upon thy burning altars but one sacrifice
Thou and thy fair-eyed Juno smiled upon;
If ever, to thine honour, bounteous feasts,
Where all thy statues sweet with wine and incense,
Have by the son of Earth been celebrated;
Hear me (the child of Shame now) hear, thou helper,
And take my wrongs into thy hands, thou justice,
Done by unmindful man, unmerciful,
Against his master done, against thy order;
And raise again, thou father of all honour,
The poor, despis'd, but yet thy noblest creature!
Raise from his ruins once more this sunk cedar,
That all may fear thy power, and I proclaim it!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Olympus.

JUPITER *and* MERCURY *descend severally. Soft Music.*

Jup. Ho, Mercury, my winged son!
Merc. Your servant.
Jup. Whose powerful prayers were those that reached our ears,
Arm'd in such spells of pity now?[3]
Merc. The sad petitions
Of the scorned son of Earth, the god-like Anthropos;
He that has swell'd your sacred fires with incense,
And piled upon your altars thousand heifers;
He that (beguiled by Vanity and Pleasure,
Desire, Craft, Flattery, and smooth Hypocrisy)
Stands now despised and ruined, left to Poverty.
Jup. It must not be; he was not raised for ruin;
Nor shall those hands heaved at my altars perish:
He is our noblest creature. Flee to Time;
And charge him presently release the bands
Of Poverty and Want this suitor sinks in:
Tell him, among the sun-burnt Indians,
That know no other wealth but peace and pleasure,
He shall find golden Plutus, god of riches,

[3] *Arm'd in such spells of* pity.] That is, spells to move compassion; and is a more natural and poetical expression than *spells of piety*, which Seward proposes to read.—*Mason.*

Who idly is adored, the innocent people
Not knowing yet what power and weight he carries:
Bid him compel him to his right use, honour,
And presently to live with Anthropos.
It is our will. Away!

Merc. I do obey it.

[JUPITER *and* MERCURY *ascend again. Music.*

SCENE III.

A Savage Country.

Enter PLUTUS, *with a Troop of Indians singing and dancing wildly about him, and bowing to him; which ended, enter* TIME.

Time. Rise, and away! 'tis Jove's command.

Plutus. I will not!
Ye have some fool to furnish now; some Midas,
That to no purpose I must choak with riches.
Who must I go to?

Time. To the son of Earth;
He wants the god of wealth.

Plutus. Let him want still!
I was too lately with him, almost torn
Into ten thousand pieces by his followers:
I could not sleep, but Craft or Vanity
Were filing off my fingers; not eat, for fear
Pleasure would cast herself into my belly,
And there surprise my heart.

Time. These have forsaken him:
Make haste then! thou must with me. Be not angry,
For fear a greater anger light upon thee.

Plutus. I do obey then: But will change my figure;
For when I willingly befriend a creature,
Goodly and full of glory I shew to him;
But when I am compelled, old and decrepid,
I halt and hang upon my staff. Farewell, friends!
I will not be long from ye: All my servants
I leave among ye still, and my chief riches.

[*Exeunt Indians, with a Dance.*

Oh, Time, what innocence dwells here, what goodness!
They know me not, nor hurt me not, yet hug me.
Away! I'll follow thee: But not too fast, Time!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A Rocky Country.

Enter Anthropos, Honesty, Simplicity, Humility, *and* Poverty.

Humil. Man, be not sad; nor let this divorce
From Mundus, and his many ways of pleasure,
Afflict thy spirits! which, considered rightly,
With inward eyes, makes thee arrive at happy.

Pov. For now what danger or deceit can reach thee?

What matter left for Craft or Covetize
To plot against thee? what Desire to burn thee?
Hon. Oh, son of Earth, let Honesty possess thee!
Be as thou wast intended, like thy Maker;
See through those gaudy shadows, that, like dreams,
Have dwelt upon thee long: call up thy goodness,
Thy mind and man within thee, that lie shipwrecked;
And then how thin and vain these fond affections,
How lame this worldly love, how lump-like, raw,
And ill-digested, all these vanities
Will shew, let Reason tell thee!
Simpl. Crown thy mind
With that above the world's wealth, joyful suffering,
And truly be the master of thyself,
Which is the noblest empire! and there stand
The thing thou wert ordained, and set to govern!
Pov. Come, let us sing the world's shame: Hear us, Anthropos!

Song: And then enter TIME *and* PLUTUS.

Hon. Away! we are betray'd.
[*Exeunt all but* POVERTY.
Time. Get thou too after,
Thou needy bare companion! go for ever,
For ever, I conjure thee. Make no answer!
[*Exit* POVERTY.
Anth. What mak'st thou here, Time? thou that to this minute
Never stood still by me?
Time. I have brought thee succour;
And now, catch hold, I am thine: The god of riches
(Compell'd by him that saw thy miseries,
The ever-just and wakeful Jove) at length

Is come unto thee; use him as thine own;
For 'tis the doom of Heaven, he must obey thee.

Anth. Have I found pity then?

Time. Thou hast, and justice
Against those false seducers of thine honour.
Come, give him present helps! [*Exit* TIME.

INDUSTRY *and the* ARTS *discovered.*

Plutus. Come, Industry,
Thou friend of life! and next to thee, rise, Labour!
[PLUTUS *stamps*, LABOUR *rises.*
Rise presently; and now to your employments!
But first conduct this mortal to the rock.
[*They carry* ANTHROPOS *to a rock, and fall a-digging.*
What see'st thou now?
[PLUTUS *strikes the rock, and flames fly out.*

Anth. A glorious mine of metal.—
Oh, Jupiter, my thanks!

Plutus. To me a little.

Anth. And to the god of wealth, my sacrifice!

Plutus. Nay, then I am rewarded. Take heed now, son,
You are afloat again, lest Mundus catch you!

Anth. Never betray me more!

Plutus. I must to India,
From whence I came, where my main wealth lies buried,
And these must with me. Take that book and mattock,[4]
And, by those, know to live again!
[*Exeunt* PLUTUS, INDUSTRY, LABOUR, *&c.*

[4] *Take that* book *and mattock.*] Mr Sympson would read *hook and mattock* as the two emblems of industry; but knowledge and virtue being as necessary to Anthropos as industry, I understand *book* as an emblem of them.—*Seward.*

Anth. I shall do.

Enter FAME, *sounding.*

Fame. Through all the world the fortune of great Anthropos
Be known and wonder'd at; his riches envied,
As far as sun or time is; his power fear'd too!
[*Exeunt. Music.*

Enter DELIGHT, PLEASURE, CRAFT, LUCRE, VANITY, *&c. dancing (and masqued) towards the Rock, offering service to* ANTHROPOS. MERCURY *from above. Music heard. One half of a Cloud drawn, Singers are discovered; then the other half drawn.* JUPITER *seen in glory.*

Merc. Take heed, weak man! those are the sins that sunk thee;
Trust 'em no more: Kneel, and give thanks to Jupiter.
Anth. Oh, mighty power!
Jup. Unmask, ye gilded poisons!—
Now look upon 'em, son of Earth, and shame 'em;
Now see the faces of thy evil angels;
Lead 'em to Time, and let 'em fill his triumph!
Their memories be here forgot for ever.
Anth. Oh, just, great god! how many lives of service,
What ages only given to thine honour,
What infinites of vows and holy prayers
Can pay my thanks?
Jup. Rise up! and, to assure thee
That never more thou shalt feel want, strike Mercury,
Strike him; and by that stroke he shall for ever

Live in that rock of gold, and still enjoy it.
Be't done, I say! Now sing in honour of him.

SONG.

Enter the Triumph. First, the Musicians: Then VAIN-DELIGHT, PLEASURE, CRAFT, LUCRE, VANITY, *and other of the Vices: Then a Chariot with the Person of* TIME *sitting in it, drawn by four Persons, representing Hours, singing.*
[Exeunt. Flourish.

Eman. By this we note, sweetheart, in kings and princes,
A weakness, even in spite of all their wisdoms,
And often to be mastered by abuses;
Our natures here described too, and what humours
Prevail above our reasons to undo us:
But this the last and best: When no friend stands,
The gods are merciful, and lend their hands.
[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE.

Now as the husbandman, whose costs and pain,
Whose hopes and helps, lie buried in his grain,
Waiting a happy spring to ripen full
His long'd-for harvest to the reaper's pull,
Stand we expecting (having sown our ground
With so much charge, the fruitfulness not found)
The harvest of our labours: For we know
You are our spring; and when you smile we grow.
Nor change nor pain shall bind us from your pleasures,
So you but lend your hands to fill our measures!

THE

HONEST MAN'S FORTUNE.

BY

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

THE

HONEST MAN'S FORTUNE.

"THE Honest Man's Fortune," as Mr Malone observes,[1] "though it appeared first in the folio, 1647, was one of the few pieces in that collection, which were the joint production of Beaumont and Fletcher. It was first performed at the Globe theatre in the year 1613, two years before the death of Beaumont." In the manuscript of Sir Henry Herbert, master of the revels, we have the following entry of license.[2] "For the king's company. An olde play, called The Honest Man's Fortune, the original being lost, was re-allowed by mee at Mr Taylor's intreaty, and on condition to give mee a booke, [The Arcadia,] this 8 Februa. 1624." Upon which Mr Malone remarks, "The manuscript of The Honest Man's Fortune lies now before me, and is dated 1613. It was therefore probably the joint production of Beaumont and Fletcher. This piece was acted at the Globe, and the copy which had been licensed by Sir George Buck, was without doubt destroyed by the fire which consumed that theatre in the year 1613. The allowed copy of The Winter's Tale was probably destroyed at the same time." The fact is thus fully established, that this comedy was written by our authors conjointly. Probably the greater part was the work of Beaumont; the four first acts display few marks of Fletcher's peculiarities of versification; whereas the fifth act bears evident marks of being that poet's, who, as has been observed, uses a far greater proportion of double terminations than

[1] History of the English Stage, *apud* Reed's Shakspeare, III. 274.
[2] *Ibid.* p. 279.

almost any contemporary dramatist. In the greater part of the other acts they occur very sparingly indeed.

The present comedy is a highly interesting one, and contains great beauties of language and sentiment; and the utter neglect which it has so long experienced is little creditable to public taste, or to those who cater for it. The story is intricate, yet well told; and the adventitious under-plots contribute their full share to the interest of the piece. The jealousy of the Duke of Orleans and his violence; the honesty of Montague and his calm firmness of temper; and the youthful attachment of Veramour to him, render these characters highly interesting, as well as the patient suffering nature of the Duchess, and the independent spirit of Lamira. Laverdine and La-Poop are faithful portraits of the cowardly sharpers of the day; and Mallicorn exhibits a good instance of the sharking citizens, who fell so frequently under the lash of the contemporary dramatists.

For the plot of Lamira choosing Montague for her husband when he was in adversity, and least expected such a choice, Langbaine refers to Heywood's History of Women, 1657, Book IX. p. 641. But our poets took the story from some older source, as that work did not appear till 1624.

The following is Heywood's story, from the edition of his work printed in 1624, (p. 459:)—"A civille gentleman (within memorie) in the heat of summer, having beene walking alone in the fields, contemplating with himselfe, and returning backe, not the same way he went out, but through another part of the suburbes, to which he was a mere stranger, and finding himselfe extremely athirst, hee stepped into the first house that fairelyest offered itself to him, and called for a cup of beere, seating himself in the first roome next to the street. He had not well wiped the sweat from his face with his handkerchiefe, but two or three young wenches came skittishly in and out of the roome; who, seeing him a man of fashion, and therefore likely to be of meanes, they thought to make of him some bootie, being (it seemes) set on by the grandam of the house; for, as it prooved, it was a common brothel-house. The youngest and handsomest amongst the rest was put upon him, who entreated him not to be seene below where everie porter, carman, and common fellow came to drinke, but to take a more convenient and retired roome. The gentleman suspecting the place (as it was indeed) to be no better than it should be, and being willing to see some fashions, tooke her gentle proffer, and went with her up the stayres: where they two being alone, (and a bed in the roome,) beere being brought up, shee began to offer him more than common courtesie; being so farre from modestie, that shee almost prostituted herself unto him. Which hee apprehending, asked her in plaine tearmes, if these were not meere pro-

vocations to incite him unto lust? which shee as plainely confessed. To whom he replyed, That, since it was so, he was most willing to accept of her kind proffer; onely for modestie sake, hee desired her to shew him into a darker roome. To which shee assented, and leads him from one place to another; but he still told her that none of all these was darke enough: insomuch, that she began at length somewhat to distaste him, because in all that time he had not made unto her any friendly proffer. At length shee brought him into a close narrow roome, with nothing but a loopehole for light, and told him, Sir, unlesse you goe into the coalehouse, this is the darkest place in the house: How doth it please you? To whom he answered, Unlesse (thou strumpett) thou canst bring mee to a place so palpably tenebrious, into which the eyes of Heaven cannot pierce and see me, thou canst not persuade me to an act so detestable before God and good men: For cannot he that sees into the hearts and reines of all, behold us here in our wickednesse? And, further proceeding, told her the heynousnesse of her sinne towards God, that her prostitution was in sight of him and his angels, and the everlasting punishment thereto belonging. Or, if (irreligious as shee was) shee held these but dreames and fables, hee bad her consider her estate in this world, and what her best could be,—a whore: the name odious, the profession abominable; despised of the indifferent, but quite abandoned of those confirmed in virtue: That shee was in herselfe but a meere leprosie, to destroy herselfe and infect others, a sinke of sinne and diseases. Or, if her extraordinarie good fortune were such to escape the spittle and the surgeon, yet shee was a continuall vassall to everie constable and beadle, never certaine of her lodging, if not in the stocks, in the cage, but the chiefest of her hopes in Bridewell, &c. To conclude, hee read unto her so strict and austere a lecture concerning her base and deboisht life, that, from an impudent strumpet, hee wrought her to be a repentant convertite. Her brasen forehead melted at his fierie zeale, and all those skales of immodestie (like a maske plucked off) fell from her face, and she appeared to him in her former simple and innocentious life. When further questioning with her of her birth and countrey, she freely confessed unto him, That she was borne in the north countrey, her father, a gentleman once of faire revenue; but being impoverished by peevish suites in law, her mother first, and hee (whether by age or griefe shee knew not) soone after died. Shee being an orphan and left distressed, loth to begge of those whom her parents had before relieved, finding charitie there cold, and willing rather to appeare any where than where she was knowne, sold such small things as shee had to come up to London with the carriers; where shee was no sooner alighted at her inne, but shee was hyred by this bawd, (altogether unacquainted with her base course of

life,) who, by degrees, trayned her to such base prostitution: but withall, protested with teares, that course of life was hateful unto her; and, had shee any friend or kinsman that could propose her any meanes to relinquish that trade, which in her soule she detested, she would become a new woman, desiring that one moneth of her leudnesse might be forgot; for from that houre she protested chastitie all her life-time after. Her apparent teares and seeming penitence much perswading with the gentleman, he protested, If it lay in him, he would otherwise dispose of her according to her wishes; and withall, charging her, That if hee sent unto her within two or three dayes with money to acquit her of the house, that shee should attyre herselfe as modestly as shee could possibly, not bringing with her any one ragge that belonged to that abominable house, or any borrowed garment in which she had offended, but instantly repaire unto him at his first sending: and this being agreed betwixt them, for that time they parted. The gentleman, wonderous carefull of his undertaking, (because shee was now his new creature,) came to a matron-like gentlewoman, a kinswoman of his afarre off, (with whom and her husband hee had familiar acquaintance, and by that meanes daily accesse to her house, who had prettie fine children, and were of a faire revenue,) and told her there was a civile maid (a kinswoman of his lately come out of the country) who wanted a service, whom, if she wished to entertaine, it might proove a great goode to her, and no lesse courtesie to him. Briefely, the motion was accepted, shee sent for according to appointment, and (after hee had tutored her in all things which shee should answere) accepted and entertained. Her modest behaviour and faire carriage, with her tender love and diligence about the children, woon her in short time a good opinion of her maister, a greater affection from her mistresse, and a general love of the whole household; insomuch, that within lesse than a yeere, she was raysed from a chambermaid to be waiting-gentlewoman, and the onely bosome-friend of her mistresse: who, falling sicke, even to death, readie to expire her last, so much doted on her new servant, that shee sent for her husband, and besought him (if it stood with his good-liking so to dispose of himselfe) after her decease, to make that woman his wife and mother to his children; for one more loving and carefull he should not finde and search England thorow and thorow. The gentlewoman soone after dyes, hee is left a widower, and the charge of the whole house committed to our new convertite, with the bringing up of his children; which shee executed with such fidelitie, that hee casting a more curious eye upon her youth and beautie, and withall remembering his wives last words, not knowing for the present how better to dispose of himselfe, (time, place, and opportunitie, all things furthering her preferment,) he contracted himself unto

her, and they were soone after married. But before any of these late passages happened, I must remember you, that instantly upon the preferment of this young woman, the gentleman who brought her this fortune adventured all his meanes upon a voyage which miscarried, (for the shippe wherein he sayled was taken by the Spaniard, and he almost a twelvemonth kept prisoner in Lisbone.) But at length (by what meanes I know not) being ransomed, he came for this countrey, but so poorely and dejected, that hee was ashamed to shew himselfe to any of his friends: for having tryed some, and finding their charitie cold, hee was loth to make proofe of the rest; insomuch, that hee walked by owle-light, without a cloake, and scarce had honest ragges to cover him from nakednesse, or hide him from shame. It happened, that just upon his returne the old gentleman died too, and left her possessed of eight hundred a yeere during the minoritie of the children, but the thirds howsoever: and withall, (so great and good opinion he had of her,) that he made her full executor. Now, just as shee followed the hearse to the church, (having diverse suitors before her husbands bodie was scarce cold,) this gentleman by chance comming by, like the picture of the prodygall, (as I before related him to you,) shee casting her eye aside, had espyed him, and presently apprehended him to be the man he was; and, whispering a servant in the ear (willing to be truly satisfied) bad him fall into discourse with him, to enquire his name, his lodging, with other questions, as she directed him, and so proceeded to the funeral, but in any case to speak nothing as from her. The servant fell off from the trayne, and did as he was commanded, and, without suspicion of him that was questioned, brought her true word how all things stood. The next morning (by her appointment) came a gentleman very early to his lodging, (shee having taught him his lesson before hand,) who desired to speak with him, and first asked him his name, which (though loth) he told him: the other proceeded, that if he were the same man he pretended, he had heard of his worth and noble qualities, and withall of his casualties at sea; and, not willing that any gentleman should groan beneath so great a burthen, told him there was a hundred pounds, bad him furnish himselfe with apparell and other necessaries, and so was ready to take his leave. The other, extasied with so great a courtesie from a stranger whom hee had not seene before, enforced him backe to know what reasons he had to be so charitable, entreating him to consider what hope he had of future satisfaction, or at least to resolve him what securitie he demanded. The other answered, That for the first his courtship was grounded upon his worth; his satisfaction was in his acknowledgment; and his security, in that he knew him honest, and told him some three days after he would call upon him, when he was habited like himselfe, to entreate his

further acquaintance, and so presently left him ; but troubled in his mind above wonder to receive such bounty from a man unknown, when all his kindred and familiar friends were ashamed of his acquaintance; yet took the benefit of the present occasion, and suited himself according to his former, not his present fortunes. When the gentleman came according to promise, he seemed glad to see this present alteration, and withall, entreated him to walk abroad with him to dinner: hee (who could not denie him any thing) seemed willingly to assent, not once demanding whither. In the meane time, the late widow had provided a great feast, whither shee had invited all her suitors, (who were not few,) this gentleman whom shee had employed (and knew no further of her mind) being one of the chiefest. Meat was upon the table, guests ready to sit downe; now the last that came in were the two new friends lately remembred: In comes the widow to bid them all welcome. This new-made-up gentleman, ignorant of whatsoever had before happened, demanded of his friend, If there were not such a woman? who briefely told him all: How she came a stranger to the house, and what a fortune by her good demeanour shee had in a short time purchased; that shee was now a widow, had such and such meanes left, and all or most of these gentlemen (and himselfe amongst the rest) were suitors, and that their hope was this day shee would make choyse of a husband. Whatsoever he thought he said nothing for the present. The widowes turne was to place everie man according to his degree, or at least to her own fancie: this new gentleman was neglected, and the stooles being furnished, left standing at a bay-window; shee tooke place at the tables end, onely leaving her husband's chaire emptie, when suddenlie starting up, Methinks, saith shee, some one in this roome might well be spared, for we have more guests than stooles. The gentleman at these wordes bit his lip, and was intreated to sit downe by his friends; but whilst they were straining curtesie, she proceeded, Is this a suitor too? no question some that either hath borrowed his clothes or ingaged all his credit for this one new suit in hope to gain the widow; but women are now-a-daies growne more warrie. By whose acquaintance came he hither? Mine, answered his friend: Then, saith shee, perhaps he wants a dinner, and hath not mony to pay for his ordinarie: Well, he may sit downe amongst the rest; some of you there make him some small elbowe roome. The words made him wish himselfe againe prisoner at Lisbone, or any where, save where he was. This was sport to the rest, but torture to him, who much blamed her ingratitude, yet, arming him with patience, (the rather for his friends sake who brought him thither,) he sate downe silent with an ill stomache, eating as little as he spake. All were merrie at the table; some of them making him their mirth, the rather to please

her. A health went round to the widow's next husband: All pledged it gladly, hee enforcedly. At length rising from her stoole, Methinks, saith shee, we are all merrie, onely that gentleman at the lower end of the table is melancholie: but I know the reason, it is perhaps because he is placed so low; but if that be his disease, I have for it a present remedie: When, walking to him where he sat, shee pluckt him by the sleeve, desiring him to remoove, for she had another place for him. Who, desiring her to torment him no further, refused to rise: but she would needes enforce him, the rest likewise perswading, as wondering what farther sport shee would make of him. Well, saith he, I am this day yours, but will be mine owne ever after: and so being drawne to the upper end of the chamber like a bear to the stake, where her husband's chayre stoode emptie; Now, sir, saith shee, (with a more serious countenance than before,) my new husband, sit here in my old husband's chayre, and bid these your guests welcome. Still he fretted, and they laughed as before; when shee, craving pardon for so abusing his patience, openly protested, That this meeting was only for his sake, and to make them witnesses of their present contract; for if he refused her to wife, she vowed never to have other husband, acknowledging that all her fortunes (next to the Divine Providence) came by his goodnesse, (omitting the former circumstances,) and that she knew no way better to expresse her gratitude, than to conferre them on him, by which they first came. Thus the close proved better than the beginning, and the banquet of sweetmeats made amend for the harsh feast; for they found this last (of all the other passages) to be onely serious. They were then contracted, (the suitors witnesses,) and soone after married. And thus his virtue and her conversion had one joint reward."

On comparing this tale (which the poets must have met with in some work more ancient than that of Heywood) with the play, it will appear that they have very judiciously omitted the former part entirely, and have varied other circumstances, so as to render it proper for a dramatic composition.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Duke of Orleans, *a spleenful detracting lord.*
Earl of Amiens, *brother-in law to Orleans, a noble accomplished gentleman, servant to Lamira.*
Montague, *the* Honest Man.
Longueville, } *two faithful followers of Montague.*
Dubois, }
Veramour,[1] *the loving and loyal page of Montague.*
Laverdine, *a knavish courtier.*
La-Poop, *a foisting sea-captain.*[2]
Malicorn, *a sharking citizen.*
Two Lawyers.
Two Creditors.
Officers.
Servants.

Duchess of Orleans, *a virtuous lady, and chaste (but suspected) wife to the Duke.*
Lamira, *a modest virgin, rich and noble.*
Charlotte, *Lamira's woman.*

SCENE—Paris and the neighbouring Country.

The principal Actors were,

Nath. Field.	Joseph Taylor.
Rob. Benfield.	Will. Eglestone.
Emanuel Read.	Thomas Basse.

Fol. 1679.

[1] *Voramer.*] So this name has been generally wrote in all the editions, only in one scene it is spelt *Veramor*, and in another *Veramour*; the one being a Latin, the other a French compound-word signifying *true love.* One of these, therefore, was undoubtedly the true name, which so well expresses the character. I have preferred the former.—*Seward.*

Being a French story, the *latter* seems to be preferable—Ed. 1778.

[2] *A* foisting *captain.*] To *foist* was to lie, gull, cheat.

THE

HONEST MAN'S FORTUNE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Paris. Before the Hall of Justice.

Enter ORLEANS *and* AMIENS, *at several Doors.*

Ami. Morrow, my lord of Orleans!
Orl. You salute me like a stranger.
Brother Orleans were, to me, a title more
Belonging whom you call the husband of
Your sister.
Ami. 'Would the circumstances of
Your brotherhood had never offer'd cause
To make our conversation less familiar!
I meet you like a hindrance in your way!
Your great law-suit is now upon the tongue,
And ready for a judgment.
Orl. Came you from
The hall now?

Ami. Without stay. The court is full;
And such a press of people does attend
The issue, as if some great man were brought
To his arraignment.
Orl. Every mother's son
Of all that multitude of hearers, went
To be a witness of the misery
Your sister's fortunes must have come to, if
My adversary, who did love her first,
Had been her husband.
Ami. The success may draw
A testimony from them, to confirm
The same opinion; but they went prepared
With no such hope or purpose.
Orl. And did you
Entreat the number of them that are come,[3]
With no such hope or purpose?
Ami. Tush! your own
Experience of my heart can answer you.
Orl. This doubtful makes me clearly understand
Your disposition.
Ami. If your cause be just,
I wish you a conclusion like your cause.
Orl. I can have[4] any common charity

[3] *And did you*
Entreat *the number of them that are come.*] That is, Did you *ask* their number. Mr Mason would read—*encrease.*

[4] *I can have,* &c.] This speech is obscure, and has been still further obscured by the bad pointing. The sense is this: Amiens having wished Orleans success if his cause be just, Orleans replies, "that such a wish might proceed from any common acquaintance, but a friend would wish a friend success in *all* his undertakings; for he, who confines his good wishes to precise justice, is seldom sincere in them."—Ed. 1778.

Mason is satisfied with this explanation, but not with the text, which he proposes to alter thus,

I can *from* any common charity
Have such a prayer.

To such a prayer: From a friend I would
Expect a love to prosper in, without
Exceptions; such a love as might make all
My undertakings thankful to't: Precisely just
Is seldom faithful in our wishes to
Another man's desires. Farewell! [*Exit.*

Enter MONTAGUE, DUBOIS, LONGUEVILLE, *and* VERAMOUR.

Dubois. Here comes your adversary's brother-in-law.
Long. The lord of Amiens.
Dubois. From the hall, I think.
Ami. I did so. Save your lordship!
Mont. That's a wish,
My lord, as courteous to my present state,
As ever honest mind was thankful for;
For now my safety must expose itself
To question: Yet to look for any free
Or hearty salutation, sir, from you,
Would be unreasonable in me.
Ami. Why?
Mont. Your sister is my adversary's wife;
That nearness needs must consequently draw
Your inclination to him.
Ami. I will grant
Him all the nearness his alliance claims;
And yet be nothing less impartial,
My lord of Montague.
Mont. Lord of Montague yet;
But, sir, how long the dignity or state

This is, no doubt, more plainly expressed, but the text means, according to old phraseology, simply—"I can get any man of common charity to such a prayer, that is, to pray such a prayer for me."

Belonging to it will continue, stands
Upon the dangerous passage of this hour;
Either for evermore to be confirmed,
Or, like the time wherein 'twas pleaded, gone;
Gone with it, never to be call'd again!
Ami. Justice direct your process to the end!
To both your persons my respect shall still
Be equal; but the righteous cause is that
Which bears my wishes to the side it holds:
Wherever, may it prosper! [*Exit.*
Mont. Then my thanks[5]
Are proper to you: If a man may raise
A confidence upon a lawful ground,
I have no reason to be once perplex'd
With any doubtful motion. Longueville,
That lord of Amiens (didst observe him?) has
A worthy nature in him.
Long. Either 'tis
His nature, or his cunning.
Mont. That's the vizard
Of most men's actions, whose dissembled lives
Do carry only the similitude
Of goodness on 'em; but for him,
Honest behaviour makes a true report
What disposition does inhabit him,
Essential Virtue.
Long. Then 'tis pity that
Injurious Orleans is his brother.
Dubois. He's but his brother-in-law.
Long. Law? that's as bad.
Dubois. How is your law as bad? I rather wish
The hangman thy executor, than that
Equivocation should be ominous.

[5] *Then my thanks,* &c.] This is also rather obscure, but signifies, "If you wish well to the just cause, you deserve my thanks, for mine is the rightful side."—Ed. 1778.

Enter two Lawyers and two Creditors.

Long. Some of your lawyers!
1 *Law.* What is ominous?
2 *Law.* Let no distrust trouble your lordship's thought!
1 *Law.* The evidences of your questioned land
Ha' not so much as any literal
Advantage in 'em to be made against
Your title.
2 *Law.* And your counsel understands
The business fully.
1 *Law.* They are industrious, just——
2 *Law.* And very confident.
1 *Law.* Your state endures
A voluntary trial; like a man
Whose honours are maliciously accused.
2 *Law.* The accusation serves to clear his cause—
1 *Law.* And to approve his truth more.
2 *Law.* So shall all
Your adversary's pleadings strengthen your
Possession.
1 *Law.* And be set upon record,
To witness the hereditary right
Of you and yours.
2 *Law.* Courage! you have the law.
Long. And you, the profits.
Mont. If discouragement
Could work upon me, your assurances
Would put me strongly into heart again:
But I was never fearful; and let Fate
Deceive my expectation, yet I am
Prepared against dejection!
1 *Cred.* So are we.
2 *Cred.* We have received a comfortable hope
That all will speed well.

Long. What is he, Dubois?
Dubois. A creditor.
Long. I thought so; for he speaks
As if he were a partner in his state.
Mont. Sir, I am largely indebted to your loves—
Long. More to their purses.
Mont. Which you shall not lose.
1 *Cred.* Your lordship——
Dubois. That's another creditor.
1 *Cred.* Has interest in me.
Long. You have more of him.
1 *Cred.* And I have had so many promises
From these, and all your learned counsellors,
How certainly your cause will prosper, that——
Long. You brought no serjeants with you?
Dubois. To attend
His ill success?
Mont. Good sir, I will not be
Unthankful either to their industries,
Or your affections.
1 *Law.* All your land, my lord,
Is at the bar now; give me but ten crowns,
I'll save you harmless.
Long. Take him at his word!
If he does lose, you're saved by miracle:
For I ne'er knew a lawyer yet undone.
1 *Law.* Then now you shall, sir, if this prospers not.
Long. Sir, I beseech you do not force your voice
To such a loudness, but be thrifty now!
Preserve it till you come to plead at bar;
It will be much more profitable in
The satisfaction, than the promise.
1 *Law.* Is
Not this a satisfaction to engage
Myself for this assurance, if he——
Mont. No, sir; my ruin never shall import

Another's loss, if not by accident,
And that my purpose is not guilty of:
You are engaged in nothing but your care.
[*Exeunt Lawyers.*
Attend the procurator to the court;
Observe how things incline, and bring me word!
Long. I dare not, sir; if I be taken there,
Mine ears will be in danger.
Mont. Why? hast thou
Committed something that deserves thine ears?
Long. No, but I fear the noise! my hearing will be
Perished by the noise; it is as good to want
A member, as to lose the use——
Mont. The ornament is excepted.
Long. Well, my lord,
I'll put 'em to the hazard. [*Exit.*
1 *Cred.* Your desires
Be prosperous to you!
2 *Cred.* Our best prayers wait
Upon your fortune. [*Exeunt Creditors.*
Dubois. Yourselves, not him.
Mont. Thou canst not blame 'em; I am in their debts.
Ver. But had your large expence (a part whereof
You owe 'em) for unprofitable silks
And laces, been bestowed among the poor,
That would have pray'd the right way, for you,
Not upon you——
Mont. For unprofitable silks
And laces? Now, believe me, honest boy,
Thou hast hit upon a reprehension that
Belongs unto me.
Ver. By my soul, my lord,
I had not so unmannerly a thought,
To reprehend you!

Mont. Why, I love thee for't;
Mine own acknowledgment confirms thy words:
For once, I do remember, coming from
The mercer's, where my purse had spent itself
On those unprofitable toys thou speak'st of,
A man half naked with his poverty
Did meet me, and requested my relief:
I wanted whence to give it: yet his eyes
Spoke for him; those I could have satisfied
With some unfruitful sorrow (if my tears
Would not have added rather to his grief,
Than eased it,) but the true compassion that
I should have given I had not. This began
To make me think how many such men's wants
The vain superfluous cost I wore upon
My outside would have cloathed, and left myself
A habit as becoming. To encrease
This new consideration, there came one
Clad in a garment plain and thrifty, yet
As decent as these fair dear follies, made
As if it were of purpose to despise
The vanity of show; his purse had still
The power to do a charitable deed,
And did it.

Dubois. Yet your inclination, sir,
Deserved no less to be commended than
His action.

Mont. Pr'ythee, do not flatter me!
He that intends well, yet deprives himself
Of means to put his good thoughts into deed,
Deceives his purpose of the due reward
hat goodness merits. Oh, antiquity,
Thy great examples of nobility
Are out of imitation; or at least
So lamely followed, that thou art as much
Before this age in virtue, as in time!

Dubois. Sir, it must needs be lamely followed, when
The chiefest men who love to follow it
Are for the most part cripples.
Mont. Who are they?
Dubois. Soldiers, my lord, soldiers.
Mont. 'Tis true, Dubois;
But if the law disables me no more
For noble actions than good purposes,
I'll practise how to exercise the worth
Commended to us by our ancestors:
The poor neglected soldier shall command
Me from a lady's courtship, and the form
I'll study shall no more be taught me by
The tailor, but the scholar; that expence
Which hitherto has been to entertain
The intemperate pride and pleasure of the taste,
Shall fill my table more to satisfy,
And less to surfeit.
What an honest work it would be when we find
A virgin in her poverty and youth
Inclining to be tempted, to employ
As much persuasion and as much expence
To keep her upright, as men use to do
Upon her falling!
Dubois. It is charity
That many maids will be unthankful for;
And some will rather take it for a wrong,
To buy 'em out of their inheritance,
The thing that they were born to.

Enter LONGUEVILLE.

Mont. Longueville,
Thou bring'st a chearful promise in thy face;
There stands no pale report upon thy cheek,

To give me fear or knowledge of my loss;
'Tis red and lively. How proceeds my suit?
Long. That's, with leave, sir,
A labour, that to those of Hercules
May add another; or, at least, be call'd
An imitation of his burning shirt:
For 'twas a pain of that unmerciful
Perplexity, to shoulder through the throng
Of people that attended your success,
My sweaty linen fix'd upon my skin,
Still as they pull'd me took that with it; 'twas
A fear I should have left my flesh among 'em:
Yet I was patient, for, methought, the toil
Might be an emblem of the difficult
And weary passage to get out of law.
And, to make up the dear similitude,
When I was forth seeking my handkerchief
To wipe my sweat off, I did find a cause
To make me sweat more; for my purse was lost
Among their fingers.
Dubois. There 'twas rather found.
Long. By them.
Dubois. I mean so.
Mont. Well, I will restore
Thy damage to thee. How proceeds my suit?
Long. Like one at broker's; I think, forfeited.
Your promising counsel at the first
Put strongly forward with a laboured speed,
And such a violence of pleading, that
His fee in sugar-candy scarce will make
His throat a satisfaction for the hurt
He did it; and he carried the whole cause
Before him, with so clear a passage, that
The people in the favour of your side
Cried, "Montague, Montague!" in the spite of him
That cried out *silence*, and began to laugh

Your adversary's advocate to scorn;
Who, like a cunning footman, set me forth
With such a temperate easy kind of course,
To put him into exercise of strength,
And followed his advantages so close,
That when your hot-mouth'd pleader thought he
had won,
Before he had reach'd it he was out of breath,
And then the other stript him.[6]

Mont. So, all's lost?

Long. But how I know not; for, methought, I
stood
Confounded with the clamour of the court,
Like one embark'd upon a storm at sea,
Where the tempestuous noise of thunder, mix'd
With roaring of the billows, and the thick
Imperfect language of the seamen, takes
His understanding and his safety both
Together from him.

Mont. Thou dost bring ill news!

Long. Of what I was unwilling to have been
The first reporter.

Mont. Didst observe no more?

Long. At least no better.

Mont. Then thou'rt not inform'd
So well as I am: I can tell thee that
Will please thee; for, when all else left my cause,
My very adversaries took my part.

Long. Whosoever told you that,
Abused you.

Mont. Credit me, he took my part
When all forsook me.

Long. Took it from you?

Mont. Yes;

[6] *And then the other* stript *him.*] That is, outstript him.—*Mason.*

I mean so: And I think he had just cause
To take it, when the verdict gave it him.
Dubois. His spirit would ha' sunk him, ere he could
Have carried an ill fortune of this weight
So lightly.
Mont. Nothing is a misery,
Unless our weakness apprehend it so;
We cannot be more faithful to ourselves
In any thing that's manly, than to make
Ill fortune as contemptible to us
As it makes us to others.

Enter Lawyers.

Long. Here come they,
Whose very countenances will tell you how
Contemptible it is to others.
Mont. Sir!
Long. The *Sir* of knighthood may be given him,
Ere they hear you now.
Mont. Good sir, but a word!
Dubois. How soon the loss of wealth makes any man
Grow out of knowledge!
Long. Let me see: I pray, sir,
Never stood you upon the pillory?
1 *Law.* The pillory?
Long. Oh, now I know you did not;
You have ears, I thought ye had lost 'em: Pray, observe;
Here's one that once was gracious in your eyes!
1 *Law.* Oh! my lord! [7] [I] have an eye upon him.

[7] *Oh, my lord, have an eye upon him.*] What can this mean? was the Lawyer advising Montague to have an eye upon his ser-

Long. But ha' you ne'er a counsel to redeem
His land yet from the judgment?
 2 *Law.* None but this;
A writ of error to remove the cause.
 Long. No more of error! we have been in that
Too much already.
 2 *Law.* If you will reverse
The judgment, you must trust to that delay——
 Long. Delay? Indeed he's like to trust to that,
With you has any dealing.
 2 *Law.* Ere the law
Proceeds to an *habere facias possessionem.*
 Mont. That is a language, sir, I understand not.
 Long. Thou art a very strange unthankful fellow,
To have taken fees of such a liberal measure,
And then [to] give a man hard words for's money!
 1 *Law.* If men will hazard their salvations,
What should I say? I've other business!
 Mont. You are i' th' right; that's it you should say, now
Prosperity has left me.

Enter two Creditors.

 1 *Cred.* Have an eye upon him! if
We lose him now, he's gone for ever! Stay,

vant Longueville? It seems an omission, for two syllables are wanting to the verse; and the *oh* being repeated, which will well suit the solemn contempt of the Lawyer's countenance giving one, the other is absolutely required by the sense. I read, therefore,

Oh! oh! *my lord*—I *have an eye upon him.*—Seward.

Perhaps this is spoken to some of the Lawyers' followers: The same words are repeated by a Creditor in the next page.—Ed. 1778.

It is evidently an answer to Longueville's speech, meaning, "I see him."

And dog him! I'll go fetch the officers.
Long. Dog him, you blood-hound? by this point, thou shalt [*Draws*.
More safely dog an angry lion, than
Attempt him.
Mont. What's the matter?
Long. Do but stir
To fetch a serjeant, and, besides your loss
Of labour, I will have you beaten till
Those casements in your faces be false lights!
Dubois. Falser than those you sell by!
Mont. Who gave you
Commission to abuse my friends thus?
Long. Sir,
Are those your friends that would betray you?
Mont. 'Tis
To save themselves, rather than betray me.
1 *Cred*. Your lordship makes a just construction of it.
2 *Cred*. All our desire is but to get our own.
Long. Your wives' desires and yours do differ then.
Mont. So far as my ability will go,
You shall have satisfaction.—Longueville!
Long. And leave yourself neglected? Every man
Is first a debtor to his own demands,
Being honest.
Mont. As I take it, sir,
I did not entertain you for my counsellor.
Long. Counsel's the office of a servant, when
The master falls upon a danger, as
Defence is: Never threaten with your eyes!
They are no cockatrices. Do you hear?
Talk with the girdler, or the milliner;
He can inform you of a kind of men
That first undid the profit of those trades
By bringing up the form of carrying

Their morglays[8] in their hands; with some of those
A man may make himself a privilege
To ask a question at the prison-gates,
Without your good permission.

2 Cred. By your leave!

Mont. Stay, sir! what one example, since the time
That first you put your hat off to me, have
You noted in me to encourage you
To this presumption? By the justice now
Of thine own rule, I should begin with thee;
I should turn thee away ungratified
For all thy former kindness, forget
Thou ever didst me any service.—'Tis not fear
Of being arrested, makes me thus incline
To satisfy you; for you see by him,
I lost not all defences with my state:
The curses of a man, to whom I am
Beholding, terrify me more than all
The violence he can pursue me with.—
Dubois, I did prepare me for the worst;
These two small cabinets do comprehend
The sum of all the wealth that it hath pleased
Adversity to leave me; one as rich
As the other, both in jewels: Take thou this,
And, as the order put within it shall
Direct thee, distribute it half between
Those creditors, and the other half among
My servants;—for, sir, they are my creditors
As well as you are; they have trusted me
With their advancement. If the value fail
To please you all, my first increase of means

8 *Morglays.*] *Morglay* was the sword of Bevis of Southampton; and from thence a sword, in antient writers, is frequently called by that name. See Every Man in his Humour, act iii. scene i.—*Reed.*

Shall offer you a fuller payment. Be content
To leave me something; and imagine that
Ye put a new beginner into credit.

Cred. So prosper our own blessings, as we wish
You to your merit!

Mont. Are your silences
Of discontent or of sorrow?

Dubois. Sir,
We would not leave you.

Long. Do but suffer us
To follow you, and what our present means
Or industries hereafter can provide,
Shall serve you.

Mont. Oh, desire me not to live
To such a baseness, as to be maintain'd
By those that serve me! Pray, begone; I will
Defend your honesties to any man,
That shall report you have forsaken me:
I pray, begone!—

[*Exeunt all but* VERAMOUR *and* MONTAGUE.

Why dost thou weep, my boy?
Because I do not bid thee go too?

Ver. No;
I weep, my lord, because I would not go;
I fear you will command me.

Mont. No, my child,
I will not; that would discommend the intent
Of all my other actions: Thou art yet
Unable to advise thyself a course,
Should I put thee to seek it; after that,[9]
I must excuse, or at the least forgive,
Any uncharitable deed that can
Be done against myself.

[9] *After that.*] This expression is rather obscure; but signifies, "Should I dismiss you, *after that* cruelty, I should have no right to complain of any injury done to myself."—Ed. 1778.

Ver. Every day,
My lord, I tarry with you, I'll account
A day of blessing to me; for I shall
Have so much less time left me of my life
When I am from you; and if misery
Befal you (which I hope so good a man
Was never born to) I will take my part,
And make my willingness increase my strength
To bear it. In the winter I will spare
Mine own clothes from myself to cover you;
And in the summer carry some of yours,
To ease you: I'll do any thing I can!
Mont. Why, thou art able to make Misery
Ashamed of hurting, when thy weakness can
Both bear it, and despise it. · Come, my boy!
I will provide some better way for thee
Than this thou speak'st of. 'Tis the comfort, that
Ill fortune has undone me into the fashion;
For now, in this age, most men do begin
To keep but one boy, that kept many men.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

An Apartment in the Duke's Palace.

Enter ORLEANS, *Servant, and Duchess following.*

Orl. Where is she? call her!
Duch. I attend you, sir.
Orl. Your friend, sweet madam——
Duch. What friend, good my lord?

Orl. Your Montague, madam, he will shortly want
Those courtly graces that you love him for:
The means wherewith he purchased this, and this,
And all his own provisions, to the least
Proportion of his feeding, or his clothes,
Came out of that inheritance of land
Which he unjustly lived on; but the law
Has given me right in't, and possession: Now
Thou shalt perceive his bravery vanish, as
This jewel does from thee now, and these pearls
To him that owes 'em.

Duch. You're the owner, sir,
Of every thing that does belong to me.

Orl. No, not of him, sweet lady.

Duch. Oh, good Heaven!

Orl. But in a while your mind will change, and be
As ready to disclaim him, when his wants
And miseries have perish'd[1] his good face,
And taken off the sweetness that has made
Him pleasing in a woman's understanding.

Duch. Oh, Heaven, how gracious had creation been
To women, who are born without defence,
If to our hearts there had been doors, through which
Our husbands might have look'd into our thoughts,
And made themselves undoubtful!

Orl. Made 'em mad!

Duch. With honest women?

Orl. Thou dost still pretend
A title to that virtue: Pr'ythee let
Thy honesty speak freely to me now.

[1] — *Perished*] This verb here is used actively, as it was very generally by old writers.

Thou know'st that Montague, of whose land
I am the master, did affect thee first,
And should have had thee, if the strength of friends
Had not prevail'd above thine own consent:
I have undone him! tell me, how thou dost
Consider his ill fortune and my good?

Duch. I'll tell you justly: His undoing is
An argument for pity and for tears,
In all their dispositions that have known
The honour and the goodness of his life;
Yet that addition of prosperity
Which you have got by't, no indifferent man
Will malice or repine at, if the law
Be not abused in't. Howsoever, since
You have the upper fortune of him, 'twill
Be some dishonour to you to bear yourself
With any pride or glory over him.

Orl. This may be truly spoken; but in thee
It is not honest.

Duch. Yes; so honest, that
I care not if the chaste Penelope
Were now alive to hear me.

Enter AMIENS.

Orl. Who comes there?

Duch. My brother.

Ami. Save you!

Orl. Now, sir! you have heard
Of prosperous Montague?

Ami. No, sir; I have heard
Of Montague, but of your prosperity.

Orl. Is he distracted?

Ami. He does bear his loss
With such a noble strength of patience, that
Had Fortune eyes to see him, she would weep
For having hurt him, and pretending that

She did it but for trial of his worth,
Hereafter ever love him.
Orl. I perceive
You love him; and, because I must confess
He does deserve that, (though, for some respects,
I have not given him that acknowledgment,)
Yet in mine honour I did still conclude
To use him nobly.
Ami. Sir, that will become
Your reputation, and make me grow proud
Of your alliance.
Orl. I did reserve
The doing of this friendship till I had
His fortunes at my mercy, that the world
May tell him 'tis a willing courtesy.
Duch. This change will make me happy!
Orl. 'Tis a change;
Thou shalt behold it: Then observe me! When
That Montague had possession of my land,
I was his rival, and at last obtain'd
This lady, who, by promise of her own
Affection to him, should have been his wife:
I had her, and with-held her like a pawn,
Till now my land is render'd to me again;
And since it is so, you shall see I have
The conscience not to keep her: Give him her!
[*Draws.*
For, by the faithful temper of my sword,
She shall not tarry with me.
Ami. Give me way!— [*Draws.*
Thou most unworthy man!—God!—Give me way![2]
Or, by the wrong he does the innocent,
I'll end thy misery and his wickedness
Together!

[2] *Thou most unworthy man—give me way.*] So former editions.
—Ed. 1778.

Duch. Stay, and let me justify
My husband in that! I have wronged his bed[3]—
[*Exeunt* AMIENS *and Servant.*
Never—all shames that can afflict me, fall
Upon me, if I ever wrong'd you!
Orl. Didst
Thou not confess it?
Duch. 'Twas to save your blood
From shedding: That has turn'd my brother's edge.
He, that beholds our thoughts as plainly as
Our faces, knows it, I did never hurt
My honesty, but by accusing it.
Orl. Women's consents are sooner credited
Than their denials; and I'll never trust
Her body, that prefers any defence
Before the safety of her honour.—Here!

Enter Servant.

Shew forth that stranger.—Give me not a word!
Thou see'st a danger ready to be tempted.

[3] —— *I have wrong'd his bed.*
[Exeunt Amiens and Orleans.
Enter Orleans in amazement, the servants following him.
Never—all shames, &c.] These stage-directions are not only wrong, but ridiculous. We believe that Amiens departs, shocked at the self-accusation of the Duchess, and that Orleans, with his drawn sword, prepares to kill her, which occasions her immediate recantation. What he says afterwards strongly tends to confirm this interpretation:

"*Thou seest a danger ready to be tempted.*"

Her answer conveys the same idea;

"*Cast that,*" &c.—Ed. 1778.

There is no occasion to suppose that her recantation was instigated by the threats of Orleans. Having effected her purpose of saving his life from the fury of Amiens, she very naturally disclaims the fact which she had feigned to cause the absence of the latter.—The reader will observe how exquisitely striking and poetical is the instantaneous departure of Amiens, on the self-accusation of his sister.

Duch. Cast that upon me, rather than my shame;
And, as I am now dying, I will vow
That I am honest!

Orl. Put her out of doors!
But that I fear my land may go again
To Montague, I would kill thee! I am loth
To make a beggar of him that way;[4] or else—
Go! now you have the liberty of flesh;
And you may put it to a double use,
One for your pleasure, th' other to maintain
Your well-beloved; he will want: [*Exit Duchess.*
In such a charitable exercise
The virtue will excuse you for the vice. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

A Grove before the City.

Enter Amiens *with his Sword drawn,* Montague *and* Veramour *meeting him.*

Mont. What means your lordship?

Ver. For the love of God——

Ami. Thou hast advantage of me; cast away
This buckler!

Mont. So he is, sir,[5] for he lives

[4] *To make a beggar of him that way;*] i. e. By forfeiting my life and estate to the king, give Montague an opportunity of begging it from him. If this is not the poets' meaning, it is dark to me.—*Seward.*

Orleans plainly speaks ironically.

[5] *This buckler.*

Mont. *So he is, sir.*] At first sight, we imagined that some words, relative to Veramour, were wanting after the word BUCK-

With one that is undone.—Avoid us, boy!
Ver. I'll first avoid my safety:
Your rapier shall be button'd [6] with my head,
Before it touch my master.
Ami. Montague!
Mont. Sir?
Ami. You know my sister——
Mont. Yes, sir.
Ami. For a whore.
Mont. You lie! and shall lie lower if you dare
Abuse her honour.

LER; but, on further consideration of Montague's reply, *So he is*, it appeared to convey one of the numerous contemptible puns which disgrace this comedy, particularly that interesting character, and alluding to Veramour's being the *buckler* of a man that is *undone*, i. e. UNBUCKLED. A few lines lower he says, *You* LIE, *and shall* LIE *lower;* and on hearing the decision of the law-suit, he says, *My adversary* TOOK *my part;* meaning punningly, *My adversary took my estate* FROM *me;* with various others.—Ed. 1778.

I shall not attempt to explain the passage myself, but must express my dissatisfaction of the explanation given by the last editors. I never heard before that *undone* means *unbuckled*. There is evidently an allusion to some phrase now out of use. In The Woman Hater, Lazarillo, expressing his despair on having lost the umbrana's head, says—

> "Farewell, you lusty archers of the guard,
> To whom I now do give the *bucklers* up,
> And never more with any of your coat
> Will eat for wagers."—*Mason.*

I believe the editors are right in accusing the poets of a pun; but they have mistaken the word punned upon, which is evidently *cast-away*. Veramour was the page of Montague; and as such, according to an ancient custom, carried his buckler. Amiens, perceiving this advantage he had over himself, bids him cast away his buckler. Montague, applying the word to the boy, whom he immediately orders to depart, says, "So he is [cast away], for he lives with me who am undone." Montague certainly puns; but, with this explanation, the pun is less contemptible than if we adopt that of the last editors.

[6] *Button'd.*] Alluding to the *button* on a foil.—Ed. 1778.

Enter Duchess.

Duch. I am honest.
Ami. Honest?
Duch. Upon my faith, I am.
Ami. What did then
Persuade thee to condemn thyself?
Duch. Your safety.
Ami. I had rather be exposed
To danger than dishonour: Thou hast betray'd
The reputation of my family
More basely, by the falseness of that word,
Than if thou hadst deliver'd me asleep
Into the hand of a base enemy.
Relief will never make thee sensible
Of thy disgraces! Let thy wants compel thee to it.
[*Exit.*
Duch. Oh, I'm a miserable woman!
Mont. Why, madam? Are you utterly
Without means to relieve you?
Duch. I have nothing, sir,
Unless by changing of these clothes for worse,
And then at last the worst for nakedness.
Mont. Stand off, boy!—Nakedness would be a change
To please us, madam, to delight us both.
Duch. What nakedness, sir?
Mont. Why, the nakedness
Of body, madam; we were lovers once.
Duch. Never dishonest lovers.
Mont. Honesty
Has no allowance now to give ourselves.
Duch. Nor you allowance against honesty.
Mont. I'll send my boy hence: Opportunity
Shall be our servant. Come, and meet me first
With kisses like a stranger at the door,

And then invite me nearer, to receive
A more familiar inward welcome; where,
Instead of tapers made of virgin's wax,
The increasing flames of our desires shall light
Us to a banquet; and, before the taste
Be dull with satisfaction, I'll prepare
A nourishment composed of every thing
That bears a natural friendship to the blood,
And that shall set another edge upon't;
Or else, between the courses of the feast,
We'll dally out an exercise of time,
That ever as one appetite expires
Another may succeed it.

Duch. Oh, my lord,
How has your nature lost her worthiness?
When our affections had their liberty,
Our kisses met as temperately as
The hands of sisters or of brothers, yet
Our bloods were then as moving;[4] then you were
So noble, that I durst have trusted your
Embraces in an opportunity
Silent enough to serve a ravisher,
And yet come from you undishonour'd: How
You think me alter'd, that you promise your
Attempt success, I know not; but were all
The sweet temptations that deceive us set
On this side, and on that side all the tortures,[5]

[4] ——— that
Our bloods were then as moving.] The word *that* is certainly corrupt; and the last editors succeeded ill in explaining the text of the old copies. Seward reads *though*, Mason *yet*; both readings are good; but the latter is more likely to have been the original, as the abbreviation y[t] might stand both for *yet* and for *that*, and thus the corruption in the folio is easily accounted for.

[5] *The sweet temptations that deceive us set*
On this side, and on that side all the waiters.] What is *waiters* in contrast to temptations? it cannot mean merely servants to help

These neither should persuade me, nor these force.
Mont. Then misery may waste your body.
Duch. Yes;
But lust shall never.
Mont. I have found you still
As uncorrupted as I left you first.
Continue so, and I will serve you with
As much devotion as my word, my hand,
Or purse can shew you! And, to justify
That promise, here is half the wealth I have;
Take it! you owe me nothing, till you fall
From virtue! which, the better to protect,
I have bethought me of a present means.—
[*To* VERAMOUR.] Give me the letter!—This commends my boy
Into the service of a lady, whose
Free goodness you have been acquainted with,
Lamira.
Duch. Sir, I know her.
Mont. Then believe
Her entertainment will be noble to you.
My boy shall bring you thither, and relate
Your manner of misfortune, if your own
Report needs any witness: So, I kiss
Your hand, good lady!
Duch. Sir, I know not how
To promise; but I cannot be unthankful.
Mont. All that you can implore in thankfulness
Be yours, to make you the more prosperous!—
Farewell, my boy!—I am not yet oppress'd,
Having the power to help one that's distress'd.
[*Exeunt.*

him to force her; that is too poor an expr[illegible] to be admitted. 'Tis most probably corrupt, though I cann[illegible] word near the trace of the letters to supply its place. Sev[illegible] words occur, as *tortures, terrors, racks,* —— or *all that fright*[illegible]. I prefer the first.—*Seward.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Street.

Enter LONGUEVILLE *and* DUBOIS.

Long. What shall we do now? swords are out of use,
And words are out of credit.
Dubois. We must serve.
Long. The means to get a service will first spend
Our purses; and, except we can allow
Ourselves an entertainment, service will
Neglect us: Now, 'tis grown into a doubt
Whether the master or the servant gives
The countenance.
Dubois. Then fall in with mistresses!
Long. They keep more servants now, indeed, than men:
But yet the age is grown so populous
Of those attendants, that the women are
Grown full too.
Dubois. What, shall we propound ourselves?
Long. I'll think on't.
Dubois. Do. Old occupations have
Too many setters-up to prosper; some
Uncommon trade would thrive now.
Long. We will even
Make up some half a dozen proper men;
And should not we get more than all
Your female sinners?
Dubois. If the house be seated,

As it should be, privately.
Long. Ay; but that would make
A multitude of witches.
Dubois. Witches? how, pr'ythee?
Long. Thus;
The bawds would all turn witches to revenge
Themselves upon us; and the women that
Come to us, for disguises must wear beards;
And that's, they say, a token of a witch.
Dubois. What shall we then do?
Long We must study on't
With more consideration.—Stay, Dubois!
Are not the lord of Orleans and the lord
Of Amiens enemies?
Dubois. Yes; what of that?
Long. Methinks the factions of two such great men
Should give a promise of advancement now,
To us that want it.
Dubois. Let the plot be thine,
And in the enterprize I'll second thee.
Long. I have it! we will first set down ourselves
The method of a quarrel, and make choice
Of some frequented tavern, or such a place
Of common notice, to perform it in,
By way of undertaking, to maintain
The several honours of those enemies:
Thou for the lord of Orleans; I for Amiens.
Dubois. I like the project; and I think 'twill take
The better, since their difference first did rise
From his occasion whom we follow'd once.
Long. We cannot hope less, after the report,
Than entertainment or gratuity:
Yet those are ends I do not aim at most.
Great spirits that are needy, and will thrive,
Must labour whilst such troubles are alive.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Tavern.

Enter LAVERDINE *and* LA-POOP.[9]

La-P. Hunger is sharper than the sword![1] I have fed these three days upon leaf-tobacco, for want of other victuals.

Lav. You have lived the honester, captain. But be not so dejected! But hold up thy head, and meat will sooner fall i' thy mouth.

La-P. I care not so much for meat, so I had but good liquor, for which my guts croak like so many frogs for rain.

Lav. It seems you are troubled with the wind-cholic, captain: swallow a bullet; 'tis present remedy, I'll assure you.

La-P. A bullet? I'll tell you, sir![2] My paunch

[9] If any reader is desirous to read this and other prose-scenes in the play converted into metre, he is referred to the editions of 1750 and 1778. The editors have only suffered one speech of Dubois in act iii. scene ii. to stand, which begins thus—"Then, *in plain prose!*"

[1] Slander *is sharper than the sword.*] We should certainly read *hunger*, instead of *slander*. It is of hunger, not slander, that La-Poop complains, who was, indeed, a wretch that could not be slandered. The following lines prove the justness of the amendment: and in his next speech but two he says—"But, I'll tell you, sir, (hunger has brought it into my mind,) I served once at the siege of Brest," &c.—*Mason.*

[2] *A bullet? If you be captain, my paunch,* &c.] So first folio. The text is from the second.

is nothing but a pile of bullets: when I was in any service, I stood between my general and the shot, like a mud wall: I am all lead; from the crown of the head to the soal of the foot, not a sound bone about me.

Lav. It seems you have been in terrible hot service, captain.

La P. It has ever been the fate of the Low-Country wars to spoil many a man; I have not been the first, nor shall not be the last. But, I'll tell you, sir, (hunger has brought it into mind,) I served once at the siege of Brest, ('tis memorable to this day,) where we were in great distress for victuals; whole troops fainted more for want of food than for blood, and died; yet we were resolved to stand it out. I myself was but then gentleman of a company, and had as much need as any man: And indeed I had perished, had not a miraculous providence preserved me.

Lav As how, good captain?

La-P. Marry, sir, e'en as I was fainting and falling down for want of sustenance, the enemy made a shot at me, and struck me full in the paunch with a penny-loaf.

Lav. Instead of a bullet?

La-P. Instead of a bullet.

Lav. That was miraculous indeed! And that loaf sustained you?

La-P. Nourished me, or I had famished with the rest.

Lav. You have done worthy acts, being a soldier. And now you shall give me leave to requite your tale, and to acquaint you with the most notorious deeds that I have done, being a courtier: I protest, captain, I will lie no more than you have done.

La-P. I can endure no lies.

Lav. I know you cannot, captain, therefore I'll only tell you of strange things: I did once a deed of charity, for itself; I assisted a poor widow in a suit, and obtained it; yet, I protest, I took not a penny for my labour.

La-P. 'Tis no such strange thing.

Lav. By Mars, captain, but it is, and a very strange thing too, in a courtier; it may take the upper-hand of your penny-loaf for a miracle. I could have told you how many ladies have languished for my love, and how I was once solicited by the mother, the daughter, and grandmother; out of the least of which I might have digged myself a fortune; they were all great ladies, for two of them were so big I could hardly embrace them; but I was sluggish in my rising courses, and therefore let them pass. What means I had is spent upon such as had the wit to cheat me; that wealth being gone, I have only bought experience with it, with a strong hope to cheat others.—But see, here comes the much-declined Montague, who had all the manor-houses, which were the body of his estate, overthrown by a great wind!

Enter MONTAGUE *and* MALLICORN.

La-P. How! by a great wind? Was he not overthrown by law?

Lav. Yes, marry was he; but there was terrible puffing and blowing before he was overthrown, if you observed; and believe it, captain, there's no wind so dangerous to a building as a lawyer's breath.

La-P. What's he with him?

Lav. An eminent citizen, Monsieur Mallicorn: Let's stand aside, and listen their design!——

Mar. Sir, profit is the crown of labour; 'tis the life, the soul of the industrious merchant: in it he makes his Paradise, and for it neglects wife, children, friends, parents, nay, all the world, and delivers up himself to the violence of storms, and to be tossed into unknown airs. As there's no faculty so perilous, so there's none so worthy profitable.[3]

Mont Sir, I am very well possest of it;[4] and what of my poor fortunes remains, I would gladly hazard upon the sea; it cannot deal worse with me than the land, though it sink or throw it in the hands of pirates. I have yet five hundred pounds left, and your honest and worthy acquaintance may make me a young merchant: the one moiety of what I have I would gladly adventure.

Mal. How! adventure? you shall hazard nothing; you shall only join with me in certain commodities that are safe arrived unto the key: You shall neither be in doubt of danger nor damage; but, so much money disbursed, so much receive. Sir, I would have you conceive I pursue it not for any good your money will do me, but merely out of mine own freeness and courtesy to pleasure you.

Mont. I can believe no less; and you express

[3] *So there is none so worthy profitable.*] The two lines signify, "As there is no profession incurs so much danger as the merchant, so there is none so reputably lucrative." Montague's answer proves this.—Ed. 1778.

This just explanation is an answer to a most absurd note and wanton alteration made by Seward.

[4] *Possest of it.*] That is, *acquainted with* or *informed of it.* So, in Every Man in his Humour, act i. scene ii., Bobadil says, "*Possess* no gentleman of our acquaintance with notice of my lodging."—*Reed.*

a noble nature, seeking to build up a man so ruined as myself.——

Lav. Captain, here is subject for us to work upon, if we have wit: You hear that there is money yet left, and it is going to be laid out in rattles, bells, hobby-horses, brown paper, or some such-like sale commodities;[5] now it would do better in our purses, upon our backs in good gold-lace and scarlet; and then we might pursue our projects, and our devices towards my lady Annabella. Go to! there's a conceit newly landed: Hark! I stand in good reputation with him,

[5] *'Tis going to be laid out in rattles, bells, hobby-horses, brown paper, or some such-like sale* commodities.] The usurers of the time, in order to defraud those who wanted to borrow money, and, at the same time, to avoid the laws against usury, undertook to furnish them with such articles as are mentioned by Laverdine, which they were forced to convert into money with infinite loss. It is to be feared such nefarious practices are not entirely obsolete in these days. Many old writers introduce allusions to this system of cheating. The following instance is quoted by Reed from Wilson's Discourse upon Usury:—"I have need of money, and deale with a broker; hee aunswereth me that hee cannot helpe me with money, but yf I list to have wares, I shall speede. Well! my necessitie is great; he bringeth mee blotting-paper, pak-threed, fustians, chamblets, hawks bells and hoodes, or I wote not what: I desire hym to make sale for mine advantage, askyng what he thinketh will be my loss; he aunswereth, not past twelve pounde in the hundred. When I come to receive, I do finde that I lose more than twentye in the hundred." This is but a moderate loss to what other writers mention. Dekkar says, that these commodities, which were hawked about by pedlars, "scarce yeeld the third part of the sum for which they take them up." Another illustration of the text occurs in A New Trick to cheat the Devil, by Davenport:—

"They've been so bit already
With taking up *commodities* of brown paper,
Buttons past fashion, silkes, and sattins,
Babies and children's fiddles, with like trash,
Took up at a dear rate, and sold for trifles,
That now scarce one will bite."

and therefore may the better cheat him: captain, take a few instructions from me. [*They walk apart.*

Mont. What monies I have is at your disposing; and upon twelve, I will meet you at the palace with it.

Mal. I will there expect you; and so I take my leave. [*Exit.*

Lav. You apprehend me?

La-P. Why, do ye think I am a dunce?

Lav. Not a dunce, captain; but you might give me leave to misdoubt that pregnancy [6] in a soldier, which is proper and hereditary to a courtier: But prosecute it; I will both second and give credit to it.—Good monsieur Montague! I would your whole revenues lay within the circuit of mine arms, that I might as easily bestow, or restore it unto you as my courtesy!

La-P. My zealous wishes, sir, do accompany his for your good fortunes.

Lav. Believe it, sir, our affection towards you is a strong bond of friendship.

Mont. To which I shall most willingly seal. But, believe me, gentlemen, in a broken estate the bond of friendship oft is forfeited; but that it is your free and ingenuous nature to renew it.

Lav. Sir, I will amply extend myself to your use, and am very zealously afflicted, as not one of your least friends, for your crooked fate: But let it not seize you with any dejection; you have, as I hear, a sufficient competency left, which, well disposed, may erect you as high in the world's account as ever.

Mont. I cannot live to hope it, much less enjoy

[6] *Pregnancy.*] Readiness of wit. Falstaff says, in Henry IV. part I.—"*Pregnancy* is made a tapster, and hath his quick wit wasted in giving reckonings."

it: Nor is it any part of my endeavour; my study is to render every man his own, and to contain myself within the limits of a gentleman.

Lav. I have the grant of an office given me by some noble favourites of mine in court; there stands but a small matter between me and it: If your ability be such to lay down the present sum, out of the love I bear you, before any other man, it shall be confirmed yours.

Mont. I have heard you often speak of such a thing; if it be assured to you, I will gladly deal in it: That portion I have I would not hazard upon one course, for I see the most certain is uncertain.

La-P. Having money, sir, you could not light upon men that could give better direction. There is at this time a friend of mine upon the seas (to be plain with you, he is a pirate) that hath wrote to me to work his freedom; and by this gentleman's means, whose acquaintance is not small at court, we have the word of a worthy man for it: only there is some money to be suddenly disbursed; and if your happiness be such to make it up, you shall receive treble gain by it, and good assurance for it.

Mont. Gentlemen, out of the weakness of my estate you seem to have some knowledge of my breast, that would, if it were possible, advance my declined fortunes, to satisfy all men of whom I have had credit; and I know no way better than these which you propose: I have some money ready under my command; some part of it is already promised, but the remainder is yours to such uses as are propounded.

Lav. Appoint some certain place of meeting; for these affairs require expedition.

Mont. I will make it my present business. At

twelve I am to meet Mallicorn, the merchant, at the palace, (you know him, sir,) about some negotiation of the same nature; there I will be ready to tender you that money, upon such conditions as we shall conclude of.

Lav. The care of it be yours, so much as the affair concerns you!

Mont. Your caution is effectual; and till then I take my leave. [*Exit.*

Lav. Good Master Montague!

[*Within, a clamour,* Down with their weapons!

Enter LONGUEVILLE *and* DUBOIS, *their Swords drawn; Servants and others between them.*

Ser. Nay, gentlemen, what mean you? Pray be quiet!
Have some respect unto the house.

Long. A treacherous slave!

Dubois. Thou dost revile thyself, base Longueville!

Long. I say thou art a villain, and a corrupt one,
That hast some seven years fed on thy master's trencher,
Yet ne'er bred'st good blood towards him; for if thou hadst,
Thou hadst a sounder heart.

Dubois. So, sir! you can
Use your tongue something nimbler than your sword.

Long. 'Would you could use your tongue well of your master, friend!
You might have better employment for your sword.

Dubois. I say again, and I will speak it loud and often,
That Orleans is a noble gentleman,
With whom Amiens is too light to poise the scale.

Long. He is the weaker, for taking of a praise

Out of thy mouth.

Dubois. This hand shall seal his merit at thy heart.

Lav. Part them, my masters, part them!

Serv. Part them, sir? Why do you not part them? You stand by wi' your sword in your hand, and cry, *part 'em!*

Lav. Why, you must know, my friend, my clothes are better than yours; and, in a good suit, I do never use to part any body.

La-P. And it is discretion.

Lav. Ay, marry is it, captain.

Long. Dubois, though this place
Privilege thee, know, where next we meet,
The blood, which at thy heart flows, drops at thy feet! [*Exit.*

Dubois. I would not spend it better
Than in this quarrel, and on such a hazard.

Enter AMIENS *in haste; his Sword drawn.*

Ami. What uproar's this? Must my name here be question'd
In tavern-brawls, and by affected ruffians?

Lav Not we indeed, sir.

Dubois. Fear cannot make me shrink out of your fury,
Though you were greater than your name doth make you;
I am one, and the opposer: If your swoln rage
Have aught in malice to enforce, express it.

Ami. I seek thee not; nor shalt thou ever gain
That credit, which a blow from me would give thee.
By my soul, I more detest that fellow
Which took my part than thee, that he durst offer

To take my honour in his feeble arms,
And spend it in a drinking-room. Which way
went he?

Lav. That way, sir.—I would you would after!
For I do fear we shall have some more scuffling.

Ami. I'll follow him; and, if my speed o'ertake
him,
I shall ill thank him for his forwardness. [*Exit.*

Lav. I am glad he's gone; for I do not love to see a sword drawn in the hand of a man that looks so furious; there's no jesting with edge tools: How say you, captain?

La-P. I say, 'tis better jesting than to be in earnest with them.

Enter ORLEANS.

Orl. How now?
What's the difference? They say there have been
swords drawn,
And in my quarrel: Let me know that man,
Whose love is so sincere to spend his blood
For my sake! I will bounteously requite him.

Lav. We were all of your side; but there he stands begun it.

Orl. What's thy name?

Dubois. Dubois.

Orl. Give me thy hand! Thou hast received no
hurt?

Dubois. Not any; nor were this body
Stuck full of wounds, I should not count them
hurts,
Being taken in so honourable a cause
As the defence of my most worthy lord.

Orl. The dedication of thy love to me
Requires my ample bounty: Thou art mine;

For I do find thee made unto my purposes.—
Monsieur Laverdine, pardon my neglect!
I not observed you. And how runs rumour?

Lav. Why, it runs, my lord, like a footman without a cloak, to shew that what's once rumoured it cannot be hid.

Orl. And what say the rabble? Am not I the subject of their talk?

Lav. 'Troth, my lord, the common mouth speaks foul words.

Orl. Of me, for turning away my wife, do they not?

Lav. 'Faith, the men do a little murmur at it, and say, 'tis an ill precedent in so great a man. Marry, the women, they rail outright.

Orl. Out upon them, rampallions![7] I'll keep myself safe enough out of their fingers. But what say my pretty jolly composed gallants, that censure every thing more desperate than it is dangerous? what say they?

Lav. Marry, they are laying wagers what death you shall die: One offers to lay five hundred pounds (and yet he had but a groat about him, and that was in two twopences too) to any man that would make it up a shilling, that you were killed with a pistol charged with white powder;[8] another offered to pawn his soul for five shillings, (and yet nobody would take him,) that you were

[7] *Rampallions.*] The meaning of this word is pretty obvious. It is used by Sir John Falstaff, speaking to the Hostess, in the Second Part of Henry IV. act ii. scene i.—*Reed.*

[8] White powder.] *White powder* was generally imagined to occasion no sound when used in discharging a pistol. Some of the conspirators in Queen Elizabeth's time, confessed that their intention was to have murdered the queen with fire-arms charged in this manner.—*Reed.*

stabbed to death, and should die with more wounds than Cæsar.

Orl And who should be the butchers that should do it? Montague and his associates?

Lav. So it is conjectured.

La-P. And, believe it, sweet prince, it is to be feared, and therefore prevented.

Orl. By turning his purpose on himself? were not that the way?

Lav. The most direct path for your safety: For where doth danger sit more furious than in a desperate man?

La-P. And being you have declined his means, [9] you have increased his malice.

Lav. Besides the general report that steams in every man's breath, and stains you all over with infamy, that Time, the devourer of all things, cannot eat out.

La-P. Ay, for that former familiarity which he had with your lady.

Lav. Men speak it as boldly as words of compliment; *good morrow, good even,* or *God save you, sir,* are not more usual: If the word *cuckold* had been written upon your forehead in great capital letters, it could not have been dilated with more confidence.

Orl. He shall not sleep another night; I will have his blood, though it be required of my hands again!

Lav. Your lordship may, and without hazarding your own person: Here's a gentleman in whose looks I see a resolution to perform it.

Dubois. Let his lordship give me but his honourable word for my life, I'll kill him as he walks.

[9] *Declined his means;*] Lowered them.

Lav. Or pistol him as he sits at meat——

La-P. Or at game——

Lav. Or as he is drinking——

Dubois. Any way.

Orl. Wou't thou?
Call what is mine thine own! Thy reputation shall not
Be brought in question for it, much less thy life;
It shall be named a deed of valour in thee,
Not murder: Farewell! [*Exit.*

Dubois. I need no more encouragement;
It is a work I will persuade myself
That I was born to.

Lav. And you may persuade yourself too that you shall be saved by it, being that it is for his honourable lordship.

Dubois. But you must yield me means, how, when, and where.

Lav. That shall be our tasks; nay, more, we will be agents with thee: This hour we are to meet him, on the receipt of certain monies, which indeed we purpose honestly to cheat him of,
And that's the main cause I would have him slain:
Who works with safety makes a double gain.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Another Street.

Enter LONGUEVILLE, AMIENS *following him.*

Ami. Stay, sir! I have took some pains to overtake you.
Your name is Longueville?
Long I have the word
Of many honest men for't.—I crave your lordship's pardon!
Your sudden apprehension on my steps
Made me to frame an answer unwitting, and
Unworthy your respect.
Ami. Do you know me?
Long. Yes, my lord.
Ami. I know not you; nor am I well pleased to make
This time, as the affair now stands, the induction
Of your acquaintance. You are a fighting fellow?
Long. How, my lord?
Ami. I think I too much grace you;
Rather you are a fellow dares not fight,
But spit and puff and make a noise, whilst
Your trembling hand draws out your sword, to lay it
Upon andirons, stools, or tables, rather
Than on a man.
Long. Your honour may best speak this; yet,
With little safety, if I thought it serious.

Ami. Come, you're a very braggart;
And you have given me cause to tell you so:
What weakness have you ever seen in me
To prompt yourself, that I could need your help?
Or what other reasons could induce you to it?
You ne'er yet had a meal's meat from my table,
Nor, as I remember, from my wardrobe
Any cast suit.

Long. 'Tis true.
I ne'er durst yet have such a servile spirit
To be the minion of a full-swoln lord,
But always did detest such slavery:
A meal's meat? or a cast suit? I would first eat the stones,
And from such rags the dunghill does afford
Pick me a garment.

Ami. I have mistook the man! His resolute spirit
Proclaims him generous; he has a noble heart,
As free to utter good deeds as to act them;
For had he not been right, and of one piece,
He would have crumpled, curl'd, and struck himself
Out of the shape of man into a shadow.—
But, pr'ythee tell me, if no such fawning hope
Did lead thee on to hazard life for my sake,
What was it that incited thee? tell me; speak it,
Without the imputation of a sycophant!

Long. Your own desert; and with it was join'd
The unfeigned friendship that I judged you ever
Held unto my former lord.

Ami. The noble Montague?

Long. Yes;
The noble and much-injured Montague.

Ami. To such a man as thou art, my heart shall be
A casket: I will lock thee up there,

And esteem thee as a faithful friend,
The richest jewel that a man enjoys:
And, being thou didst follow once my friend,
And in thy heart still dost, not with his fortunes
Casting him off, thou shalt go hand in hand with me,
And share as well in my ability
As love: 'Tis not my end
To gain men for my use, but a true friend.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Another Street.

Enter DUBOIS.

Dubois. There's no such thriving way to live in grace,
As to have no sense of it; his back nor belly
Shall not want warming, that can practise mischief.
I walk now with a full purse,
Grow high and wanton, prune and brisk myself
In the bright shine of his good lordship's favours;
And for what virtue?
For fashioning myself a murderer.
Oh, noble Montague, to whom I owe my heart,
With all my best thoughts, though my tongue have promised.
To exceed the malice of thy destiny,
Never in time of all my service knew I
Such a sin tempt thy bounty! those that did feed
Upon thy charge, had merit or else need.

Enter LAVERDINE *and* LA-POOP, *with disguises.*

Lav. Dubois! most prosperously met!

Dubois. How now? Will he come this way?

Lav. This way, immediately; therefore, thy assistance, dear Dubois!

Dubois. What, have you cheated him of the money you spoke of?

Lav. Fough! as easily as a silly country wench of her maidenhead; we had it in a twinkling.

Dubois. 'Tis well. Captain, let me help you; you must be our leader in this action.

La-P. Tut! fear not; I'll warrant you, if my sword hold, we'll make no sweating sickness of it.[1]

Dubois. Why, that's well said. But let's retire a little, that we may come on the more bravely. This way, this way! [*Exeunt.*

[1] *No* sweating sickness *of it.*] The *Sweating Sickness,* called *Sudor Anglicus,* and *Febris Ephemera Britannica,* is by some supposed to have been a disorder peculiarly incident to the English nation. It first appeared in the year 1485, and afterwards in 1506, 1517, 1528, and 1551, and each time made a prodigious havock in the human species. Dr Mead supposes it originally to have been imported by the French troops, brought over by Henry VII., who caught the infection from others, about that time returned from the siege of Rhodes. The violence of the disease eluded every effort made by the physicians to stop the progress of it. Those who were attacked by it seldom lived more than twenty-four hours, and many were carried off in half the time. The most singular circumstance attending it was this, which is related by several writers, that the natives of every other country but England escaped it, and that those natives who fled into foreign climates were pursued by it, and fell victims to its malignity. Dr Mead supposes it to have been a species of the pestilence.—A very poetical and accurate account of its symptoms and effects may be read in Dr Armstrong's Art of Preserving Health, book iii. line 532, &c.—*Reed.*

SCENE V.

The same.

Enter MONTAGUE *in the Hands of three Officers, and three Creditors.*

1 *Cred.* Officers, look to him; and be sure you take good security before he part from you!

Mont. Why, but, my friends,
You take a strange course with me! the sums I owe you
Are rather forgetfulness, (they are so slight,)
Than want of will or honesty to pay you.

1 *Cred.* Ay, sir, it may be so; but we must be paid, and we will be paid before you escape: we have wife and children, and a charge! and you are going down the wind, as a man may say; and therefore it behoves us to look to't in time.

2 *Cred.* Your cloak here would satisfy me; mine is not above a three-pound matter, besides the arrest.

3 *Cred.* 'Faith, and mine is much about that matter too; your girdle and hangers, and your beaver, shall be sufficient bail for't.

1 *Cred.* If you have ever a plain black suit at home, this silken one, with your silk stockings, garters, and roses, shall pacify me too; for I take no delight, if I have a sufficient pawn, to cast any gentleman in prison; therefore 'tis but an untrussing matter, and you are free. We are no unreasonable creatures, you see: For mine own part, I

protest I am loth to put you to any trouble for security.

Mont. Is there no more of you? he would next demand my skin.

1 *Cred.* No, sir; here's no more of us, nor do any of us demand your skin; we know not what to do with it: But it may be, if you owed your glover any money, he knew what use to make of it.

Mont. Ye dregs of baseness, vultures amongst men,
That tire[a] upon the hearts of generous spirits—

1 *Cred.* You do us wrong, sir; we tire no generous spirits; we tire nothing but our hacknies.

Enter MALLICORN.

Mont. But here comes one made of another piece!
A man well meriting that free-born name
Of citizen.—Welcome, my deliverer!
I am fallen into the hands of blood-hounds, that
For a sum lesser than their honesties,
Which is nothing, would tear me out of my skin.

Mal. Why, sir, what is the matter?

1 *Cred.* Why, sir, the matter is, that we must have our money; which if we cannot have, we'll satisfy ourselves with his carcase, and be paid that ways.—You had as good, sir, not have been so peremptory.—Officer, hold fast!

1 *Officer.* The strenuous fist of vengeance now is clutch'd;

[a] *That* tire *upon, &c.*] So, in Dekker's Match me in London, 1631:

"——— the vulture *tires*
Upon the eagle's heart."—*Reed.*

Therefore fear nothing !

Mal. What may be the debt in gross ?

Mont. Some forty crowns; nay, rather not so much :
'Tis quickly cast.

Mal. 'Tis strange to me, that your estate should have
So low an ebb, to stick at such slight sums.—
Why, my friends, you are too strict in your accounts,
And call too sudden on this gentleman;
He has hopes left yet to pay you all.

1 *Cred.* Hopes? ay, marry! bid him pay his friends with hopes, and pay us with current coin! I knew a gallant once that fed his creditors still with hopes, and bid 'em they should fear nothing, for he had 'em tied in a string; and trust me, so he had indeed, for at last he and all his hopes hopt in a halter.

Mont. Good sir, with what speed you may, free me out of the company of these slaves, that have nothing but their names to shew 'em men.

Mal. What would you wish me do, sir? I protest I ha' not the present sum (small as it is) to lay down for you; and for giving my word, my friends, no later than yesternight, made me take bread and eat it, that I should not do it for any man breathing i' th' world : Therefore I pray hold me excused!

Mont. You do not speak this seriously?

Mal. As ever I said my prayers, I protest to you.

Mont. What may I think of this?

Mal. 'Troth, sir, thought is free for any man; we abuse our betters in it; I have done it myself.

Mont. Trust me, this speech of yours doth much amaze me!

Pray leave this language; and out of that same sum
You lately did receive of me, lay down
As much as may discharge me.

Mal. You are a merry man, sir; and I am glad you take your crosses so temperately. Fare you well, sir! And yet I have something more to say to you; a word in your ear, I pray! To be plain with you, I did lay this plot to arrest you, to enjoy this money I have of yours with the more safety. I am a fool to tell you this now; but, in good faith, I could not keep it in; and the money would ha' done me little good else. An honest citizen cannot wholly enjoy his own wife for you; they grow old before they have true use of them, which is a lamentable thing, and truly much hardens the hearts of us citizens against you. I can say no more, but am heartily sorry for your heaviness; and so I take my leave. [*Exit.*

1 *Cred.* Officers, take hold on him again! for Monsieur Mallicorn will do nothing for him, I perceive.

Enter DUBOIS, LA-POOP, *and* LAVERDINE.

Dubois. Nay, come, my masters, leave dancing of the old measures, and let's assault him bravely.

Lav. By no means; for it goes against my stomach to kill a man in an unjust quarrel.

La-P It must needs be a clog to a man's conscience all his life-time.

Lav. It must indeed, captain: Besides, do you not see he has gotten a guard of friends about him, as if he had some knowledge of our purpose?

Dubois Had he a guard of devils,
As I think them little better,
My sword should do the message that it came for.

Lav. If you will be so desperate, the blood lie upon your own neck, for we'll not meddle in't!

Dubois. I am your friend and servant; [*Apart to* MONTAGUE.] Struggle with me, and take my sword.—

[DUBOIS *runs upon* MONTAGUE, *and struggling yields him his Sword: the Officers draw, one of them falls;* LAVERDINE *and* LA-POOP *in the scuffling retire;* MONTAGUE *chaseth them off the Stage, himself wounded.*

Noble sir, make your way! You have slain an officer. [*Exit.*

Mont. Some one of them has certainly requited me;
For I do lose much blood. [*Exit.*

1 *Officer.* Udsprecious! We have lost a brother: Pursue the gentleman!

2 *Officer.* I'll not meddle with him: You see what comes on't; besides, I know he will be hang'd ere he be taken.

1 *Officer.* I tell thee, yeoman, he must be taken ere he be hang'd.—He is hurt in the guts; run afore therefore, and know how his wife will rate his sausages a-pound.

3 *Officer.* Stay, brother! I may live; for surely I find I am but hurt in the leg, a dangerous kick on the shin-bone. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Grove near the Country-house of Lamira.

Enter LAMIRA, *Duchess, and* VERAMOUR.

Lam. You see, lady,
What harmless sports our country life affords;
And though you meet not here with city dainties,
Or courtly entertainment, what you have
Is free and hearty.
Duch. Madam, I find here
What is a stranger to the court, content;
And receive courtesies done for themselves,
Without an expectation of return,
Which binds me to your service.
Lam. Oh, your love!
My homely house, built more for use than show,
Observes the golden mean, equally distant
From glittering pomp, and sordid avarice:
For masques, we will observe the works of Nature;
And in the place of visitation, read;
Our physic shall be wholesome walks; our viands
Nourishing, not provoking: for I find
Pleasures are tortures that leave stings behind.
Duch. You have a great estate.
Lam. A competency
Sufficient to maintain me and my rank;
Nor am I, I thank Heaven, so courtly bred
As to employ the utmost of my rents

In paying tailors for fantastic robes;
Or, rather than be second in the fashion,
Eat out my officers and my revenues
With grating usury; my back shall not be
The base on which your soothing citizen
Erects his summer-houses; nor, on th' other side,
Will I be so penuriously wise,
As to make money, that's my slave, my idol;
Which yet to wrong, merits as much reproof,
As to abuse our servant.

Duch. Yet, with your pardon,
I think you want the crown of all contentment.

Lam. In what, good madam?

Duch. In a worthy husband.

Lam. God! it is strange the galley-slave should praise
His oar, or strokes; or you, that have made shipwreck
Of all delight upon this rock call'd Marriage,
Should sing encomiums on't.

Duch. Madam, though one
Fall from his horse and break his neck, will you
Conclude from that it is unfit to ride?
Or must it follow, because Orleans,
My lord, is pleased to make his passionate trial
Of my suspected patience, that my brother
(Were he not so, I might say worthy Amiens)
Will imitate his ills, that cannot fancy [3]
What's truly noble in him?

Lam. I must grant
There's as much worth in him as can be look'd for

[3] — *that my brother* . . . .
Will imitate his ills, that cannot *fancy*
What's truly noble in him?] That is, can you suppose that the worthy Amiens will imitate the ill qualities of a man who has no relish for his virtues? Seward's amendment [*That* you can't fancy] proves that he did not understand the passage.—*Mason.*

From a young lord; but not enough to make
Me change my golden liberty, and consent
To be a servant to it, as wives are
To the imperious humours of their lords.
Methinks, I'm well: I rise and go to bed
When I think fit; eat what my appetite
Desires, without controul; my servants' study
Is my contentment, and to make me merry
Their farthest aims; my sleeps are inquired after,
My rising-up saluted with respect:
Command and liberty now wait upon
My virgin state; what would I more? change all,
And for a husband? no! these freedoms die,
In which they live, with my virginity:
'Tis in their choice, that's rich, to be a wife,
But not, being yoked, to chuse the single life.—
[Veramour!][4]

Ver. Madam.

Lam. How like you the country?

Ver. I like the air of it well, madam; and the rather, because, as on Irish timber your spider will not make his web,[5] so, for aught I see yet, your cheater, pandar, and informer, being in their dis-

[4] *But not being yoked to chuse the single life.*
Ver. Madam.] By this reading, Veramour should first speak to the lady, which, from the propriety of the thing, from the sense of the context, and from the measure, it is plain he did not; but that his name should be inserted in the end of the lady's speech, and she first call to him.—*Seward.*

[5] — *on Irish timber your spider will not make his web.*] The spider is vulgarly supposed to be poisonous; and the same quality is here given to timber brought from Ireland, as was attributed to the country in general, that no poisonous animal could subsist in it.—Ben Jonson also speaks of this quality in his Alchemist.

Sur. Did Adam write, sir, in High-Dutch?
Mam. He did, which proves it was the primitive tongue.
Sur. What, on paper?
Mam. On cedar——

positions too foggy for this piercing climate, shun it, and chuse rather to walk in mists in the city.

Lam. Who did you serve first, boy?

Ver. A rich merchant's widow; and was by her preferr'd to a young court-lady.

Duch. And what difference found you in their service?

Ver. Very much; for look, how much my old city madam gave to her young visitants, so much my lady received from her hoary court-servants.

Lam. And what made you to leave her?

Ver. My father, madam, had a desire to have me a tall man,[6] took me from thence.

Lam. Well, I perceive you inherit the wag from your father.

Ver. Doves beget doves, and eagles eagles, madam: A citizen here, though left never so rich, seldom at the best proves a gentleman; the son of an advocate, though dubb'd like his father, will shew a relish of his descent, and the father's thriving practice; as I have heard, she that of a chambermaid is metamorphosed into a madam, will yet remember how oft her [father's] daughter by her mother[7] ventured to lie upon the rushes, before she could get in that which makes many ladies.

Duch. But what think you of your late master?

Ver. Oh, madam! [*Sighs.*

Sur. O that, indeed, they say,
Will last 'gainst worms.
Man. 'Tis like your *Irish wood*
'Gainst cobwebs.

[6] *A* tall *man.*] That is, A stout man. So, in The Merry Devil of Edmonton, "He is mine honest friend and a *tall* keeper."

[7] *Will yet remember how oft her daughter by her mother.*] The word in brackets is inserted at the suggestion of Mason, the text being nonsense without it.

Lam. Why do you sigh? you are sorry that you left him;
He made a wanton of you.
Ver. Not for that;
Or if he did, for that my youth must love him.
Oh, pardon me, if I say liberty
Is bondage, if compared with his kind service;
And but to have power now to speak his worth
To its desert, I should be well content
To be an old man when his praise were ended:
And yet, if at this instant you were pleased
I should begin, the livery of age
Would take his lodging upon this head
Ere I should bring it to a period.
In brief, he is a man (for God forbid
That I should ever live to say he *was*)
Of such a shape as would make one beloved
That never had good thought; and to his body
He hath a mind of such a constant temper,
In which [all] virtues throng to have a room;
Yet 'gainst this noble gentleman, this Montague,
(For in that name I comprehend all goodness,)
Wrong, and the wrested law, false witnesses,
And Envy sent from hell, have rose in arms,
And, though not pierced, batter'd his honour'd shield.
What shall I say? I hope you will forgive me,
That if you were but pleased to love,
I know no Juno worthy such a Jove.[8]

[8] *That* if you were but *pleased to love,*
I know no Juno worthy such a Jove.] Both the sense and measure of the first line are so lame, that there can, I think, be no doubt of a corruption. That which is most natural for Veramour to say as a proper compliment to Lamira, and a proper wish for restoring his beloved master to wealth and prosperity; this, I say, will exactly fill up the measure; and though it departs more than I could wish from the trace of the letters, yet a few blots in the

Enter CHARLOTTE *with a Letter.*

Lam. 'Tis well yet that I have the second place
In your affection.—From whence?
Charl. From the lord Amiens, madam.
Lam. 'Tis welcome, though it bear his usual language. [*Reads.*
I thought so much; his love-suit speaks his health.
What's he that brought it?
Charl. A gentleman of good rank, it seems.
Lam. Where is he?
Charl. Receiving entertainment in your house,
Sorting with his degree.
Lam. 'Tis well.
Charl. He waits
Your ladyship's pleasure.
Lam. He shall not wait long.—
I'll leave you for a while.—Nay, stay you, boy;
Attend the lady.
[*Exeunt* LAMIRA *and* CHARLOTTE.
Ver. 'Would I might live once
To wait on my poor master!

original copy might easily cause such a difference; I hope that I shall only restore that original in reading,

"*That* unless you yourself *were pleased to love.*"

Lamira's answer evidently requires some reading to this purport. —*Seward.*

The *sense* of the first line is clear, and the text should not be violated. Lamira's answer refers to Veramour's affection, not to Montague's.—*Ed.* 1778.

I think Veramour means plainly to say, "If you were but pleased to love any man, I do not know any lady so worthy of such a man as he is."

The drift of Seward's alteration, as well as Mason's, (who proposes to read *not* for *but*,) I cannot think applicable to the text at all.

Duch. That's a good boy!
This thankfulness looks lovely on thy forehead;
And in it, as a book, methinks I read
Instructions for myself, that am his debtor,
And would do much that I might be so happy
To repair that which to our grief is ruined.
Ver. It were a work a king might glory in,
If he saw with my eyes. If you please, madam,
(For sure to me you seem unapt to walk)
To sit, although the churlish birds deny
To give us music in this grove, where they
Are prodigal to others, I'll strain my voice
For a sad song; the place is safe and private.
Duch. 'Twas my desire: Begin, good Veramour!

Music, a Song; at the end of it, enter MONTAGUE *fainting, his Sword drawn.*

Duch. What's he, Veramour?
Ver. A goodly personage.
Mont. Am I yet safe? or is my flight a dream?
My wounds and hunger tell me that I wake:
Whither have my fears borne me? No matter where;
Who hath no place to go to, cannot err.
What shall I do? Cunning Calamity,
That others' gross wits uses to refine,
When I most need it, dulls the edge of mine.
Duch. Is not this Montague's voice?
Ver. My master's? fy!
Mont. What sound was that? Pish!
Fear makes the wretch think every leaf o' th' jury.
What course to live? beg? better men have done it,
But in another kind: Steal? Alexander,
Though styled a conqueror, was a proud thief,
Though he robb'd with an army. Fy, how idle
These meditations are! though thou art worse
Than Sorrow's tongue can speak thee, thou art still,

Or shouldst be, honest Montague.
Duch. 'Tis too true.
Ver. 'Tis he!
What villain's hands did this? Oh, that my flesh
Were balm! in faith, sir, I would pluck it off
As readily as this! Pray you accept
My will to do you service: I have heard
The mouse once saved the lion in his need,
As the poor scarab[9] spoil'd the eagle's seed.[1]
Duch. How do you?
Mont. As a forsaken man.
Duch. Do not say so! take comfort;
For your misfortunes have been kind in this,
To cast you on a hospitable shore,
Where dwells a lady——
Ver. She to whom, good master,
You preferr'd me.
Duch. In whose house, whatsoe'er
Your dangers are, I'll undertake your safety.
Mont. I fear that I'm pursued; and doubt that I,
In my defence, have kill'd an officer.
Ver. Is that all? There's no law under the sun
But will, I hope, confess, one drop of blood
Shed from this arm is recompence enough,
Though you had cut the throats of all the catch-
poles
In France, nay, in the world.
Mont. I would be loth
To be a burden, or feed like a drone
On the industrious labour of a bee;
And baser far I hold it to owe for
The bread I eat, what's not in me to pay:
Then, since my [once] full fortunes are declined,
To their low ebb I'll fashion my high mind.

[9] *Scarab.*] A beetle bred in dung.

[1] Spil'd *the eagles seed.*] Former editions.—*Seward.*

It was no shame to Hecuba, to serve
When Troy was fired: If't be in your power
To be a means to make her entertain me,[2]
(And far from that I was; but to supply
My want with habit fit for him that serves)
I shall owe much to you.

Duch. Leave that care to me.

Ver. Good sir, lean on my shoulder.—Help, good madam!—
Oh, that I were a horse for half an hour,
That I might carry you home on my back!
I hope you will love me still?

Mont. Thou dost deserve it, boy.
That I should live to be thus troublesome!

Duch. Good sir, 'tis none.

Ver. Trouble? most willingly I would be changed
Like Apuleius, wear his ass's ear,[3]
Provided I might still this burden bear.

[2] *To be a means to make her* entertainment.] This mistake of the substantive *entertainment* for *entertain me*, has run through the former editions. It has been objected to this passage—How could Montague be personally unknown or want a recommendation to Lamira, when he had expressly recommended to her both the persons he speaks to? Had the poets foreseen the objection, an additional line might have taken it clearly off, since it is very common for persons of remarkable goodness, living at great distances, and personally unknown to each other, to contract great friendships merely from character and the intercourse of mutual friends; or perhaps what is still a reater band of friendship, their concurrence in the same works of charity and benevolence.—*Seward.*

Our poets must certainly plead guilty to this charge of inadvertency, which they might have removed so easily. It possibly arose from their not sufficiently comparing together the acts allotted to each. *Entertain* in the text, as in many other old plays, means, engage as a servant.

[3] *Like* Apuleius, *&c.*] See *Apuleius's Golden Asse*, translated into English by William Adlington, 1571.—*Reed.*

Duch. 'Tis a kind boy!
Mont. I find true proof of it. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Paris. A Street before the Palace of Orleans.

Enter AMIENS *and* LONGUEVILLE, *with a Paper.*

Ami. You'll carry it?
Long. As I live, although my packet
Were like Bellerophon's.[4] What have you seen
In me or my behaviour, since your favours
So plentifully shower'd upon my wants,
That may beget distrust of my performance?
Ami. Nay, be not angry! if I entertained
But the least scruple of your love, or courage,
I would make choice of one with my estate
Should do me right in this:[5] Nor can you blame me,

[4] *Although my packet
Were like Bellerophon's.*] Bellerophon carried a packet from Prætus, king of Argos, to his father-in-law, in which he enjoined him to put Bellerophon to death.—*Mason.*

[5] *I would make choice of one* which *my estate
Should do me right in this.*] Thus the former editions, but I believe without a possibility of any rational interpretation: I read,

—— *with my estate,*

i. e. I would have a *second* in this duel that should deliver my challenge, and join in the fight with boldness and intrepidity, though it cost me my whole estate to procure one. Longueville's answer to this has infinite beauty and energy.—*Seward.*

[illegible] matter of such consequence
I am so importunate.

Long. Good my lord,
Let me prevent your further conjurations
To raise my spirit! I know this is a challenge
To be delivered unto Orleans' hand;
And that my undertaking ends not there,
But I must be your second, and in that
Not alone search your enemy, measure weapons,
But stand in all your hazards, as our bloods
Ran in the self-same veins; in which if I
Better not your opinion, as a limb
That's putrified and useless cut me off,
And underneath the gallows bury it!

Ami. At full you understand me, and in this
Bind me, and what is mine, to you and yours:
I will not so much wrong you as to add
One syllable more; let it suffice I leave
My honour to your guard, and in that prove
You hold the first place in my heart and love!

[*Exit.*

Long. The first place in a lord's affection? very good! And how long doth that last? perhaps the changing of some three shirts in the tennis-court. Well, it were very necessary that an order were taken (if it were possible) that younger brothers might have more wit, or more money; for now, however the fool hath long been put upon him that inherits, his revenue hath bought him a spunge, and wiped off the imputation: and for the understanding of the younger, let him get as

Seward's reading is very bald, and will scarce convey the sense he annexes to it, at least not in the style of our authors. The old reading would better bear it.—Ed. 1778.

It is evidently necessary to adopt Seward's variation. Every one knows that *which* and *with* are abbreviated in the same way, and this accounts very plainly for the corruption.

much rhetoric as he can, to grace his langu[illegible] they will see he shall have gloss little enough to set out his bark.

Enter DUBOIS.

Stand, Dubois! Look about! is all safe?

Dubois. Approach not near me but with reverence,
Laurel, and adorations! I have done
More than deserves a hundred thanks.

Long. How now? What's the matter?

Dubois. With this hand, only aided by this brain,
Without an Orpheus' harp, redeem'd, from hell's
Three-headed porter, our Eurydice.

Long. Nay, pr'ythee, speak sense! this is like the stale braggart in a play.

Dubois. Then, in plain prose, thus, and with as little action as thou canst desire; the three-headed porter were three inexorable catchpoles, out of whose jaws, without the help of Orpheus' harp, bait or bribe, (for those two strings make the music that mollifies those flinty furies,) I rescued our Eurydice; I mean my old master Montague.

Long. And is this all? A poor rescue! I thought thou hadst reversed the judgment for his overthrow in his suit; or wrought upon his adversary Orleans, taken the shape of a ghost, frighted his mind into distraction, and, for the appeasing of his conscience, forced him to make restitution of Montague's lands, or such like. Rescued? 'Slight, I would have hired a chrocheteur[6] for two cardecues to have done so much with his whip!

[6] *Have hired* acrocheture *for two* cardecues.] The true word here, not being understood, is printed wrong in all the editions; it should be a *chrocheteur*, i. e. *a porter*.—Seward.

Dubois. You would, sir? And yet 'tis more than three on their foot-cloths[7] durst do for a sworn brother in a coach.

Long. Besides, what proofs of it? for aught I know this may be a trick; I had rather have him a prisoner, where I might visit him, and do him service, than not at all, or I know not where.

Dubois. Well, sir, the end will shew it. What's that? a challenge?

Long. Yes; where's Orleans? though we fight in jest, he must meet with Amiens in earnest.— Fall off! we are discover'd!—My horse, garçon, ha!

Dubois. Were it not in a house, and in his presence
To whom I owe all duty——

Long. What would it do?
Prate, as it does; but be as far from striking,
As he that owes it, Orleans.

Dubois. How?

Long. I think thou art his porter;
Set here to answer creditors, that his lordship
Is not within, or takes the diet. I am sent,
And will grow here until I have an answer,
Not to demand a debt of money, but
To call him to a strict account for wrong
Done to the honours of a gentleman,
Which nothing but his heart-blood shall wash off.

Dubois. Shall I hear this?

Long. And more; that if I may not
Have access to him, I will fix this here,
To his disgrace and thine——

First folio—*hired crohieture;* second, hired *acrocheture.* A *cardecue*, as has been before observed, is a corruption of *quart d'ecu*, a quarter of a dollar.

[7] *Foot-cloths.*] See vol. VII. p. 306.

Dubois. And thy life with it.
Long. Then have the copies of it pasted on posts,
Like pamphlet-titles, that sue to be sold;
Have his disgrace talk for tobacco-shops,
His picture baffled——
Dubois. All respect away!
Were't in a church—— [*Draw both.*
Long. This is the book I pray with.

Enter Orleans.

Orl. Forbear, upon your lives!
Long. What, are you roused? I hope your lordship can read (though he stain not his birth with scholarship.)—Doth it not please you now? If you are a right monsieur, muster up the rest of your attendance, which is a page, a cook, a pandar, coachman, and a footman, (in these days, a great lord's train) pretending I am unworthy to bring you a challenge; instead of answering it, have me kick'd.
Dubois. If he does, thou deservest it.
Long. I dare you all to touch me! I'll not stand still.
What answer you?
Orl. That thou hast done to Amiens
The office of a faithful friend, which I
Would cherish in thee, were he not my foe.
However, since on honourable terms
He calls me forth, say I will meet with him;
And by Dubois, ere sun-set, make him know
The time and place, my sword's length, and whatever
Scruple of circumstance he can expect.
Long. This answer comes unlook'd-for. Fare you well!

Finding your temper thus, 'would I had said less!
[*Exit.*

Orl. Now comes thy love to the test.

Dubois. My lord, 'twill hold,
And in all dangers prove itself true gold. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The Country. A Hall in Lamira's *House.*

Enter LAVERDINE, LA-POOP, MALLICORN, *and Servant.*

Serv. I will acquaint my lady with your coming.
Please you repose yourselves here.

Mal. There's a tester;
Nay, now I am a wooer, I must be bountiful.

Serv. If you would have two three-pences for it, sir,
To give some of your kindred as you ride,
I'll see if I can get them; we use not
(Though servants) to take bribes. [*Exit.*

Lav. Then thou art unfit to be in office, either in court or city.

La-P. Indeed corruption is a tree, whose branches are of an unmeasurable length; they spread every where, and the dew that drops from thence hath infected some chairs and stools of authority.

Mal. Ah, captain, lay not all the fault upon officers; you know you can shark, though you be out of action, witness Montague!

Lav. Hang him! he's safe enough: You had a

hand in it too, and have gained by him. But I wonder you citizens, that keep so many books, and take such strict accounts for every farthing due to you from others, reserve not so much as a memorandum for the courtesies you receive.

Mal. Would you have a citizen book those? Thankfulness is a thing we are not sworn to in our indentures; you may as well urge conscience.

Lav. Talk no more of such vanities! Montague is irrecoverably sunk: I would we had twenty more to send after him. The snake that would be a dragon, and have wings, must eat; and what implies that, but this, that in this cannibal age, he, that would have the suit of wealth, must not care whom he feeds on? And, as I have heard, no flesh battens better than that of a professed friend; and he that would mount to honour, must not make dainty to use the head of his mother, back of his father, or neck of his brother, for ladders to his preferment: for but observe, and you shall find for the most part, cunning Villainy sit at a feast as principal guest, and innocent Honesty wait as a contemned servant with a trencher.

La-P. The ladies!

Enter MONTAGUE *bareheaded*,* LAMIRA, *Duchess*, CHARLOTTE, *and* VERAMOUR.

Mont. Do you smell nothing?

Charl. Not I, sir.

Mont. The carrion of knaves is very strong in my nostrils.

Lav. We came to admire; and find Fame was a niggard,

* *Enter Montague* bareheaded.] That is, as a servant.

Which we thought prodigal in your report,[9]
Before we saw you.

Lam. Tush, sir! this courtship's old.

La-P. I'll fight for thee, sweet wench;
This is my tongue, and wooes for me.

Lam. Good man of war,
Hands off! if you take me, it must be by siege,
Not by an onset: And for your valour, I
Think that I have deserved few enemies,
And therefore need it not.

Mal. Thou needest nothing, sweet lady, but an obsequious husband; and where wilt thou find him, if not in the city?—We are true Muscovites to our wives, and are never better pleased than when they use us as slaves, bridle and saddle us: Have me! Thou shalt command all my wealth as thine own; thou shalt sit like a queen in my warehouse; and my factors, at the return with my ships, shall pay thee tribute of all the rarities of the earth; thou shalt wear gold, feed on delicates; the first peascods, strawberries, grapes, cherries, shall——

Lam. Be mine: I apprehend what you would say.
Those dainties, which the city pays so dear for,
The country yields for nothing, and as early;
And, credit me, your far-fet[1] viands please not
My appetite better than those that are near hand.
Then, for your promised service and subjection

[9] *Which we thought prodigal in* our *report.*] Former editions. Mr Sympson concurred in the correction.—*Seward.*

[1] *Far*-fet.] Seward alters *fet* to *fetch'd*; but *fet* is right; it was the language of the times. So in Roger Ascham's Works, p. 13: "And therefore, agaynst a desperate evill began to seeke for a desperate remedie; which was *fet* from Rome, a shop always open to any mischief, as you shall perceive in these few leaves, if you marke them well."—*Reed.*

To all my humours when I am your wife,
(Which, as it seems, is frequent in the city)
I cannot find what pleasure they receive
In using their fond husbands like their maids:
But, of this, more hereafter! I accept
Your proffer kindly, and yours: My house stands open
To entertain you; take your pleasure in it,
And ease after your journey!

Duch. Do you note
The boldness of the fellows?

Lam. Alas, madam!
A virgin must in this be like a lawyer;
And as he takes all fees, she must hear all suitors;
The one for gain, the other for her mirth:
Stay with the gentlemen! we'll to the orchards.

[*Exeunt* LAMIRA, *Duchess*, VERAMOUR, *and* CHARLOTTE.

La-P. Pox! what art thou?

Mont. An honest man, though poor:

[*Puts on his hat.*

And look they like to monsters? are they so rare?

Lav. Rose from the dead?

Mal. Do you hear, monsieur Serviteur? Didst thou never hear of one Montague, a prodigal gull, that lives about Paris?

Mont. So, sir!

Lav. One that, after the loss of his main estate in a law-suit, bought an office in the court?

La-P. And should have letters of mart,[a] to have the Spanish treasure as it came from the Indies? were not thou and he twins? Put off thy hat; let me see thy forehead.

Mont. Though you take privilege

[a] *Letters of* mart.] Synonymous with *letters of marque;* both terms were used indiscriminately.

To use your tongues, I pray you hold your fingers!
'Twas your base cozenage made me as I am;
And, were you somewhere else, I would take off
This proud film from your eyes, that will not let
you
Know I am Montague.

Enter LAMIRA *behind the Arras.*

Lam. I'll observe this better.

Lav. And art thou he? I will do thee grace; give me thy hand! I am glad thou hast taken so good a course: serve God, and please thy mistress; if I prove to be thy master, as I am very likely, I will do for thee.

Mal. 'Faith, the fellow's well-made for a servingman, and will no doubt carry a chine of beef with a good grace.

La-P. Pr'ythee be careful of me in my chamber: I will remember thee at my departure.

Mont. All this I can endure, under this roof;
And so much owe I her, whose now I am,
That no wrong shall incense me to molest
Her quiet house. While you continue here,
I will not be ashamed to do you service
More than to her, because such is her pleasure.
But you that have broke thrice, and fourteen times
Compounded for two shillings in the pound,
Know I dare kick you in your shop! Do you hear?
If ever I see Paris, though an army
Of musty murrions,[3] rusty brown bills[4] and clubs,

[3] *Of* musty murrions, *&c.*] So in Philaster:—
"*We are thy myrmidons, thy guard, thy roarers!*
And when thy noble body is in durance,
Thus do we clap our musty murrions *on,*
And trace the streets in terror."—Reed.

[4] *Brown bills.*] This was an old weapon of the English infantry,

Stand for your guard—I have heard of your tricks.
And you that smell of amber[5] at my charge,
And triumph in your cheat—well, I may live
To meet thee! be it among a troop of such
That are upon the fair face of the court
Like running ulcers, and before thy whore,
Trample upon thee!

La-P. This a language for a livery? take heed;
I am a captain.

Mont. A coxcomb, are you not? That thou and I,
To give proof which of us dares most, were now
In midst of a rough sea, upon a piece
Of a split ship, where only one might ride,
I would—but foolish anger makes me talk
Like a player! [LAMIRA *from the Arras.*

Lam. Indeed, you act a part doth ill become you,
My servant; is this your duty?

Mont. I crave your pardon,
And will hereafter be more circumspect.

Lav. Oh, the power of a woman's tongue! It hath done more than we three with our swords durst undertake; put a madman to silence.

Lam. Why, sirrah, these are none of your comrades,
To drink with in the cellar; one of those,
For aught you know, may live to be your master.

La-P. There's some comfort yet.

Lam. Here's choice of three: A wealthy merchant—

Mal. Hem! she is taken; she hath spied my

but in our authors' time it was only used by watchmen. In Marlow's Edward II. Hugh Spencer enters

— with a band of bowmen and of pikes,
Brown bills and targiteers, four hundred strong.

[5] *Amber.*] Amber was a favourite perfume at the time. See vol. II. p. 328.

good calf, and many ladies chuse their husbands by that.

Lam. A courtier that's in grace; a valiant captain;
And are these mates for you? Away, begone!

Mont. I humbly pray you will be pleased to pardon!
And to give satisfaction to you, madam,
(Although I break my heart) I will confess
That I have wrong'd them too, and make submission.

Lam. No; I'll spare that. Go bid the cook haste supper. [*Exit* MONTAGUE.

La-P. Oh, brave lady, thou art worthy to have servants, to be commandress of a family, that knowest how to use and govern it.

Lav. You shall have many mistresses that will so mistake, as to take their horse-keepers and footmen instead of their husbands; thou art none of those.

Mal. But she that can make distinction of men, and knows when she hath gallants and fellows of rank and quality in her house——

Lam. Gallants indeed, if it be the gallants' fashion
To triumph in the miseries of a man,
Of which they are the cause! one that transcends
(In spite of all that Fortune hath, or can be, done)
A million of such things as you!—My doors
Stand open to receive all such as wear
The shape of gentlemen; and my gentlier nature
(I might say weaker) weighs not the expence
Of entertainment: Think you I'll forget yet
What's due unto myself? do not I know,
That you have dealt with poor Montague, but like
Needy commanders, cheating citizens,
And perjured courtiers? I am much moved, else use not

To say so much: If you will bear yourselves
As fits such you would make me think you are,
You may stay; if not, the way lies before you.
[*Exit.*

Mal. What think you of this, captain?

La-P. That this is a bawdy-house, with pinnacles and turrets, in which this disguised Montague goes to rut *gratis;* and that this is a landed pandress, and makes her house a brothel for charity.

Mal. Come, that's no miracle; but from whence derive you the supposition?

Lav. Observe but the circumstance! You all know, that in the height of Montague's prosperity, he did affect, and had his love returned by, this lady Orleans: since her divorcement, and his decay of estate, 'tis known they have met; not so much as his boy is wanting;[6] and that this can be any thing else than a mere plot for their night-work, is above my imagination to conceive.

Mal. Nay, it carries probability: let's observe it better; but yet with such caution, as our prying be not discovered! here's all things to be had without cost, and therefore good staying here.

La-P. Nay, that's true; I would we might woo her twenty years, like Penelope's suitors. Come, Laverdine! [*Exeunt* MALLICORN *and* LA-POOP.

Lav. I follow instantly.—Yonder he is. The thought of this boy hath much cooled my affec-

[6] *Not so much as his boy* but *is wanting.*] *But* is an interpolation of the second folio. Laverdine says, "he has even brought his boy Veramour along with him." Seward is very much puzzled here to make out his metre, and thinks it convenient to interpolate these few words,

— *And here they are together,* not so much, &c.

tion to his lady; and by all conjectures this is a disguised whore: I'll try if I can search this mine.—

Enter VERAMOUR.

Page!

Ver. Your pleasure, sir?

Lav. Thou art a pretty boy.

Ver. And you a brave man: now I am out of your debt. [*Going.*

Lav. Nay, pr'ythee stay!

Ver. I am in haste, sir.

Lav. By the faith of a courtier——

Ver. Take heed what you say! you have taken a strange oath.

Lav. I have not seen a youth that hath pleased me better: I would thou couldst like me, so far as to leave thy lady and wait on me! I would maintain thee in the bravest clothes——

Ver. Though you took them up on trust, or bought them at the broker's?

Lav. Or any way. Then thy employments should be so neat and cleanly—thou shouldst not touch a pair of pantables[7] in a month; and thy lodging—

Ver. Should be in a brothel.

Lav. No; but in mine arms.

Ver. That may be the circle of a bawdy-house, or worse.

Lav. I mean thou shouldst lie with me.

Ver. Lie with you? I had rather lie with my

[7] *Pantables.*] i. e. Pantofles, slippers. The word was pronounced in various ways. So in Edward's Damon and Pithias:

"If you play Jacke napes, in mocking my master, and despising my face,
Even here with a *pantacle* I will you disgrace."

lady's monkey! 'twas never a good world since our French lords learned of the Neapolitans to make their pages their bedfellows; it doth more hurt to the suburb ladies[8] than twenty dead vacations. 'Tis supper-time, sir. [*Exit.*

Lav. I thought so! I know by that 'tis a woman; for because peradventure she hath made trial of the monkey, she prefers him before me, as one unknown: Well,
These are strange creatures,[9] and have strange desires;
And men must use strange means to quench strange fires. [*Exit.*

[8] *Suburb ladies.*] See the preceding volumes *passim.* So in The Unfortunate Mother, by Nabbes:—

"The maidenheads you purchased in our absence,
Many a *suburb* agent is enriched by."

[9] *These are* standing *creatures, and have strange desires;*
And men must use strange means to quench strange fires.] The old folio had printed this as prose; the late editors found out that these two lines rhymed, and therefore should be printed as verse; but they did not observe, that there was a corrupt word in the first line equally injurious both to sense and measure, for what is *standing* creatures? We must indisputably read,

——— strange *creatures.*—Seward.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Before the same.

Enter MONTAGUE *alone, in mean Habit.*

Mont. Now, Montague! who discerns thy spirit now,
Thy breeding, or thy blood? here's a poor cloud
Eclipseth all thy splendour: Who can read
In thy pale face, dead eye, or Lenten suit,[1]
The liberty thy ever-giving hand
Hath bought for others, manacling itself
In gyves of parchment indissoluble?
The greatest-hearted man, supplied with means,
Nobility of birth, and gentlest parts,
Ay, though the right-hand of his sovereign,
If Virtue quit her seat in his high soul,
Glitters but like a palace set on fire,
Whose glory, whilst it shines, but ruins him;
And his bright show, each hour to ashes tending,
Shall at the last be raked up like a sparkle,
Unless men's lives and fortunes feed the flame.
Not for my own wants, though, blame I my stars,
But suffering others to cast love on me,
When I can neither take, nor thankful be:
My lady's woman, fair and virtuous,

[1] *Lenten suit.*] It was formerly usual, as it is still, in some catholic countries, to dress very plain during the Lent season.

Young as the present month, solicits me
For love and marriage; now, being nothing worth—

Enter VERAMOUR.

Ver. Oh, master! I have sought you a long hour:
'Good faith, I never joy'd out of your sight!
For God's sake, sir, be merry, or else bear
The buffets of your fortunes with more scorn!
Do but begin to rail; teach me the way,
And I'll sit down, and help your anger forth.
I have known you wear a suit full worth a lordship;
Give to a man, whose need ne'er frighted you
From calling of him *friend*, five hundred crowns,
Ere sleep had left your senses to consider
Your own important present uses:[a] Yet,
Since, I have seen you with a trencher wait,
Void of all scorn; therefore I'll wait on you.
Mont. 'Would God thou wert less honest!
Ver. 'Would to God
You were less worthy! I am even wi' ye, sir.
Mont. Is not thy master strangely fallen, when thou
Serv'st for no wages, but for charity?
Thou dost surcharge me with thy plenteous love;
The goodness of thy virtue shewn to me,
More opens still my disability
To quit thy pains: Credit me, loving boy,
A free and honest nature may be oppressed,
Tired with courtesies from a liberal spirit,
When they exceed his means of gratitude.
Ver. But 'tis a due in him that, to that end,

[a] Important.] That is, *importunate*. The word occurs, even as a substantive, for *importunacy*. So in Heywood's Challenge of Beauty—

"Could opportunity have moved, words tempted,
Persuasions took effect, or gifts prevailed,
Beneath my much *importance* she had fallen."

Extends his love or duty.

Mont. Little world
Of virtue, why dost love and follow me?

Ver. I will follow you through all countries;[3]
I'll run (fast as I can) by your horse-side,
I'll hold your stirrup when you do alight,
And without grudging wait till you return:
I will quit offer'd means, and expose myself
To cold and hunger, still to be with you;
Fearless I'll travel through a wilderness;
And when you are weary, I will lay me down,
That in my bosom you may rest your head;
Where, whilst you sleep, I'll watch, that no wild beast
Shall hurt or trouble you; and thus we'll breed
A story to make every hearer weep,
When they discourse our fortunes and our loves.

Mont. Oh, what a scoff might men of women make,
If they did know this boy!—But my desire
Is, that thou wouldst not (as thou usest still,
When, like a servant, I 'mong servants sit)
Wait on my trencher, fill my cups with wine:
Why shouldst thou do this, boy? pr'ythee, consider,
I am not what I was.

Ver. Curs'd be the day
When I forget that Montague was my lord,
Or not remember him my master still!

Mont. Rather curse me, with whom thy youth hath spent
So many hours, and yet untaught to live
By any worldly quality.

Ver. Indeed
You never taught me how to handle cards,

[3] *I will follow,* &c.] There is great resemblance in this scene to Philaster and Bellario.—Ed. 1778.

To cheat and cozen men with oaths and lies;
Those are the worldly qualities to live:
Some of our scarlet gallants teach their boys
These worldly qualities.
Since stumbling Fortune then leaves Virtue thus,
Let me leave Fortune, ere be vicious!

Mont. Oh, lad, thy love will kill me!

Ver. In truth,
I think in conscience I shall die for you.
Good master, weep not! do you want aught, sir?
Will you have any money? here's some silver,
And here's a little gold; 'twill serve to play,
And put more troublesome thoughts out of your mind:
I pray, sir, take it! I'll get more with singing,
And then I'll bring it you: My lady ga't me;
And, by my soul, it was not covetousness,
But I forgot to tell you sooner on't.

Mont. Alas, boy, thou art not bound to tell it me,
And less to give it; buy thee scarfs and garters!
And when I have money, I'll give thee a sword:
Nature made thee a beauteous cabinet,
To lock up all the goodness of the earth.

Enter CHARLOTTE.

Ver. I have lost my voice with the very sight of this gentlewoman! Good sir, steal away! you were wont to be a curious avoider of women's company.

Mont. Why, boy, thou dar'st trust me any where, dar'st thou not?

Ver. I had rather trust you by a roaring lion, than a ravening woman.

Mont. Why, boy?

Ver. Why, truly, she devours more man's flesh.

Mont. Ay, but she roars not, boy.

Ver. No, sir? why she is never silent but when her mouth is full.

Charl. Monsieur Montague!

Mont. My sweet fellow! since you please to call me so.

Ver. Ah, 'my conscience, she would be pleased well enough to call you bed-fellow. Oh, master, do not hold her by the hand so! A woman is a lime-bush, that catcheth all she toucheth.

Charl. I do most dangerously suspect this boy to be a wench: Art thou not one? Come hither, let me feel thee.

Ver. With all my heart.

Charl. Why dost thou pull off thy glove?

Ver. Why, to feel whether you be a boy, or no.

Charl. Fy, boy! go to! I'll not look your head, nor comb your locks any more, if you talk thus.

Ver. Why, I'll sing to you no more then.

Charl. Fy upon't, how sad you are! A young gentleman that was the very sun of France—

Mont. But I am in the eclipse now.

Charl. Suffer himself to be o'er-run with a lethargy of melancholy and discontent!
Rouze up thy spirit, man, and shake it off:
A noble soul is like a ship at sea,
That sleeps at anchor when the ocean's calm;
But when she rages, and the wind blows high,
He cuts his way with skill and majesty.
I would turn a fool, or poet, or any thing, or marry, to make you merry: Pr'ythee let's walk!—
Good Veramour, leave thy master and me; I have earnest business with him.

Ver. Pray do you leave my master and me! we were very merry before you came. He does not covet women's company; What have you to do with him?—Come, sir, will you go? and I'll sing

to you again.—I'faith, his mind is stronger than to credit women's vows, and too pure to be capable of their loves.

Charl. The boy is jealous. Sweet lad, leave us! my lady call'd for you, I swear: That's a good child! there is a piece of gold for thee; go, buy a feather!

Ver. There's two pieces for you; do you go and buy one, or what you will, or nothing, so you go!—Nay then, I see you would have me go, sir! why, i'faith I will, now I perceive you love her better than you do me: But, God bless you! Whatever you do, or intend, I know you are a very honest man! [*Exit.*

Charl. Still shall I woo thee, whilst thy ears reply
I cannot, or *I will not marry thee*? [4]
Why hast thou drawn the blood out of my cheeks,
And given a quicker motion to my heart?
Oh, thou hast bred a fever in my veins,
Call'd Love, which no physician can cure!
Have mercy on a maid, whose simple youth——

Mont. How your example, fairest, teacheth me
A ceremonious idolatry! [*Kneels.*
By all the joy of love, I love thee better
Than I or any man can tell another!
And will express the mercy which thou cravest;
I will forbear to marry thee. Consider,
Thou art Nature's heir in feature, and thy parents'
In fair inheritances: Rise with these thoughts,
And look on me; but with a woman's eye:

[4] *Still shall I woo thee, whilst thy* ears *reply*, &c.] Mason thinks we should read *tears*; but the text may mean, somewhat irregularly expressed certainly, "When I woo thee thou dost not speak, but thy ears receiving my plaints of love, thy mind replies," &c.

A decayed fellow, void of means and spirit.
Charl. Of spirit?
Mont. Yes; [else] could I tamely live,[5]
Forget my father's blood, wait, and make legs,
Stain my best breeches with the servile drops
That fall from others' draughts?
Charl. This vizard wherewith thou wouldst hide thy spirit
Is perspective, to shew it plainlier:
This undervalue of thy life, is but
Because I should not buy thee. What more speaks
Greatness of man than valiant patience,
That shrinks not under his fate's strongest strokes?
These Roman deaths, as falling on a sword,
Opening of veins, with poison quenching thirst,
Which we erroneously do style the deeds
Of the heroic and magnanimous man,
Was dead-eyed Cowardice, and white-cheek'd Fear;
Who doubting Tyranny, and fainting under
Fortune's false lottery, desperately run
To Death, for dread of Death; that soul's most stout,
That, bearing all mischance, dares last it out.
Will you perform your word, and marry me,
When I shall call you to't?
Mont. I'faith, I will.

Enter LONGUEVILLE, *with a Riding-rod.*

Charl. Who's this alights here?

[5] *Of spirit?*
Yes, could I tamely live.] The syllable wanting here to the measure is equally advantageous to the sense; I therefore read,

"*Yes, could I* else *tamely live,*" &c.

The sentiments of the next speech deserve to have been placed to a more conspicuous character than a lady's woman.—*Seward.*

Long. With leave, fair creature,
Are you the lady-mistress of the house?
Charl. Her servant, sir.
Long. I pray then favour me,
To inform your lady, and duke Orleans' wife,
A business of import awaits 'em here,
And craves for speedy answer.
Charl. Are you in post, sir?
Long. No; I am in sattin, lady;[6]
I would you would be in post.
Charl. I will return, sweet. [*Exit.*
Long. Honest friend, do you belong to the house?
I pray be cover'd.
Mont. Yes, sir, I do.
Long. Ha! dream'st thou, Longueville?
Sure 'tis not he!—Sir, I should know you.
Mont. So should I you, but that I am ashamed:
But, though thou know'st me, pr'ythee, Longueville,
Mock not my poverty! Pray remember yourself:
Shews it not strangely for thy clothes to stand
Without a hat to mine? Mock me no more.
Long. The pox embroider me all over, sir,
If ever I began to mock you yet.
The plague upon me, why should I wear velvet
And silver lace? 'Sdeath, I will tear it off.
Mont. Why, madman?
Long. Put on my hat? Yes, when I'm hanged I will!

[6] *Are you in* post, *sir?*
Long. *No; I am in* sattin, *lady.*
I would you would be in post.] The question of Charlotte evidently means, "Are you sent as a post, or messenger?" to which Longueville answers, "No, lady, I am in sattin, that is, I am a gentleman. I would you would post, or bear my message in haste."

Pox! I could break my head,
For holding eyes that knew not you at first!
But, Time and Fortune, run your courses with him;
He'll laugh and storm you, when you shew most
hate![7]

Enter LAMIRA, *Duchess*, LAVERDINE, LA-POOP, MALLICORN, VERAMOUR, *and* CHARLOTTE.

Lam. You are a fair monsieur.
Long. Do you mock me, lady?
Lam. Your business, sir, I mean.
Duch. Regard yourself, good monsieur Longueville!
Lam. You are too negligent of yourself and place;
Cover your head, sweet monsieur!
Long. Mistake me not, fair ladies;
'Tis not to you, nor you, that I stand bare.
Lav. Nay, sweet dear monsieur, let it be not to us then!
La-P. A pox of compliment!
Mont. And pox of manners!
Pray hide your head; your gallants use to do't.
Long. And you your foreheads! Why, you needful accessary rascals,
That cannot live without your mutual knaveries,
More than a bawd, a pandar, or a whore,
From one another, how dare you suspect
That I stand bare to you? What make you here?—

[7] *He'll laugh and* storm *you.*] How easily *scorn* was altered to *storm* by a mistake of the printer; but how much a properer word *scorn* is in the place every reader will see, though *storm* has hitherto run through all the former editions.—*Seward.*

The text may be right, and mean, in old language—storm at you.

Shift your house, lady, of 'em; for I know 'em;
They come to steal [your] napkins, and your
spoons:
Look to your silver bodkin, gentlewoman,
'Tis a dead utensil; and, page, beware your pock-
ets!
My reverence is unto this man, my master;
Whom you, with protestations and oaths,
As high as Heaven, as deep as Hell, which would
Deceive the wisest man of honest nature,
Have cozen'd and abused: But, I may meet you,
And beat you one with th' other!

Mont. Peace! no more!

Long. Not a word, sir.

Lav. I am something thick of hearing;
What said he?

La-P. I hear him, but regard him not.

Mal. Nor I; I am never angry fasting.

Long. My love
Keeps back my duty. Noblest lady, if
Husband, or brother, merit love from you,
Prevent their dangers! this hour brings to trial
Their hereto-sleeping hates: By this time, each
Within a yard is of the other's heart;
And met to prove their causes and their spirits
With their impartial swords' points: Haste and
save,
Or never meet them more, but at the grave!

Duch. Oh, my distracted heart! that my wreck'd
honour
Should for a brother's, or a husband's, life,
Through thy undoing, die!

Lam. Amiens engaged?
If he miscarry, all my hopes and joys,
I now confess it loudly, are undone:
Caroch, and haste! one minute may betray

A life more worth than all time can repay.

[*Exeunt Ladies and* MONTAGUE.

Mal. Humph! monsieur Laverdine pursues this boy extremely.—Captain, what will you do?

La-P. Any thing but follow to this land-service: I am a sea-captain, you know, and to offer to part 'em, without we could do't like watermen with long staves, a quarter of a mile off, might be dangerous.

Mal. Why then, let's retire and pray for 'em! I am resolved to stop; your intent?[8] Abused more than we have been we cannot be, without they fall to flat beating on's.

[*Exeunt* MALLICORN *and* LA-POOP.

Lav. And that were unkindly done, i'faith.

Ver. Curse me, but you are the troublesomest ass that e'er I met with! Retire! you smell like a woman's chamber, that's newly up, before she has pinched her vapours in with her clothes.

Lav. I will haunt thee like thy grandame's ghost; thou shalt never rest for me!

Ver. Well, I perceive 'tis vain to conceal a secret from you: Believe it, sir, indeed I'm a woman.

Lav. Why, la! I knew't; this prophetical tongue of mine never fail'd me: My mother was half a witch; never any thing that she forespake but came to pass. A woman! how happy am I! Now we may lawfully come together, without fear of hanging! Sweet wench, be gracious! In honourable sort I woo, no otherwise.

Ver. 'Faith, the truth is, I have loved you long—

Lav. See, see!

[8] *I am resolved to stop your intent.*] Seward reads, "I am resolved to stop *here*; your intent?" This punctuation is right; but there is no occasion to retain the interpolated word.

Ver. But durst not open it.

Lav. By Heaven, I think so!

Ver. But, briefly, when you bring it to the test, if there be not one gentleman in this house will challenge more interest in me than you can, I am at your disposure. [*Exit.*

Lav. Oh, Fortunatus, I envy thee not
For cap, or pouch![9] this day I'll prove my fortune,
In which your lady doth elect her husband,
Who will be Amiens; 'twill save my wedding-dinner.
Pauvre La-Poop and Mallicorn! If all fail,
I will turn citizen: A beauteous wife
Is the horn-book to the richest tradesman's life.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Field before the Gates of Paris.

Enter Dubois, Orleans, Longueville, Amiens, *two Lacquies, a Page with two Pistols.*

Dubois. Here's a good even piece of ground, my lords:
Will you fix here?

Orl. Yes; any where.—Lacquey,
Take off my spurs!—Upon a bridge, a rail,

[9] *Oh, Fortunatus, I envy thee not*
For cap, or pouch!] Every one is acquainted with the wishing-cap of Fortunatus, which transported him to any place he chose, and with his inexhaustible purse.

But my sword's breadth, upon a battlement,
I'll fight this quarrel!

Dubois. O' the ropes, my lord?

Orl. Upon a line.

Dubois. So all our country duels
Are carried, like a firework on a thread.

Orl. Go, now; stay with the horses! And, do you hear?
Upon your lives, till some of us come to you,
Dare not to look this way!

Dubois. Except you see
Strangers or others, that, by chance or purpose,
Are like to interrupt us.

Orl. Then give warning.

Long. Who takes a sword? The advantage is so small,
As he that doubts hath the free leave to chuse.

Orl. Come, give me any, and search me: 'Tis not
The ground, weapon, or seconds, that can make
Odds in those fatal trials, but the cause.

Ami. Most true; and, but it is no time to wish
When men are come to do, I would desire
The cause 'twixt us were other than it is;
But where the right is, there prevail our swords!
And if my sister have out-lived her honour,
I do not pray I may out-live her shame.

Orl. Your sister, Amiens, is a whore, at once!

Ami. You oft have spoke that sense to me before,
But never in this language, Orleans;
And when you spoke it fair, and first, I told you
That it was possible you might be abused:
But now, since you forget your manners, you shall find,
If I transgress my custom, you do lie!
And are a villain! which I had rather yet

My sword had proved, than I been forced to speak.—
Nay, give us leave!—And since you stand so haughtily
And highly on your cause, let you and I,
Without engaging these two gentlemen,
Singly determine it!

Long. My lord, you'll pardon us!

Dubois. I trust your lordships may not do us that affront.

Ami. As how?

Dubois. We kiss your lordship's hand, and come to serve
You here with swords.[1]

Long. My lord, we understand ourselves.

Dubois. We have had the honour to be call'd unto
The business, and we must not now quit it
On terms.

Ami. Not terms of reason?

Long. No;
No reason for the quitting of our calling.

Dubois. True;
If I be call'd to't, I must ask no reason.

Long. Nor hear none neither, which is less:
It is a favour, if my throat be cut,
Your lordship does me; which I never can,
Nor must have hope how to requite.—What noise?
[*A noise within, crying,* Down with their swords!]
What cry is that? My lord, upon your guard!
Some treachery is afoot.

Enter Duchess, LAMIRA, *and* MONTAGUE.

Duch. Oh, here they are!
My lord—Dear lady, help me! help me all!

[1] See vol. V. p. 152, and VI. 225.

I have so woeful interest in both,
I know not which to fear for most; and yet
I must prefer my lord.—Dear brother,
You are too understanding, and too noble,
To be offended when I know my duty,
Though scarce my tears will let me see to do it.

Orl. Out, loathed strumpet!

Duch. Oh, my dearest lord,
If words could on me cast the name of whore,
I then were worthy to be loathed: But,
Know your unkindness cannot make me wicked;
And therefore should less use that power upon me.

Orl. Was this your art, to have these actors come,
To make this interlude? Withdraw, cold man!
And, if thy spirit be not frozen up,
Give me one stroke yet at thee for my vengeance!

Ami. Thou shalt have strokes, and strokes, thou glorious man,[a]
Till thou breath'st thinner air than that thou talk'st.

Lam. My lord! count Amiens!

Duch. Princely husband!

Orl. Whore!

Lam. You wrong her, impudent lord! Oh, that I had
The bulk of those dull men! look, how they stand,
And no man will revenge an innocent lady!

Ami. You hinder it, madam.

Lam. I would hinder you;
Is there none else to kill him?

Duch. Kill him, madam!
Have you learn'd that bad language? Oh, repent,

[a] *Glorious*,] i. e. *Vain, proud,* in the sense of the French *glorieux*.

And be the motive rather both kill me.[3]
Orl. Then die, my infamy! [*Runs at her.*
Mont. Hold, bloody man!
Orl. Art thou there, basilisk?
Mont. To strike thee dead,
But that thy fate deserves some weightier hand.
Dubois. Sweet my lord!
Orl. Oh, here's a plot!
You bring your champions with you! the adultress
With the adulterer! Out, howling——
Dubois. Good my lord!
Orl. Are you her grace's countenancer, lady,
The receiver to the poor vicious couple?
Dubois. Sweet my lord!
Orl. Sweet rascal, didst thou not tell me, false fellow,
This Montague here was murder'd?
Dubois. I did so;
But he was falser, and a worthless lord,
Like thy foul self, that would have had it so.
Long. Orleans, 'tis true; and shall be proved upon thee.
Mont. Thy malice, duke, and this thy wicked nature,
Are all as visible as thou; but I,
Born to contemn thy injuries, do know,
That though thy greatness may corrupt a jury,
And make a judge afraid, and carry out

[3] *And be the motive, rather both kill me.*] *i. e.* and rather persuade them *both to kill me.* The expression, for want of *that* being inserted, is so obscure, that the former editors did not understand it, and therefore added a comma, which utterly deprived it of all meaning.—*Seward.*

A world of evils with thy title,[4] yet
Thou art not quiet at home; thou bear'st about
thee
That that doth charge thee, and condemn thee too.
The thing that grieves me more, and doth indeed
Displease me, is, to think that so much baseness
Stands here to have encounter'd so much honour.
Pardon me, my lord, what late my passion spake,
When you provoked my innocence!

Orl. Yes, do!
Oh, flattery becomes him better than
The suit he wears; give him a new one, Amiens!

Ami. Orleans,
'Tis here no time nor place to jest or rail
Poorly with you; but I will find a time to
Whisper you forth to this, or some fit place,
As shall not hold a second interruption.

Mont. I hope your lordship's honour and your
life
Are destined unto higher hazards; this
Is of a meaner arm.

Dubois. Yes, 'faith, or none.

Long. He is not fit to fall by an honest sword:
A prince, and lie?

Dubois. And slander? and hire men
To publish the false rumours he hath made?

Long. And stick 'em on his friends, and inno-
cents?

Dubois. And practise 'gainst their lives after
their fames?

[4] — carry out
A world of evils with thy title.] The meaning is plain, and the phrase was formerly a common one. So in King Lear:

" ——— To take the widow,
Exasperates, and makes mad her sister Goneril;
And hardly shall I *carry out* my side,
Her husband being alive."

Long. In men that are the matter of all lewdness,
Bawds, thieves, and cheaters, it were monstrous!
Dubois. But in a man of blood how more conspicuous!
Ami. Can this be?
Duch. They do slander him.
Orl. Hang them, a pair of railing hang-by's![5]
Long. How! Stand, Orleans! stay! Give me my pistols, boy!
Hinder me not! by Heaven, I will kill him!
Duch. Oh, stay his fury!
Ami. Longueville, my friend!
Long. Not for myself, my lord, but for mankind,
And all that have an interest to virtue,
Or title unto innocence.
Ami. Why, hear me!
Long. For Justice' sake——
Ami. That cannot be.
Long. To punish
His wife's, your honour, and my lord's wrongs here,
Whom I must ever call so: For your loves,
I swear, I'll sacrifice——
Ami. Longueville,
I did not think you a murderer before.
Long. I care not what you thought me!
Ami. By Heaven, if thou attempt
His life, thy own is forfeit!
Mont. Foolish frantic man,
The murder will be of us, not him.
Duch. Oh, God!
Mont. We could have kill'd him, but we would not take
The justice out of Fate's[6]——

[5] *Hangbies*] That is, hangers-on. Cotgrave explains *appendice*, "An appendix, addition, labell, *hang-by*."

[6] *The justice out of fates* ——] I suspect some words have

Singe but a hair of him, thou diest!

Long. No matter. [*Shoots.*

Ami. Villain! [*The Duchess falls.*

Dubois My lord, your sister's slain.

Ami. Bianca!

Mont. Oh, hapless and most wretched chance!

Lam. Stand'st thou [*To* ORLEANS.
Looking upon the mischief thou hast made,
Thou godless man, feeding thy blood-shot eyes
With the red spectacle, and art not turn'd
To stone with horror? Hence, and take the wings
Of thy black infamy, to carry thee
Beyond the shoot of looks, or sound of curses,
Which will pursue thee [7] till thou hast out-fled
All but thy guilt.

Orl. Oh, wish it off again; for I am crack'd
Under the burden, and my heart will break.
How heavy guilt is, when men come to feel!
If you could know the mountain I sustain
With horror, you would each take off your part,
And more, to ease me. I cannot stand! forgive
Where I have wronged, I pray! [*Falls.*

Ami. Look to him, Montague.

Long. My lords and gentlemen, the lady is
Well, but for fear; unless that have shot her:
I have the worst of it, that needs would venture
Upon a trick had like to ha' cost my guts.
Look to her! she'll be well: It was but powder
I charged with, thinking that a guilty man
Would have been frighted sooner; but I am glad.
He's come at last.

Lam. How is Bianca? well?

been omitted here from the delicacy of the licensers, or from the illegibility of the manuscript.

[7] *Which will pursue thee* still:
Thou hast out fled, &c.] Amended by Seward.

Ami. Lives she? See! Sister!—Doth she breathe?
Duch. Oh, gentlemen, think you I can breathe,
That am restored to the hateful sense
Of feeling in me my dear husband's death?
Oh, no, I live not; life was that I left,
And what you have call'd me to is death indeed:
I cannot weep so fast as he doth bleed!
Dubois. Pardon me, madam; he is well.
Duch. Ha! my husband?
Orl. I cannot speak whether my joy or shame
Be greater; but I thank the Heavens for both.
Oh, look not black upon me, all my friends!
To whom I will be reconciled, or grow
Unto this earth, till I have wept a trench
That shall be great enough to be my grave;
And I will think them too most manly tears,
If they do move your pities. It is true,
Man should do nothing that he should repent;
But if he have, and say that he is sorry,
It is a worse fault if he be not truly.
Lam. My lord, such sorrow cannot be suspected:
Here, take your honour'd wife, and join your hands.
She hath married you again![8]
And, gentlemen, I do invite you all
This night to take my house; where, on the morrow,
To heighten more the reconciling feast,
I'll make myself a husband and a guest.[9]
[*Exeunt.*

[8] —— *She hath married you again.*] So the folios. A bar generally indicating some omission on the score of delicacy, I suspect one to have taken place here.

[9] *I'll* make *myself a husband and a guest.*] That is, I will chuse one and the other, meaning the same as Mason's proposed variation—"I'll *take* myself a husband and a guest."

ACT V. SCENE I.

A Room in Lamira's *Country-house.*

Enter MONTAGUE *and* CHARLOTTE.

Charl. Well, now, I am sure you're mine.
Mont. I am sure I'm glad
I have one to own then: You will find me honest,
As these days go, enough; poor without question,
Which beggars hold a virtue; give me meat,
And I shall do my work, else knock my shoes off,
And turn me out again.
Charl. You are a merry fellow.
Mont. I have no great cause.
Charl. Yes, thy love to me.
Mont. That's as we make our game.
Charl. Why, you repent then?
Mont. 'Faith, no; worse than I am I cannot be;
Much better I expect not: I shall love you,
And, when you bid me go to bed, obey,
Lie still or move, as you shall minister;
Keep a four-nobles nag, and a Jack-Merlin,[1]

[1] *Keep a four-nobles nag, and a Jack* Merling.] i. e. turn falk'ner, a *Merlin* being a species of hawk. The measure was all confused in the former editions.—*Seward.*

The first folio reads, BLACK *Merling.*—Ed. 1778.

Montague does not mean to say that he would turn falconer, as Seward supposes, but that he would keep a hawk of an ordinary

Learn to love ale, and play at two-hand Irish;[2]
And there's then all I aim at.
Charl. Nay, sweet fellow,
I'll make it something better.
Mont. If you do, you'll make me worse:
Now I am poor, and willing to do well,
Hold me in that course! of all the king's creatures,
I hate his coin; keep me from that, and save me!
For if you chance, out of your housewifery,
To save a hundred pound or two,[3] bestow it
In plumb-broth ere I know it, else I take it;
Seek out a hundred men that want this money,
Share it among 'em, they'll cry *noble Montague!*
And so I stand again at livery!
Charl. You have pretty fancies, sir; but, married once,
This charity will fall home to yourself.
Mont. I would it would! I am afraid my looseness
Is yet scarce stopt, though it have nought to work on
But the mere air of what I have had.
Charl. Pretty!
Mont. I wonder, sweetheart, why you'll marry me;
I can see nothing in myself deserves it,
Unless the handsome wearing of a band,
For that's my stock now, or a pair of garters,

kind. Is every man who keeps hounds a huntsman, or who keeps horses, an ostler?—*Mason.*

[2] *Two-hand* Irish.] *Irish* was a game played with dice and tables, as backgammon is; probably what we now call tric-trac.—*Mason.*

I am not certain whether it is the same as *tra-trip* is, also mentioned in old plays.—See vol. II. p. 163.

[3] *To* leave *a hundred pound.*] So former editions.—Ed. 1778.

Necessity will not let me lose.

Charl. I see, sir,
A great deal more; a handsome man, a husband,
To make a right good woman truly happy.

Mont. Lord, where are my eyes? Either you are foolish,
As wenches once a-year are, or far worse,
Extremely virtuous: Can you love a poor man
That relies on cold meat and cast stockings,
One only suit to his back, which now is mewing,
But what will be the next coat will pose Tristrem?
If I should levy from my friends a fortune,
I could not raise ten groats to pay the priest now.

Charl. I'll do that duty: 'Tis not means nor money
Makes me pursue your love; were your mind bankrupt,
I would never love you.

Enter LAMIRA.

Mont. Peace, wench! here's my lady.

Lam. Nay, never shrink i' th' wetting, for my presence!
Do ye find her willing, Montague?

Mont. Willing, madam?

Lam. How dainty you make of it! Do not I know
You two love one another?

Mont. Certain, madam,
I think you have revelations of these matters;
Your ladyship cannot tell me when I kiss'd her.

Lam. But she can, sir.

Mont. But she will not, madam;
For when they talk once, 'tis like fairy-money,[4]

[4] *Fairy-money.*] According to the popular creed, favours bestowed by the fairies were discontinued if not kept secret.

They get no more close kisses.
Lam. Thou art wanton.
Mont. God knows I need not; yet I would be lusty;
But, by my soul, my provender scarce pricks me.
Lam. It shall be mended, Montague: I am glad
You are grown so merry.
Mont. So am I too, madam.
Lam. You two will make a pretty handsome consort.
Mont. Yes, madam, if my fiddle fail me not.[5]
Lam. Your fiddle! why your fiddle? I warrant, thou mean'st madly.
Mont. Can you blame me? Alas, I am in love!
Charl. 'Tis very well, sir!
Lam. How long have you been thus?
Mont. How? thus in love?
Lam. You are very quick, sir! No;
I mean thus pleasant.
Mont. By Heaven, ever since I was poor.
Lam. A little wealth would change you then?
Mont. Yes, lady,
Into another suit, but never more
Into another man; I'll bar that mainly.
The wealth I get henceforward shall be charm'd
For ever hurting me; I'll spend it fasting.
As I live, noble lady, there is nothing,
I have found, directly cures the melancholy,
But want and wedlock: When I had store of money,
I simper'd sometime, and spoke wond'rous wise,
But never laugh'd out-right; now I am empty,

[5] Lam. *You two will make a pretty handsome* consort.
Mont. *Yes, madam, if my fiddle fail me not.*] This is one of the innumerable quibbles in old plays upon the usual meaning of the word *consort*, and its ancient sense,—a band of musicians.

My heart sounds like a bell, and strikes at both
sides.

Lam. You are finely temper'd, Montăgue.

Mont. Pardon, lady,
If any way my free mirth have offended!
'Twas meant to please you; if it prove too saucy,
Give it a frown, and I am ever silenced.

Lam. I like it passing well; pray follow it!
This is my day of choice, and shall be yours too;
'Twere pity to delay you. Call to the steward,
And tell him 'tis my pleasure he should give you
Five hundred crowns; make yourself handsome,
Montague;
Let none wear better clothes; 'tis for my credit:
But pray be merry still!

Mont. If I be not,
And make a fool of twice as many hundreds,
Clap me in canvas, lady! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Another in the same.

Enter LA-POOP, LAVERDINE, *and* MALLICORN.

Lav. I am strangely glad I have found the
mystery
Of this disguis'd boy out; I ever trusted
It was a woman, and how happily
I have found it so![6] and for myself, I am sure,

6 — *and* how *happily*
I have found it so!] I suspect we should adopt Mason's proposal of reading—*now* happily.

One that would offer me a thousand pound now
(And that's a pretty sum to make one stagger)
In ready gold for this concealment, could not
Buy my hope of her. She's a dainty wench,
And such a one I find I want extremely,
To bring me into credit: Beauty does it..

Mal. Say we should all meach here,[7] and stay the feast now,
What can the worst be! We have play'd the knaves;
That's without question.

La-P. True;
And, as I take it, this is the first truth
We told these ten years, and, for any thing
I know, may be the last: but grant we are knaves,
Both base and beastly knaves——

Mal. Say so then.

Lav. Well.

La-P. And likewise let it be consider'd, we have wronged,
And most maliciously, this gentlewoman
We cast to stay with, what must we expect now?

Mal. Ay, there's the point; we would expect good eating.

La-P. I know we would, but we may find good beating.

Lav. You say true, gentlemen; and, by my soul,
Though I love meat as well as any man,
I care not what he be, if 'a eat a' God's name;[8]

[7] *Meach.*] The word is variously spelt. See vol. II. p. 236.—Ed. 1778.
In the text, the word means *lurk.* Mason, who did not know this common signification, would read, very tamely—*mess* here.

[8] *If a eat a God's name.*] The sense requires us to read, *If a* BEAT *a God's name.*—Ed. 1778.
The editors found this passage sense, and amended it into non-

Such crab-sauce to my meat will turn my palate.
Mal. There's all the hazard; for the frozen Montague
Has now got spring again and warmth in him,
And, without doubt, dares beat us terribly.
For, not to mince the matter, we are cowards,
And have, and shall be beaten, when men please
To call us into cudgelling.
La-P. I feel
We are very prone that way.
Lav. The sons of Adam.
La-P. Now, here then rests the state o' th' question;
Whether we yield our bodies for a dinner
To a sound dog-whip (for, I promise ye,
If men be given to correction,
We can expect no less,) or quietly
Take a hard egg or two, and ten mile hence
Bait in a ditch? this we may do securely;
For, to stay hereabout will be all one,
If once our moral mischiefs come in memory.
Mal. But, pray ye hear me: Is not this the day
The virgin lady doth elect her husband?
Lav. The dinner is to that end.
Mal. Very well then;
Say we all stay, and say we all 'scape this whipping,
And be well entertain'd, and one of us
Carry the lady!
La-P. 'Tis a seemly saying,
I must confess; but if we stay, how fitly
We may apply it to ourselves (i' th' end)
Will ask a Christian fear: I cannot see,
If I say true, what special ornaments
Of art or nature (lay aside our lying,

sense. The old reading means, "If he eats *fairly*, without the devil to help him."—*Mason*.

Whoring, and drinking, which are no great virtues)
We are endued withal, to win this lady.

Mal. Yet women go not by the best parts ever;
That I have found directly.

Lav. Why should we fear then?
They chuse men as they feed: Sometimes they settle
Upon a white-broth'd face, a sweet smooth gallant,
And him they make an end of in a night;
Sometimes a goose; sometimes a grosser meat,
A rump of beef, will serve 'em at some season,
And fill their bellies too, though without doubt
They are great devourers; stock-fish is a dish,
If it be well dressed, for the toughness' sake,
Will make the proudest of 'em long and leap for't;
They'll run mad for a pudding, ere they'll starve.

La-P. For my own part, I care not, come what can come;
If I be whipt, why so be it! if cudgell'd,
I hope I shall out-live it: I am sure
'Tis not the hundredth time I have been served so,
And yet, I thank God, I'm here.

Mal. Here's resolution!

La-P. A little patience, and a rotten apple,
Cures twenty worse diseases: What say you, sir?

Lav. Marry, I say, sir, if I had been acquainted
With lamming[9] in my youth, as you have been,
With whipping, and such benefits of nature,
I should do better; as I am, I'll venture:
And if it be my luck to have the lady,
I'll use my fortune modestly; if beaten,
You shall not hear a word; one I am sure of,
And if the worst fall, she shall be my physic.
Let's go then, and a merry wind be with us!

[9] *Lamming.*] i. e. *beating.*—Mason.

Mal. Captain, your shoes are old; pray put 'em off,
And let one fling 'em after us.[1] Be bold, sirs;
And howsoe'er our fortune falls, let's bear
An equal burden! if there be an odd lash,
We'll part it afterwards.

La-P. I am arm'd at all points. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Another in the same.

Enter four Servants, with a Banquet.

1 *Serv.* Then my lady will have a bedfellow to-night?

2 *Serv.* So she says: Heaven, what a dainty arm-full
Shall he enjoy, that has the launching of her!
What a fight she will make!

3 *Serv.* Ay, marry, boys,
There will be sport indeed! there will be grappling!
She has a murderer[2] lies in her prow,
I am afraid will fright his main-mast, Robin.

[1] *Captain, your shoes are old; pray put 'em off,*
And let one fling 'em after us.] In order to produce good-luck; an idea still prevalent among the vulgar. See the Wild Goose Chase, vol. X. Act II. Sc. I.

[2] *Murderer.*] See vol. V. p. 279.

4 *Serv.* Who dost thou think shall have her, of thy conscience?
Thou art a wise man.
3 *Serv.* If she go the old way,
The way of lot, the longest cut sweeps all
Without question.
1 *Serv.* She has lost a friend of me else.
What think you of the courtier?
2 *Serv.* Hang him, hedge-hog!
He has nothing in him but a piece of Euphues,[3]
And twenty dozen of twelvepenny ribband, all
About him; he is but one pedlar's shop
Of gloves and garters, pick-teeth and pomander.[4]
3 *Serv.* The courtier! marry, God bless her, Steven, she is not
Mad yet; she knows that trindle-tail[5] too well;
He's crest-fall'n, and pin buttock'd, with leaping laundresses.
4 *Serv.* The merchant? sure she will not be so base
To have him.
1 *Serv.* I hope so; Robin, he'll sell us all

[3] *A piece of* Euphues.] *Euphues*, or the *Anatomy of Wit*, was the title of a romance wrote by Lilly, author of several plays in Queen Elizabeth's reign. His style was stiff, pedantic, and affected, but was in such vogue, that Mr Blount, who published six of his plays, says, that Lilly's *Euphues* and his *England* taught the court a new language, and the lady who could not *parle Euphuism* was as little regarded as she that now there speaks not French. Here is a banter upon the court for this practice; but it would much have improved it if Laverdine had frequently made use of this affected style, and *Euphuism* had made part of his character through the whole play. The account of Lilly is taken from Mr Dodsley's preface to his Collection of Old Plays, and Mr Sympson quotes it also from Langbain.—*Seward.*

[4] *Pomander.*] See vol. V. p. 387.

[5] *Trindle-tail.*] A vulgar kind of dog, often mentioned, and applied as a term of contempt in old plays. See vol. VIII. p. 431.

To the Moors to make mummy. Nor the captain?
4 *Serv.* Who? potgun? that's a sweet youth, indeed!
Will he stay, think ye?
3 *Serv.* Yes, without question,
And have half dined too ere the grace be done.
He's good for nothing in the world but eating,
Lying, and sleeping; what other men devour
In drink he takes in pottage: They say he has been
At sea; a herring-fishing, for without doubt
He dares not hail an eelboat, i' th' way of war.
2 *Serv.* I think so; they would beat him off with butter.
3 *Serv.* When he brings in a prize, unless it be
Cockles, or Calais sand [6] to scour with,
I'll renounce my five mark a-year,
And all the hidden art I have in carving,
To teach young birds to whistle Walsingham: [7]
Leave him to the lime-boats! Now what think you

[6] *Calais sand.*] This article is still cried about the streets of Bath by ragged boys and girls, and probably no further allusion is intended in the following passag of Albumazar, which Mr Reed has referred to a custom of going over to Calais to fight duels beyond the reach of the English law:—

> "If we concur in all, write a formal challenge,
> And bring thy second: meanwhile I make provision
> Of *Calais sand*, to fight upon securely."

[7] *To whistle* Walsingham.] *Walsingham*, in Norfolk, a place formerly famous for the pilgrimages to the rood, or cross, of Our Lady there.—*Reed.*

Walsingham was a popular tune at the time, which is also mentioned in some satirical lines on the Earl of Salisbury, in Osborne's Traditional Memoirs—

> "Many a hornpipe he tuned to his Phyllis,
> And sweetly sung *Walsingham* to's Amaryllis."

Of the brave Amiens?

1 *Serv.* That's a thought indeed.

2 *Serv.* Ay, marry, there's a person fit to feed
Upon a dish so dainty; and he'll do't,
I warrant him, i' th' nick, boys; he has a body
World without end.

4 *Serv.* And such a one my lady
Will make no little of. But is not Montague
Married to-day?

3 *Serv.* Yes, 'faith, honest Montague
Must have his bout too.

2 *Serv.* He's as good a lad
As ever turn'd a trencher: Must we leave him?

3 *Serv.* He's too good for us, Steven. I'll give him health
To his good luck to-night in the old beaker,
And it shall be sack too.

4 *Serv.* I must have a garter;
And, boys, I have bespoke a posset; somebody
Shall give me thanks for't! 't has a few toys in't
Will raise commotions in a bed, lad.

1 *Serv.* Away! my lady. [*Exeunt.*

Enter ORLEANS *and Duchess, arm in arm,* AMIENS, LAMIRA, CHARLOTTE *like a Bride,* MONTAGUE *brave,*[8] LAVERDINE, LONGUEVILLE, DUBOIS, MALLICORN, *and* LA-POOP.

Lam. Seat yourselves, noble lords and gentlemen;

Perhaps the tune was set to the beautiful ballad, printed by Dr Percy, beginning,

> "Gentle heardsman, tell to me,
> Of curtesy I thee pray,
> Unto the town of *Walsingham*,
> Which is the right and ready way."

[8] *Brave.*] That is, bravely or gorgeously apparelled.

You know your places. Many royal welcomes
I give your grace! How lovely shews this change!
My house is honoured in this reconcilement.

Orl. Thus, madam, must you do;
My lady now shall see you made a woman,
And give you some short lessons for your voyage.
Take her instructions, lady; she knows much.

Lam. This becomes you, sir.

Duch. My lord must have his will.

Orl. 'Tis all I can do now, sweetheart. Fair lady,
This to your happy choice!—Brother Amiens,
You are the man I mean it to.

Ami. I'll pledge you.

Orl. And with my heart.

Ami. With all my love I take it.

Lam. Noble lords,
I am proud ye have done this day so much content,
And me such estimation, that this hour
(In this poor house) shall be a league for ever:
For so I know ye mean it.

Ami. I do, lady.

Orl. And I, my lord.

All. You have done a work of honour.

Ami. Give me the cup! where this health stops, let that man
Be either very sick or very simple;
Or I am very angry.—Sir, to you!—
Madam, methinks this gentleman might sit too;
He would become the best on's.

Orl. Pray sit down, sir:
I know the lady of the feast expects not
This day so much old custom.

Lam. Sit down, Montague!
Nay, never blush for the matter.

Mont. Noble madam,
I have two reasons against it, and I dare not:
Duty to you first, as you are my lady,

And I your poorest servant; next, the custom
Of this day's ceremony.

Lam. As you are my servant,
I may command you then?

Mont. To my life, lady.

Lam. Sit down, and here! I'll have it so.

Ami. Sit down, man;
Never refuse so fair a lady's offer.

Mont. It is your pleasure, madam, not my pride,
And I obey.—I'll pledge you now, my lord.
Monsieur Longueville! [*Drinks.*

Long. I thank you, sir.

Mont. This to my lady,
And her fair choice to-day, and happiness!

Long. 'Tis a fair health; I'll pledge you though I sink for't.

Lam. Montague, you are too modest: Come, I'll add
A little more wine to you; 'twill make you merry.
This to the good I wish [you]!

Mont. Honoured lady,
I shall forget myself with this great bounty.

Lam. You shall not, sir.—Give me some wine

Ami. By Heaven,
You are a worthy woman; and that man
Is blest can come near such a lady.

Lam. Such a blessing
Wet weather washes.[9]

[9] *Such a blessing wet weather* washes.] I believe an extreme genteel answer of Lamira's has been turned into absolute nonsense in all the editions by the odd connection of the printer's or transcriber's ideas between *wet weather and washing*. Instead of receiving Amiens's compliment in the sense he meant it, of the man being blest who should *come near*, i. e. marry and enjoy Lamira, she answers, a traveller caught in a shower of rain might indeed *wish* such a blessing, *i. e.* of coming near me, as I have a warm hou-

Mont. At all! I will not go
A lip less, my lord.
Orl. 'Tis well cast, sir.
Mal. If Montague get more wine, we are like to hear of it.
Lav. I do not like that sitting there.
Mal. Nor I;
Methinks he looks like a judge.
La-P. Now have I
A kind of grudging of a beating on me;
I fear my hot fit.
Mal. Drink apace; there's nothing
Allays a cudgel like it.
Lam. Montague, now
I'll put my choice to you: Who do you hold,
In all this honoured company, a husband
Fit to enjoy thy lady? speak directly.
Mont. Shall I speak, madam?
Lam. Montague, you shall.
Mont. Then, as I have a soul, I'll speak my conscience.
Give me more wine! in *vino veritas:*
Here's to myself,[1] and—Montague, have a care!

to receive him. 'Tis the great excellency of poetry to express this so concisely by personating *wet weather*, and making that instead of the traveller be the *wisher* of this blessing. But this being probably above the transcriber's reach, he altered it into the nonsensical reading of the late text.—*Seward.*

I have preserved this "extreme genteel" note, as it cannot fail to amuse the reader, though it is throughout stark nonsense. Lamira says—"Coming near her is such a blessing as wet weather washes," that is, nothing beyond what is common. The phrase is proverbial.

[1] *Here's to myself, and,* Montague, *have a care.*] This whole line has been hitherto given to Montague, not sure with much propriety. It is much more so to make Lamira check him, and this is a reason for his immediately quitting his self-recommendation. ---*Seward.*

Lam. Speak to the cause.
Mont. Yes, madam.—
First, I'll begin to thee!
Lav. Have at us!
La-P. Now for a psalm of mercy!
Mont. You, good monsieur,
You that belie the noble name of *courtier*,
And think your claim good here, hold up your hand!
Your worship is indicted here for a vain-glorious fool——
Lav. Good! oh, sir!
Mont. For one whose wit
Lies in a ten-pound waistcoat, yet not warm.
You have travell'd like a fiddler to make faces,
And brought home nothing but a case of tooth-picks.[2]
You would be married, and no less than ladies,
And of the best sort, can serve you!—Thou silk-worm, [*To* MALLICORN.
What hast thou in thee to deserve this woman?
Name but the poorest piece of man, good manners,
There's nothing sound about thee; 'faith, thou hast none;
It lies pawn'd at thy silk-man's, for so much lace
Thy credit with his wife cannot redeem it;[3]
Thy clothes are all the soul thou hast, for so
Thou sav'st them handsome for the next great tilting,
Let who will take the other; thou wert never christened

It is surely much more delicate that he should check himself. Lamira does not seem to have any such intention.

[2] *Tooth-picks.*] See a note on the Queen of Corinth, vol. X. Act IV. Scene I.

[3] *Thy credit* with his wife *cannot*, &c.] First folio exhibits, *Thy credit* which is worse *cannot*, &c.—Ed. 1778.

(Upon my conscience) but in barber's water;
Thou art never out o' th' bason, thou art rotten,
And, if thou darest tell truth, thou wilt confess it;
——Thy skin [4]
Looks of a chesnut colour, greased with amber;
All women that on earth do dwell thou lovest,
Yet none that understand love thee again,
But those that love the spital. Get thee home,
Poor painted butterfly! thy summer's past.
Go, sweat, and eat dry mutton; thou may'st live
To do so well yet, a bruis'd chambermaid
May fall upon thee, and advance thy follies.
You have your sentence!—Now it follows, captain,
I treat of you.

La-P. Pray God I may deserve it!

Orl. Beshrew my heart, he speaks plain.

Ami. That's plain dealing.

Mont. You are a rascal, captain!

La-P. A fine calling.

Mont. A water-coward!

Ami. He would make a pretty stuff. [5]

Mont. May I speak freely, madam?

Lam. Here's none ties you.

Mont. Why shouldst thou dare come hither with a thought
To find a wife here fit for thee? are all
Thy single-money whores, that fed on carrots,
And fill'd the high grass with familiars,
Fallen off to footmen? Pr'ythee tell me truly,
(For now I know thou dar'st not lie) couldst thou not

[4] ——*Thy skin.*] Here again I suspect some omission to have taken place.

[5] Mont. *A water coward!*
Ami. *He would make a pretty stuff.*] Amiens puns upon such stuffs as camblets, silks, &c. being watered.

Wish thyself beaten well with all thy heart now,
And out of pain? say that I broke a rib,
Or cut thy nose off, were't not merciful
For this ambition?

La-P. Do your pleasure, sir;
Beggars must not be chusers.

Orl. He longs for beating.

Mont. But that I have nobler thoughts possess my soul,
Than such brown biscuit, such a piece of dog-fish,
Such a most mangy mackrel-eater as thou art,
That dares do nothing that belongs to th' sea
But spew and catch rats, and fear men of war,
Though thou hast nothing in the world to lose
Aboard thee, but one piece of beef, one musquet
Without a cock for peace-sake, and a pitch-barrel—
I'll tell thee, if my time were not more precious
Than thus to lose it, I would rattle thee,
It may be beat thee, and thy pure fellow,
The merchant there of catskins, till my words,
Or blows, or both, made ye two branded wretches
To all the world hereafter! You would fain too
Venture your bills of lading for this lady:
What would you give now for her? Some five frail
Of rotten figs, good godson, would you not, sir?
Or a parrot that speaks High-Dutch? Can all thou ever saw'st
Of thine own fraughts from sea, or cozenage
(At which thou art as expert as the devil,)
Nay, sell thy soul for wealth too, as thou wilt do,
Forfeit thy friends, and raise a mint of money,
Make thee dream all these double could procure
A kiss from this good lady? Canst thou hope
She would lie with such a nook of hell as thou art,
And hatch young merchant-furies? Oh, ye dog-bolts!

That fear no hell but Dunkirk,[6] I shall see you
Serve in a lousy lime-boat, ere I die,
For mouldy cheese, and butter Billingsgate
Would not endure, or bring in rotten pippins
To cure blue eyes, and swear they came from China.

Lam. Vex 'em no more; alas, they shake!

Mont. Down quickly upon your marrow-bones, and thank this lady;
I would not leave you thus else! there are blankets,
And such delights for such knaves: But fear still!
'Twill be revenge enough to keep you waking.
Ye have no mind of marriage, ha' ye?

La-P. Surely no great mind now.

Mont. Nor you?

Mal. Nor I, I take it.

Mont. Two eager suitors!

Lav. 'Troth, 'tis wond'rous hot;
Heaven bless us from him!

Lam. You have told me, Montague,
Who are not fit to have me; let me know
The man you would point out for me.

Mont. There he sits;
My lord of Amiens, madam, is my choice:
He's noble every way, and worthy a wife
With all the dowries of——

Ami. Do you speak, sir,
Out of your friendship to me?

Mont. Yes, my lord,
And out of truth; for I could never flatter.

Ami I would not say how much I owe you for it,
For that were but a promise; but I'll thank you,

[6] *That fear no* God *but Dunkirk.*] So the first folio. The text is from the second, and either reading may serve. Dunkirk was at the time a noted place for privateers. So in The Second Part of the Honest Whore, by Dekkar:—"I warrant this precious wild villain, if he were put to't, would fight more desperately than sixteen Dunkerks."

As now I find you, in despite of fortune,
A fair and noble gentleman.

Lam. My lords,
I must confess the choice this man hath made
Is every way a great one, if not too great,
And no way to be slighted: Yet, because
We love to have our own eyes sometimes, now
Give me a little liberty to see
How I could fit myself, if I were put to't.

Ami. Madam, we must.

Lam. Are ye all agreed?

All. We be

Lam. Then, as I am a maid, I shall chuse here!
Montague, I must have thee.

Mont. Why, madam, I have learned to suffer more
Than you can (out of pity) mock me with,
This way especially.

Lam. Thou think'st I jest now;
But, by the love I bear thee, I will have thee!

Mont. If you could be so weak to love a fall'n man,
He must deserve more than I ever can,
Or ever shall! Dear lady, look but this way
Upon that lord, and you will tell me then
Your eyes are no true chusers of good men.

Ami. Do you love him truly?

Lam. Yes, my lord:
I will obey him truly, for I'll marry him;
And justly think he that has so well served me
With his obedience, being born to greatness,
Must use me nobly of necessity,
When I shall serve him.

Ami. 'Twere a deep sin to cross you.—Noble Montague,
I wish ye all content, and am as happy
In my friend's good as it were merely mine!

Mont. Your lordship does ill to give up your right!
I am not capable of this great goodness:
There sits my wife, that holds my troth.
Charl. I'll end all:
I woo'd you for my lady, and now give up my title.
Alas, poor wench, my aims are lower far.
Mont. How's this, sweetheart?
Lam. Sweetheart, 'tis so; the drift was mine, to hide
My purpose till it struck home.
All. Give you joy!
Lam. Pr'ythee leave wond'ring! by this kiss, I'll have thee!
Mont. Then, by this kiss, and this, I'll ever serve you!
Long. This gentleman and I, sir, must needs hope
Once more to follow you.
Mont. As friends and fellows;
Never as servants more.
Long. Dub. You make us happy!
Orl. Friend Montague, you have taught me so much honour,
I have found a fault in myself; but thus I'll purge
My conscience of it: The late land I took
By false play from you, with as much contrition[7]
And entireness of affection
To this most happy day, again I render:

[7] *The* late *land I took*
With as much contrition, and *entireness of*
Affection to this most happy day again, I render.] Seward reads—*As with* entireness of affection. *With* is an interpolation absolutely needless; the alteration of *and* to *as* is very plausible, and if old poets had written with as much attention to grammatical accuracy as those of the present day, it would certainly be proper to adopt the variation. But such accuracy it is vain to expect from the authors of that age.—"The *late* land I took," means, in the language of our authors, the land I lately took.

Be master of your own; forget my malice,
And make me worthy of your love, lord Montague!
Mont. You have won me, and honour to your name.
Mal. Since your lordship has begun good deeds, we'll follow.
Good sir, forgive us! We are now those men
Fear you for Goodness' sake: Those sums of money
Unjustly we detain from you, on your pardon
Shall be restored again, and we your servants.
La-P. You are very forward, sir! it seems you have money:
I pray you lay out; I'll pay you, or pray for you,
As the sea works.
Lav. Their penance, sir, I'll undertake, so please you
To grant me one concealment.[8]
Long. A right courtier,
Still a-begging.
Mont. What is it, sir?
Lav. A gentlewoman.
Mont. In my gift?
Lav. Yes, sir, in yours.
Mont. Why, bring her forth, and take her.
[*Exit* LAVERDINE.
Lam. What wench would he have?
Mont. Any wench, I think.

Enter LAVERDINE, *and* VERAMOUR *like a Woman.*

Lav. This is the gentlewoman.
Mont. 'Tis my page, sir.
Ver. No, sir; I am a poor disguised lady,
That like a page have followed you full long
For love, God wot.

[8] *Concealment.*] See a note on the Humorous Lieutenant, vol. III. p. 356.

All. A lady!

Lav. Yes, yes; 'tis a lady.

Mont. It may be so; and yet we have lain together,
But, by my troth, I never found her lady.

Duch. Why wore you boys' clothes?

Ver. I will tell you, madam;
I took example by two or three plays, that
Methought concerned me.

Mont. Why made you not me acquainted with it?

Ver. Indeed, sir, I knew it not myself,
Until this gentleman opened my dull eyes,
And by persuasion made me see it.

Ami. Could his power in words make such a change?

Ver. Yes;
As truly woman as yourself, my lord.

Lav. Why, but, hark you! are not you a woman?

Ver. If hands and face make it not evident,
You shall see more.

Mal. Breeches, breeches, Laverdine!

La-P. 'Tis not enough; women may wear those cases;
Search further, courtier.

All. Ha, ha, ha!

La-P. Oh, thou fresh-water gudgeon, wouldst thou come
To point of marriage with an ignoramus?
Thou shouldst have had her urine to the doctor's;
The foolishest physician could have made plain
The liquid Epicœne;[7] a blind man by the hand

[9] *The liquid* Epicœne.] There is great humour in this, which will escape those who are not acquainted with the technical words in grammar: the *Epicœne gender* is the *doubtful*, or where the sex is not distinguished. The adjective and substantive are therefore

Could have discovered the ring from the stone.—
Boy, come to sea with me; I'll teach thee to climb,
And come down by the rope, nay, to eat rats.

Ver I shall devour my master before the prison then;[1]
Sir, I have began my trade.

Mal. Trade! to the city, child:
A flat cap will become thee.

Mont. Gentlemen,
I beseech you molest yourselves no further
For his preferment; 'tis determined.

Lav. I am much ashamed; and if my cheek
Gives not satisfaction, break my head.

Mont. Your shame's enough, sir.

Ami. Montague,
Much joy attend thy marriage-bed! By thy
Example of true goodness, Envy is exiled;
And to all honest men that truth intend,
I wish good luck! fair Fate be still thy friend!

[*Exeunt.*

jocosely inverted, and the *liquid Epicœne* is the same as the *dubious liquid.*—Seward.

We do not remember meeting with a stranger observation than is contained in the above note.—Ed. 1778.

[1] *I shall devour my master before the prison then.*] This is a passage that has puzzled Mr Sympson and myself. He proposes to read *poison* for *prison*, but he owns himself not satisfied with the change; nor indeed, do I see what advance towards sense we can make by it. I am very far from being satisfied with what I am going to propose. It is very clear, that Veramour designs to call La-Poop a *rat*, and his natural answer should be, "—I shall then devour my master the first of all his crew." I read, therefore,

——— *before* his prisoners *then.*

The *rats* of the ship may be called such.—*Seward.*

The meaning may possibly be,—"I shall devour my master (a rat) before the prison (a trap) devours him." The expression may have been proverbial.

UPON

AN HONEST MAN'S FORTUNE.[2]

BY

MR JOHN FLETCHER.

You that can look through Heaven, and tell the stars,
Observe their kind conjunctions, and their wars;
Find out new lights, and give them where you please,
To those men honours, pleasures, to those ease;
You that are God's surveyors, and can shew
How far, and when, and why the wind doth blow;
Know all the charges of the dreadful thunder,
And when it will shoot over, or fall under;
Tell me, by all your art I conjure ye,
Yes, and by truth, what shall become of me?
Find out my star, if each one, as you say,
Have his peculiar angel, and his way;[3]

[2] These verses are in all former editions printed at the end of the comedy of *The Honest Man's Fortune:* As they have not the least reference to that play, we have chose to place them here.—Ed. 1778.

As the title-page evidently refers to this comedy, and as the poem seems to be a moralization on the subject of it, I have replaced these lines in the same situation they occupied before the last edition, in which they were transferred to the end of the commendatory poems in vol. I.

[3] *Have his peculiar angel, and his* way.] *Way*, in its common acceptation, is not nonsense; it may signify his *path of life mark'd out to him by the stars.* But Mr Sympson thinks it certainly corrupt, and conjectures first *fay*, which, he says, signifies *spirit*, or *saie*, which, he says, though a very uncommon word, signifies *fate:* As he quotes no authority, I can only say, that I remember *fay* used by Spenser as the same with *fairy*, but none of my glossaries know such a word as *saie;* and if an obsolete word must be used, we need not depart at all from the trace

Observe my fate, next fall into your dreams,
Sweep clean your houses, and new-line your seams,
Then say your worst! Or have I none at all?
Or, is it burnt out lately? or did fall?
Or, am I poor? not able, no full flame?
My star, like me, unworthy of a name?
Is it, your art can only work on those
That deal with dangers, dignities, and clothes?
With love, or new opinions? You all lie!
A fish-wife hath a fate, and so have I;
But far above your finding! He that gives,
Out of his providence, to all that lives,
And no man knows his treasure, no, not you;
He that made Ægypt blind, from whence you grew
Scabby and lousy, that the world might see
Your calculations are as blind as ye;
He that made all the stars you daily read,
And from thence filch a knowledge how to feed,
Hath hid this from you; your conjectures all
Are drunken things, not how, but when they fall.
Man is his own star, and the soul that can
Render an honest and a perfect man,
Commands all light, all influence, all fate;
Nothing to him falls early, or too late.
Our acts our angels are, or good or ill,
Our fatal shadows that walk by us still;
And when the stars are labouring, we believe
It is not that they govern, but they grieve
For stubborn ignorance; all things that are
Made for our general uses, are at war,
Even we among ourselves; and from the strife,
Your first unlike opinions got a life.
Oh, man! thou image of thy Maker's good,[4]
What canst thou fear, when breath'd into thy blood

of the letters; for *wey* or *way* (the spelling of former ages, as well as the present, being extremely uncertain) may signify *fate*; the *weys* were the *fates* of the northern nations, from whence the Witches in Macbeth are called *weyward sisters*. See Mr Warburton's ingenious and learned note upon them.—*Seward.*

Way means nothing more nor less than way, or course, of life. All the rest of Seward's note is so antique, and so far-fetched, as to be utterly inapplicable to any author of Fletcher's age.

[4] —*Thou image of thy Maker's good.*] Mr Sympson would read,

—— *Thy Maker good;*

His spirit is, that built thee? what dull sense
Makes thee suspect, in need, that Providence,
Who made the morning, and who placed the light
Guide to thy labours; who call'd up the night,
And bid her fall upon thee like sweet showers
In hollow murmurs, to lock up thy powers;
Who gave thee knowledge, who so trusted thee,
To let thee grow so near himself, the tree;
Must he then be distrusted! shall his frame
Discourse with him, why thus and thus I am?
He made the angels thine, thy fellows all,
Nay, even thy servants, when devotions call.
Oh, canst thou be so stupid then, so dim,
To seek a saving influence, and lose him?
Can stars protect thee? or can poverty,
Which is the light to Heaven,[5] put out his eye?
He is my star, in him all truth I find,
All influence, all fate! and when my mind
Is furnish'd with his fullness, my poor story
Shall out-live all their age, and all their glory!
The hand of danger cannot fall amiss,
When I know what, and in whose power it is:
Nor want, the curse of man,[6] shall make me groan;
A holy hermit is a mind alone.
Doth not experience teach us, all we can,
To work ourselves into a glorious man?

but I see not sufficient reason for a change, since good men are, and all should endeavour to make themselves, *images of the goodness of God.* Nay, the man who banishes virtue from his soul, forfeits the only valuable likeness which he bears to his Maker.—*Seward.*

[5] ———— *Or can poverty,*
Which is the light to Heaven, put out his eye?] This poem has vast beauties; what Fletcher had often bantered in his comedies, the cheats of astrology (almost universally believed in his age) he now lashes with the spirit of a classic satirist, and the zeal of a Christian divine. But the line above, Mr Sympson says, *is sad stuff;* I own it a little obscure, but far from deserving that title. Poverty and affliction often bring men to a due sense of their own state, and to an entire dependence on their Creator, therefore may be considered as *lights* that often guide men to Heaven. Poets, whose imaginations are so full of sentiment as Shakspeare's and Fletcher's, do not always study perspicuity in their expressions so much as those of cooler dispositions.—*Seward.*

It is true, that *they do not always study perspicuity;* but *the light of Heaven* refers to *his eye,* not to *poverty.* This mode of construction is not uncommon with our Authors, and has often occasioned misinterpretations.—Ed. 1778.

[6] *The cause of man.*] Corrected in 1750

Love's but an exhalation to best eyes,
The matter spent, and then the fool's fire dies!
Were I in love, and could that bright star bring
Encrease to wealth, honour, and every thing;
Were she as perfect good as we can aim,
The first was so, and yet she lost the game.
My mistress, then, be Knowledge and fair Truth!
So I enjoy all beauty and all youth.
And though to Time her lights and laws she lends,
She knows no age that to corruption bends:
Friends' promises may lead me to believe,
But he that is his own friend, knows to live;
Affliction, when I know it is but this,
A deep allay, whereby man tougher is
To bear the hammer,[7] and, the deeper, still
We still arise more image of his will;
Sickness, an humorous cloud 'twixt us and light,
And death, at longest, but another night!
Man is his own star, and that soul that can
Be honest, is the only perfect man.

[7] *To hear the hammer.*] Seward falsely asserts, that this is the reading of the *former editions.*—Ed. 1778.
It is the reading of the second folio; the first is correct.

WIT AT SEVERAL WEAPONS.

BY

BEAUMONT & FLETCHER.

WIT AT SEVERAL WEAPONS.

THIS Comedy first appeared in the folio of 1647; and there can be little doubt that it was the joint production of Beaumont and Fletcher, as the epilogue, written for a revival, speaks decidedly of two authors, and seems to intimate that, according to tradition, the latter composed only one or two acts of the play. Sir William Davenant took the hint of the plot, and part of the characters of his comedy entitled the Wits, which first appeared on the stage in the year 1633, from this play; and Colley Cibber, in the beginning of the last century, brought out an alteration of it, under the title of The Rival Fools, which met with no success, and which is infinitely inferior in wit and humour to the original, though the laureate thus comments with strange self-sufficiency on the performance which he offered to the audience:

> " From sprightly Fletcher's loose confederate muse,
> The unfinished hints of these light scenes we chuse;
> For with such careless haste his play was writ,
> So unperused each thought of started wit;
> Each weapon of his wit so lamely fought,
> That 'twould as scanty on our stage be thought,
> As, for a modern belle my grannam's petticoat.
> So that from th' old we may with justice say,
> We scarce could cull the trimming of a play."

Wit at several Weapons is entirely formed on the Jonsonian school, with which it combines the bustle and multiplicity of incidents prevalent in the Spanish drama of the seventeenth century. It has ever been considered as a highly diverting performance, and is replete with wit and humour throughout. The

plot has few pretensions to great regularity, and the different scenes are not arranged with sufficient attention to the gradual progress towards the catastrophe; they rather exhibit a series of successive tricks, sometimes very loosely strung together. In as far as there are scarcely any serious scenes introduced, it may be regarded as a comedy far more pure than most of those written in that period, excepting always those of Ben Jonson.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Sir Perfidious Oldcraft, *an old knight, a great admirer of wit.*
Wittypate Oldcraft, *his father's own son.*
Sir Gregory Fop, *a witless lord of land.*
Cunningham, *a discreet gentleman, Sir Gregory's comrade and supplanter.*
Sir Ruinous Gentry, *a decay'd knight,* } *two sharking*
Priscian, *a poor scholar,* } *companions.*
Pompey Doodle, *a clown, Sir Gregory's man, a piece of puff-paste, like his master.*
Master Credulous, *nephew to Sir Perfidious, a shallow-brained scholar.*

Niece *to Sir Perfidious, a rich and witty heir.*
Lady Ruinous, *wife to Sir Ruinous.*
Guardianess *to Sir Perfidious his niece, an old doting crone.*
Mirabell, *the Guardianess's niece.*

SCENE,—London.

WIT AT SEVERAL WEAPONS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Room in Oldcraft's *House.*

Enter Sir Perfidious Oldcraft *and* Wittypate.

Witty. Sir, I'm no boy; I'm deep in one and twenty;
The second year's approaching.

Oldc. A fine time for
A youth to live by his wits then, I should think,
If e'er he mean to make account of any.

Witty. Wits, sir?

Oldc. Ay, wits, sir; if it be so strange to thee,
I'm sorry I spent that time to get a fool,
I might have employ'd my pains a great deal better:
Thou know'st all that I have I ha' got by my wits.
And yet to see how urgent thou art too!
It grieves me thou art so degenerate
To trouble me for means; I never offer'd it
My parents from a school-boy; past nineteen once,

(See what these times are grown to,) before twenty,
I rush'd into the world, which is indeed much like
The art of swimming, he that will attain to't
Must fall plump, and duck himself at first,
And that will make him hardy and adventurous;
And not stand putting in one foot, and shiver,
And then draw t'other after, like a quake-buttock;
Well he may make a padler i' the world,
From hand to mouth, but never a brave swimmer,
Borne up by th' chin, as I bore up myself,
With my strong industry that never fail'd me;
For he, that lies borne up with patrimonies,
Looks like a long great ass that swims with bladders:
Come but one prick of adverse fortune to him,
He sinks, because he never tried to swim,
When Wit plays with the billows that choak'd him.

Witty. Why, is it not a fashion for a father, sir,
Out of his yearly thousands to allow
His only son a competent brace of hundreds,
Or such a toy?

Oldc. Yes; if he mean to spoil him,
Or mar his wits, he may, but never I.
This is my humour, sir, which you'll find constant;
I love wit so well, because I lived by't, that I'll
Give no man power out of my means to hurt it,
And that's a kind of gratitude to my raiser,
Which great ones oft forget. I admire much
This age's dullness! When I scarce writ man,
The first degree that e'er I took in thriving,
I lay intelligencer close for wenching,
Could give this lord, or knight, a true certificate
Of all the maidenheads extant; how many lay
'Mongst chambermaids, how many 'mongst Exchange wenches,
(Though never many there, I must confess,
They have a trick to utter ware so fast;)

I knew which lady had a mind to fall,
Which gentlewoman new divorced, which tradesman breaking,
The price of every sinner to a hair,
And where to raise each price; which were the termers
That would give velvet petticoats,[1] tissue gowns,
Which pieces, angels, suppers, and half-crowns:
I knew how to match, and make my market;
Could give intelligence where the pox lay leger,[2]
And then to see the lechers shift a point
'Twas sport and profit too; how they would shun
Their adored mistress' chambers, and run fearfully,
Like rats from burning houses! so brought I
My clients o' the game still safe together,
And noble gamesters loved me, and I felt it.
Give me a man that lives by his wits, say I,
And's never left a groat! there's the true gallant.
When I grew somewhat pursy, I grew then
In men's opinions too, and confidences;
They put things call'd executorships upon me,
The charge of orphans, little senseless creatures,
Whom in their childhoods I bound forth to felt-makers,
To make 'em lose, and work away their gentry,
Disguise their tender natures with hard custom,

[1] — *which were the* termers
That would give velvet petticoats, &c.] *Termers*, in the present passage, may either mean lawyers during term time, or thieves. In the latter sense, the word occurs sometimes in old plays; and Dekker says—" Some of these boothalers are called *termers*, and they ply Westminster-Hall, Michaelmas-Term is their harvest, and they sweat it harder than reapers, or hay-makers, doe at their works in the heat of summer."—*Belman of London*, 1616, 4.

[2] — *leger*.] A leiger ambassador was a resident at a court, in contradistinction to extraordinary envoys, who were far more frequent at the time. The last edition reads silently—*lege*.

So wrought 'em out in time; there I rose un-
gently.
Nor do I fear to discourse this unto thee;
I'm arm'd at all points against treachery,
I hold my humour firm; if I can see thee thrive by
Thy wits while I live, I shall have the more cou-
rage
To trust thee with my lands when I die; if not,
The next best wit I can hear of, carries 'em:
For since in my time and knowledge so many rich
children
Of the city conclude in beggary, I'd rather
Make a wise stranger my executor
Than a foolish son my heir, and have my lands
call'd after
My wit than after my name; and that's my nature.

Witty 'Tis a strange harsh one! Must I still
shift then?—
I come, brave cheats! once to my trade again!
And I'll ply't harder now than e'er I did for't.—
You'll part with nothing then, sir?

Olde. Not a jot, sir.

Witty. If I should ask your blessing ere I go, sir,
I think you would not give't me.

Olde. Let me but hear thou livest by thy wits
once,
Thou shalt have any thing; thou'rt none of mine
else!
Then why should I take care for thee?

Witty Thank your bounty! [*Exit.*

Olde So wealth love me, and long life, I be-
seech it,
As I do love the man that lives by his wits,
He comes so near my nature! I'm grown old now,
And even arrived at my last cheat, I fear me;
But 'twill make shift to bury me, by day-light too,
And discharge all my legacies, 'tis so wealthy,

And never trouble any interest money.
I've yet a niece to wed, over whose steps
I have placed a trusty watchful Guardianess,
For fear some poor earl steal her ('t has been threaten'd)
To redeem mortgaged land, but he shall miss on't;
To prevent which, I have sought out a match for her,
Fop of Fop-Hall he writes himself, (I take it,
The ancient'st Fop in England,) with whom I'm privately
Compounded for the third part of her portion,
And she seems pleased; so two parts rest with me.

Enter Sir GREGORY FOP *and* CUNNINGHAM.

He's come.—Sir Gregory, welcome! What's he, sir?

Greg. Young Cunningham, a Norfolk gentleman,
One that has lived upon the Fops, my kindred,
Ever since my remembrance. He's a wit indeed,
And we all strive to have him; nay, 'tis certain
Some of our name has gone to law for him.
Now 'tis my turn to keep him; and indeed
He's plaguy chargeable, as all your wits are:
But I will give him over when I list;
I ha' used wits so before.

Olde. I hope when you're married, sir,
You'll shake him off.

Greg. Why, what do you take me to be,
Old father-i'-law that shall be?[3] Do you think

[3] *Old father-i'-law that shall be.*] But that 'tis plain he never could be. The mistaking of one letter for another is very usual; but here the editor has made a greater slip, and has changed one word for another. *Uncle-in-law* is what Sir Gregory designs to

I'll have any of the wits hang upon me after I'm
married once?
None of my kindred ever had before me.
But where's this niece? Is it a fashion in London
To marry a woman, and never see her?
Oldc. Excuse the niceness, sir! that care's your
friend;
Perhaps, had she been seen, you had never seen
her:
There's many a spent thing, call'd *An't like your
honour*,
That lies in wait for her: At first snap she's a
countess,
Drawn with six mares through Fleet-street, and
a coachman,
Sitting bareheaded to their Flanders buttocks.—
This whets him on. [*Aside.*
Greg. Pray let's clap up the business, sir!
I long to see her. Are you sure you have her?
Is she not there already? Hark, oh, hark!
Oldc. How now? what's that, sir?

call him. So in this act a little lower, the old knight says to Sir Gregory,

"*Tush,* nephew, *I'll call you so,*"——

and in act the third Sir Gregory says to him,

"*It's as fine a noise,* uncle, *as heart can wish.*"—Sympson.

We believe the text genuine, and the slip perhaps intentional.—Ed. 1778.

The different terms of relationship were applied with great uncertainty. In Mayne's Amorous War for instance, *niece* is used for granddaughter:

"——— What makes
The Queen o' th' Amazons among you?
Callias. What made
Her *grandmother* in Alexander's army?
She comes to shew herself her *niece*, to fight,
And to have Amazons begot upon her."

See Women Pleased, vol. IX. p. 274, 291.

Greg. Every caroch goes by,
Goes even to th' heart of me.

Oldc. I'll have that doubt eased, sir,
Instantly eased, Sir Gregory: And, now I think on't,
A toy comes i' my mind, seeing your friend there;
We'll have a little sport, give you but way to't,
And put a trick upon her; I love wit preciously!
You shall not be seen yet; we'll stale your friend first,
If't please but him to stand for th' anti-masque.[5]

Greg. Puh, he shall stand for any thing (why his supper
Lies i' my breeches here;) I'll make him fast else.

Oldc. Then come you forth more unexpectedly,
The masque itself, a thousand a-year jointure:
The cloud, your friend, will be then drawn away,
And only you the beauty of the play.

Greg. For red and black, I'll put down all your fullers;
Let but your niece bring white, and we have three colours. [*Exit* GREGORY.

Oldc. I'm given to understand you are a wit, sir.

Cunn. I'm one that fortune shews small favour to, sir.

Oldc. Why, there you conclude it, whether you will or no, sir.
To tell you truth, I'm taken with a wit.

[5] *Antimasque*] This, I believe, properly means *a masque of antics*.—Whalley.

In general, the antimasque consisted of persons who were attired in various dresses, and who merely danced, but without speaking, as the real masquers did. Hence Oldcraft says, that Cunningham shall merely perform the antimasque, and Sir Gregory the real masque. I do not believe that antimasque was derived from antic masquers.

Cunn. Fowlers catch woodcocks so; let not them know so much!

Oldc. A pestilence mazard! a Duke Humphrey spark, [*Aside.*

He had rather lose his dinner than his jest![5]—

[5] *A pestilent* mazard! *A* Duke Humphrey *spark,*
He had rather lose his dinner *than his jest.*] *Mazard,* or *mazer,* is still a usual term among the vulgar for the *face.* In old books, it, however, generally meant the head. So in All Fools by Chapman:

"———— In thy amorous conquests at the last,
Some wound will slice your *mazer.*"

To dine with Duke Humphrey was a usual phrase, which is alluded to in the text, and was applied to poor gallants, who, not being able to procure a dinner, affected to ramble in St Paul's. One of the aisles there was called Duke Humphrey's Walk, from a monument supposed to be that duke's, but in reality Sir John Beauchamp's, who was buried in 1358 Bishop Hall thus characterizes a Duke Humphrey spark, book III. satire VII.—

"Seest thou how gayly my young maister goes,
Vaunting himself upon his rising toes;
And pranks his hand upon his dagger's side;
And picks his glutted teeth since late noon-tide?
'Tis Ruffio: trow'st thou where he dined to-day?
In sooth I saw him sit with *Duke Humphrey.*"

Again, in an old recommendatory poem,

"Ye dayly wayters on *Duke Humphrey's* table,
And hourly walkers by *D. Humphrey's* shrine,
If that for meagre famine yee be able
Right to peruse a wel-pen'd witty line,
Wait—walk no more, on his table—by his shrine—
But with Duke Humphrey's legend, gentiles, dine."

Weever's Poem before Middleton's Legend of Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester. 1606.

Again in Quodlibet's lately come over from New Bretaniola, Old Newfoundland, by Robert Hayman, 1628, the 35th epigram to Sir Pierce Pennyless runs thus —

"Though little coyne thy purse-less pocket lyne,
Yet with great company thou art ta'en up,

I say, I love a wit the best of all things.

Cunn. Always except yourself.

Oldc. He has given't me twice now
All with a breath, I thank him! But that I love a wit,
I should be heartily angry.

Enter Niece and Guardianess.

Cuds, my Niece!
You know the business with her?

Cunn. With a woman?
'Tis even the very same it was, I'm sure,
Five thousand years ago, no fool can miss it.

Oldc. This is the gentleman I promised, Niece,
To present to your affection.

Cunn. 'Ware that arrow!

Oldc. Deliver me the truth now of your liking.

Cunn. I'm spoil'd already; that such poor lean game
Should be found out as I am!

Oldc. Go, set to her, sir.—Ha, ha, ha!

Cunn. How noble is this virtue in you, lady!
Your eye may seem to commit a thousand slaughters
On your dull servants, which, truly tasted,
Conclude all in comforts.

Oldc. Puh!

Niece. It rather shews what a true worth can make,
Such as yours is.

Oldc. And that's not worth a groat.—

For often with *Duke Humphrey* thou dost dine,
And often with Sir Thomas Gresham sup."

That is, in the Exchange, a fashionable walk as well as St Paul's,

How like you him, Niece?
Niece. It shall appear how well, sir:
I humbly thank you for him.
Oldc. Ha, ha! good gullery! he does it well, i'faith.
'Light, as if he meant to purchase Lip-land there:
Hold, hold! bear off, I say!
'Slid, your part hangs too long.
Cunn. My joys are mockeries.
Niece. You have both express'd a worthy care and love, sir:
Had mine own eye been set at liberty
To make a public choice, (believe my truth, sir,)
It could not ha' done better for my heart
Than your good providence has.
Oldc. You will say so then!
Alas, sweet Niece, all this is but the scabbard;
Now I draw forth the weapon.
Niece. How!
Oldc. Sir Gregory!
Approach, thou lad of thousands!

Enter Sir GREGORY.

Greg. Who calls me?
Niece. What motion's this? the model of Niniveh?[6]

[6] *What* motion's *this? the model of Nineveh?*] The *model of Nineveh* appears to have been a puppet-show in great repute in the time of our authors. It is mentioned in the old comedy of Every Woman in Her Humour, 1609, quarto, signature H. "I have seen the city of New *Nineveh*, and Julius Cæsar, acted by mammets."—Ed. 1778.

In Ben Jonson's Bartholomew Fair, the master of the motion says,—"O the *motions* that I Lanthorn Leatherhead have given light to in my time, since Master Pod died! Jerusalem was a stately thing, and so was *Ninevè*, and the city of Norwich, and

Oldc. Accost her daintily now, let me advise thee!

Greg. I was advised to bestow dainty cost on you.

Niece. You were ill-advised; back, and take better counsel!

You may have good for an angel: The least cost
You can bestow upon a woman, sir,
Trebles ten counsellor's fees; in lady-ware,
You're over head and ears, ere you be aware.
'Faith, keep a bachelor still, and go to bowls, sir,
Follow your mistress there, and prick and save, sir!
For other mistresses will make you a slave, sir.

Greg. So, so! I have my lerrepoop already.[7]

Oldc. Why, how now, Niece? this is the man, I tell you!

Niece. He? hang him! Sir, I know you do but mock;

This is the man, you would say.

Oldc. The devil rides, I think!

Cunn. I must use cunning here. [*Aside.*

Oldc. Make me not mad! use him with all respect!

This is the man, I swear.

Niece. 'Would you could persuade me to that!

Alas, you cannot go beyond me, uncle:
You carry a jest well, I must confess,
For a man of your years; but——

Oldc. I'm wrought beside myself!

Cunn. [*To the Guardianess.*] I ne'er beheld comeliness till this minute.

Sodom and Gomorrah; with the rising of the prentices, and pulling down the bawdy houses there upon Shrove-Tuesday; but the Gun-Powder Plot, there was a get penny! I have presented it to an eighteen or twenty-penny audience nine times in an afternoon."—Act V. Scene I.

[7] *So, so! I have my* lerrepoop *already.*] See vol. V. p. 430. Sir Gregory is alluding to the unceasing loquacity of which women are sometimes accused.

Guard. Oh, good sweet sir, pray offer not these words
To an old gentlewoman!

Niece. Sir!

Cunn. Away, fifteen!
Here's fifty-one exceeds thee.

Niece. What's the business?

Cunn. Give me these motherly creatures! Come, ne'er smother it;
I know you are a teeming woman yet.

Guard. 'Troth, a young gentleman might do much, I think, sir.

Cunn. Go to then.

Guard. And I should play my part, or I were ingrateful.

Niece. Can you so soon neglect me?

Cunn. Hence! I'm busy.

[*Whispers with the Guardianess.*

Oldc. This cross point came in luckily.—Impudent baggage,
Hang from the gentleman! art thou not ashamed
To be a widow's hindrance?

Cunn. Are you angry, sir?

Oldc. You're welcome! pray court on: I shall desire
Your honest wise acquaintance.—Vex me not,
After my care and pains to find a match for thee,
Lest I confine thy life to some out-chamber,
Where thou shalt waste the sweetness of thy youth,
Like a consuming light in her own socket,
And not allow'd a male-creature about thee!
A very monkey, thy necessity
Shall prize at a thousand pound; a chimney-sweeper
At fifteen hundred.

Niece. But are you serious, uncle?

Oldc. Serious.

Niece. Pray let me look upon the gentleman
With more heed! then I did but hum him over,
In haste, 'good faith, as lawyers chancery sheets.—
Beshrew my blood, a tolerable man,
Now I distinctly read him!

Greg. Hum, hum, hum!

Niece. Say he be black, he's of a very good pitch;
Well-ankled, two good confident calves, they look
As if they would not shrink at the ninth child;
The redness in the face—why, that's in fashion,
Most of your high bloods have it; [a] sign of greatness, marry;
'Tis to be taken down too with May-butter:
I'll send to my lady Spend-tail for her medicine.

Greg. Lum te dum, dum, dum, de dum! [*Hums.*

Niece. He's qualified too, believe me.

Greg. Lum te dum, de dum, de dum!

Niece. Where was my judgment?

Greg. Lum te dum, dum, dum, te dum, te dum!

Niece. Perfection's cover'd mess.

Greg. Lum te dum, te dum, te dum!

Niece. [*Aside.*] It smokes apparently.—Pardon, sweet sir,
The error of my sex!

Oldc. Why, well said, Niece!
Upon submission, you must pardon her now, sir.

Greg. I'll do't by course: Do you think I am an ass, knight?
Here's first my hand; now it goes to the seal-office. [*Kisses her.*

Oldc. Formally finish'd!—How goes this suit forward?

Cunn. I'm taking measure of the widow's mind, sir;
I hope to fit her heart.

Guard. Who would have dreamt
Of a young morsel now? Things come in minutes!
Greg. Trust him not, widow; he's a younger brother,
He'll swear and lie; believe me, he's worth nothing.
Guard. He brings more content to a woman with that nothing,
Than he that brings his thousands without any thing;
We have precedents for that amongst great ladies.
Oldc. Come, come! no language now shall be in fashion
But your love-phrase, the bell to procreation.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Street.

Enter Sir RUINOUS GENTRY, WITTYPATE, *and* PRISCIAN, *disguised.*

Witty. Pox, there's nothing puts me besides my wits, but this fourth, this lay illiterate share; there's no conscience in't.

Ruin. Sir, it has ever been so where I have practised, and must be still where I am. Nor has it been undeserved at the year's end, and shuffle the almanack together, vacations and term-times, one with another; though I say't, my wife is a woman of a good spirit; then it is no lay-share.

Pris. 'Faith, for this five year, *ego possum pro-*

bare, I have had a hungry penurious share with 'em, and she has had as much as I always.

Witty. Present, or not present?

Pris. *Residens aut non residens, per fidem!*

Witty. And what precedent's this for me? because your *hic et hæc, turpis* and *qui mihi discipulus* brains (that never got any thing but by accidence and uncertainty) did allow it, therefore I must, that have grounded conclusions of wit, hereditary rules from my father, to get by?

Ruin. Sir, be compendious; either take or refuse: I will 'bate no token of my wife's share; make even the last reckonings, and either so unite, or here divide company.

Pris. A good resolution *profecto!* let every man beg his own way, and happy man be his dole![8]

Witty. Well, here's your double share, and single brains, *Pol, ædipol*, here's toward; a *castor ecastor* for you! I will endure it a fortnight longer, but by these just five ends[9]——

Pris. Take heed! five's odd; put both hands together, or severally they are all odd unjust ends.

Witty. *Medius fidius*, hold your tongue! I depose you from half a share presently else: I will make you a participle, and decline you;[1] now you understand me! Be you a quiet conjunction amongst the undeclined; you and your Latin ends shall go shift, *solus cum solo*, together else; and

[8] *Happy man be his dole.*] A proverbial expression enumerated in Ray's Collection, and occurring in The Merry Wives of Windsor, and many other old plays.

[9] *By these* five *ends.*] His fingers.

[1] *I will make you a participle, and* decline *you.*] To *decline* means, in a grammatical sense, to modify by various terminations; it also means to degrade. Wittypate uses it in both these senses. —*Mason.*

then if ever they get ends of gold and silver, enough to serve that gerundine maw of yours, that without *do* will end in *di* and *dum* instantly—

Enter OLDCRAFT *and Sir* GREGORY.

Ruin. Enough, enough! Here comes company! we lose five shares in wrangling about one.

Witty. My father? Put on, Priscian! he has Latin fragments too; but I fear him not! I'll case my face with a little more hair, and relieve.

[*Pulls his hair over his face, and stands apart.*

Oldc. Tush, nephew! I'll call you so, for if there be
No other obstacles than those you speak of,
They are but powder charges without pellets;
You may safely front 'em, and warrant your own danger.

Greg. No other that I can perceive, i'faith, sir: for I put her to't, and felt her as far as I could; and the strongest repulse was, she said, she would have a little soldier in me, that, if need were, I should defend her reputation.

Oldc. And surely, sir, that is a principle
Amongst your principal ladies: They require
Valour either in a friend or a husband.

Greg. And I allow their requests i'faith, as well as any woman's heart can desire: If I knew where to get valour, I would as willingly entertain it as any man that blows.

Oldc. Breathes, breathes, sir; that's the sweeter phrase.

Greg. Blows for a soldier, i'faith, sir! and I'm in practice that way.

Oldc. For a soldier I grant it.

Greg. 'Slid! I'll swallow some bullets, and good round ones too, but I'll have a little soldier in me.

Ruin. Will you on and beg, or steal and be hanged? [*Aside to his Comrades.*

Greg. And some scholar she would have me besides.

Oldc. Tush, that shall be no bar;[2] it is a quality in a gentleman, but of the least question.

Pris. *Salvete, domini benignissimi, munificentissimi!*

Oldc. *Salvete dicis ad nos? jubeo te salvere!* Nay, sir, we have Latin, and other metal in us too, sir.—You shall see me talk with this fellow now.

Greg. I could find in my heart to talk with him too, if I could understand him.

Pris. *Charissimi,*[3] *doctissimique, domini, ex abundantiâ charitatis vestræ estote propitii in me juvenem miserum, pauperem, et omni consolatione exulem!*

Oldc. A pretty scholar, by my faith, sir! but I'll to him again.

Greg. Does he beg or steal in this language, can you tell, sir? He may take away my good name from me, and I ne'er the wiser.

Oldc. He begs, he begs, sir.

Pris. *Ecce, ecce, in oculis lachrymarum flumen!*

[2] Greg. *And some scholar she would have me besides,*
Tush, that shall be no bar, &c.] The impropriety of making *Sir Gregory* both tell the tale and give the answer, inclined me to prefix *Oldcraft* before *Tush, that shall,* &c.—*Sympson.*

[3] Pris. *Charissimi, doctissimique, domini, ex abundantia*
Charitatis vestræ estote propitii in me jejunum
Miserum.] *Clarissimi* I prefer to *charissimi.* *Jejunum* too I can by no means approve, though sense, because it is only an arbitrary reading of the editor of the copy of 1679. That of 1647 represents the passage thus: *estote propitii in me* junenem, which, though not sense, because not Latin, will yet be the hand-maid to lead us to what might very possibly have been the original reading; and that with no more trouble than turning of an *n* into a *u*, ——*propitii in me* juvenem.—*Sympson.*

in ore fames sitisque; ignis in vultu, pudor et impudentia;[4] *in omni parte necessitas et indigentia.*

Oldc. *Audi tu bonus socius; tu es scholasticus, sic intelligo, ego faciam argumentum.*—Mark now, sir, now I fetch him up!

Greg. I have been fetched up a hundred times for this; yet I could never learn half so much.

Oldc. *Audi, et responde; hoc est argumentum: nomen est nomen—ergo, quod est tibi nomen? Responde nunc, responde argumentum meum.*—Have I not put him to't, sir?

Greg. Yes, sir, I think so.

Witty. Step in! the rascal is put out of his penned speech, and he can go no further.

[*Apart to Sir* RUINOUS.

Oldc. *Cur non respondes?*

Pris. *O domine, tanta mea est miseria*——

Witty. So! he's almost in again.

Pris. *Ut nocte mecum pernoctat egestas, luce quotidie paupertas habitet.*

Oldc. *Sed quod est tibi nomen? et quis dedit? responde argumentum.*

Pris. Hem, hem!

Witty. He's dry; he hems: On quickly!

Ruin. Courteous gentlemen, if the brow of a military face may not be offensive to your generous eye-balls, let his wounds speak better than his words, for some branch or small sprig of charity to be planted upon this poor barren soil of a soldier.

Oldc. How now! what, arms and arts both go a-begging?

Ruin. Such is the post-progress of cold charity now-a-days, who (for heat to her frigid limbs)

[4] *Pudor et impudentia.*] Mason proposes to read *impotentia*.

passes in so swift a motion, that two at the least had need be to stay her.

Greg. Sir, let's reward 'em, I pray you; and be gone! If any quarrel should arise amongst us, I am able to answer neither of them; his iron and steel tongue is as hard as t'other's Latin one.

Oldc. Stay, stay, sir! I will talk a little with him first: let me alone with both! I will try whether they live by their wits or no; for such a man I love.—And, what, you both beg together then?

Pris. *Conjunctis manibus, profecto, domine.*

Ruin. With equal fortunes, equal distribution; there's not the breadth of a sword's point uneven in our division.

Greg. What two qualities are here cast away upon two poor fellows! if a man had 'em that could maintain 'em, what a double man were that! if these two fellows might be bought and sodden, and boiled to a jelly, and eaten fasting every morning, I do not think but a man should find strange things in his stomach.

Oldc. Come, sir, join your charity with mine, and we'll make up a couple of pence betwixt us.

Greg. If a man could have a pennyworth for his penny, I would bestow more money with 'em.

Witty. [*Comes forward.*] Save you, gentlemen! How now?—What, are you encountered here? What fellows are these?

Oldc. 'Faith, sir, here's Mars and Mercury; a pair of poor planets, it seems, that Jupiter has turned out to live by their wits, and we are e'en about a little spark of charity to kindle 'em a new fire.

Witty. Stay, pray you stay, sir! You may abuse your charity, nay, make that goodness in you no better than a vice: so many deceivers walk in these shadows now-a-days, that certainly your bounties were better spilt, than reserved to so

lewd and vicious uses.—Which is he that professes the soldier?

Ruin. He that professes his own profession, sir, and the dangerous life he hath led in it this pair of half-score years.

Witty. In what services have you been, sir?

Ruin. The first that fleshed me a soldier, sir, was that great battle at Alcazar, in Barbary, where the noble English Stukeley fell,[5] and where that royal Portugal Sebastian ended his untimely days.

Witty. Are you sure Sebastian died there?

Ruin. 'Faith, sir, there was some other rumour hoped amongst us,[6] that he, wounded, escaped, and touched on his native shore again; where, finding his country at home more distressed by the invasion of the Spaniard, than his loss abroad, forsook it, still supporting a miserable and unfortunate life, which where he ended is yet uncertain.

Witty. By my faith, sir, he speaks the nearest fame of truth in this.

Ruin. Since, sir, I served in France, the Low Countries, lastly, at that memorable skirmish at Newport,[7] where the forward and bold Scot there

[5] *The great* battle at Alcazar *in Barbary, where the noble* English Stukeley *fell, and where that royal* Portugal Sebastian, *&c.*] The *battle of Alcazar* was fought in August, 1578. Don *Sebastian*, one of the kings who fell in that engagement, being not found after the battle, was for a long time supposed to have escaped, and reported to be living in several different countries.—Of *Stukeley*, who appears to have been a dissolute Englishman, born in Devonshire, a volunteer in that battle, after having dissipated his property, an account may be seen in an old ballad published in Evans's Collection, 1777, vol. ii. p. 103. See also an old play, entitled, *The Battle of Alcazar*, with the death of captain *Stukeley*, 4to. 1594.—*Reed.*

[6] Hop't *amongst us*] Theobald and Seward would read, HOPT *amongst us*—Ed. 1778.

[7] *That memorable skirmish*, &c.] This *memorable skirmish at Newport* happened on the 22d of July, 1600, between prince Al-

spent his life so freely, that from every single heart that there fell, came home, from his resolution, a double honour to his country.

Witty. This should be no counterfeit, sir.

Oldc. I do not think he is, sir.

Witty. But, sir, methinks you do not shew the marks of a soldier: Could you so freely 'scape, that you brought home no scars to be your chronicle?

Ruin. Sir, I have wounds, and many; but in those parts where nature and humanity bids me shame to publish.

Witty. A good soldier cannot want those badges.

Greg. Now am not I of your mind in that; for I hold him the best soldier that 'scapes best: always at a mock-fencing[8] I give him the best that has the fewest knocks.

Witty. Nay, I'll have a bout with your scholar, too.—To ask you why you should be poor, yet richly learned, were no question, at least you can easily answer it; but whether you have learning enough to deserve to be poor or no (since poverty is commonly the meed of learning) is yet to be tried: you have the languages? I mean the chief, as the Hebrew, Syriac, Greek, Latin, &c.

Pris. *Aliquantulum; non totaliter, domine.*

bert and prince Maurice de Nassau; the former commander of the Spaniards, and the latter of the forces of the States-General. The Spaniards were worsted, and sustained the loss of 200 men killed, besides a great number taken prisoners. This battle is mentioned in several contemporary writers; but we do not find the least notice taken in any of the accounts of the *forward and bold Scot*, whose bravery is here celebrated by our authors.—*Reed.*

The text applies not to a single Scot, but to all the Scotch troops employed in the battle. The personification of a nation is not entirely obsolete among the vulgar at this day. The remainder of the speech proves the propriety of the remark.

[8] *A cock-fencing.*] Corrected by Sympson.

Oldc. The Latin I have sufficiently tried him in, and I promise you, sir, he is very well grounded.

Witty. I will prove him in some of the rest.—*Tois mios fatherois iste cockscomboy?*

Pris. *Kay yonkeron nigitton oy fouleroi asinisoy.*

Witty. *Cheateron ton biton?*

Pris. *Tous pollous strikerous angelo to peeso.*

Witty. Certainly, sir, a very excellent scholar in the Greek.

Oldc. I do note a wond'rous readiness in him.

Greg. I do wonder how the Trojans could hold out ten years' siege, as 'tis reported, against the Greeks: if Achilles spoke but this tongue, I do not think but he might have shaken down the walls in a sevennight, and never troubled the wooden horse.

Witty. I will try him so far as I can in the Syriac. *Kircom bragmen, shag a dou ma dell mathou.*

Pris. *Hashagath rabgabash shobos onoriadka.*

Witty. *Colpack rubasca, gnawerthem shig shag.*

Pris. *Napshamothem ribshe bongomosh lashemech nagothi.*

Witty. Gentlemen, I have done! any man, that can, go further! I confess myself at a nonplus.

Greg. 'Faith, not I, sir; I was at my farthest in my natural language; I was never double-tongued, I thank my hard fortune.

Witty. Well, gentlemen, 'tis pity, (walk further off a little, my friends) I say, 'tis pity such fellows, so endowed, so qualified with the gifts of nature and arts, yet should have such a scarcity of Fortune's benefits: we must blame our iron-hearted age for it.

Oldc. 'Tis pity, indeed; and our pity shall speak a little for 'em: Come, sir! here's my groat.

Witty. A groat, sir?—oh fy! give nothing rather! 'Twere better you railed on 'em for begging,

and so quit yourself: I am a poor gentleman, that have little but my wits to live on——

Oldc. 'Troth, and I love you the better, sir.

Witty. Yet I'll begin a better example than so:—Here, fellows, there's between you; take purse and all; and I would it were heavier for your sakes! there's a pair of angels to guide you to your lodgings, a poor gentleman's good will!

Pris. *Gratias, maximas gratias, benignissime domine!*

Oldc. This is an ill example for us, sir: I would this bountiful gentleman had not come this way to-day.

Greg. Pox, we must not shame ourselves now, sir! I'll give as much as that gentleman, though I never be soldier or scholar while I live:—here, friends; there's a piece, that, if he were divided, would make a pair of angels for me too, in the love I bear to the sword and the tongues.

Oldc. My largess shall be equal too, and much good do you.—This bounty is a little abatement of my wit though, I feel that.

Ruin. May soldiers ever defend such charities!

Pris. And scholars pray for their encrease!

Oldc. Fare you well!—Sir, these fellows may pray for you; you have made the scholar's commons exceed to-day. And, a word with you, sir! You said you lived by your wits; if you use this bounty, you'll beggar your wits, believe it.

Witty. Oh, sir, I hope to encrease 'em by it; this seed never wants his harvest. Fare you well, sir! [*Exit.*

Greg. I think a man were as good meet with a reasonable thief, as an unreasonable beggar sometimes. I could find in my heart to beg half mine back again: Can you change my piece, my friends?

Pris. *Tempora mutantur, et nos mutamur in illis.*
Greg. My gold is turned into Latin.

Re-enter WITTYPATE.

Witty. Look you, good fellows; here's one round shilling more that lay concealed.

Oldc. Sir, away! we shall be drawn further into damage else.

Greg. A pox of the fool! he live by his wits? If his wits leave him any money, but what he begs or steals, very shortly, I'll be hanged for him. [*Exit with* OLDCRAFT.

Ruin. This breakfast parcel was well fetched off, i'faith!

Witty. Tush! a bye-blow for mirth; we must have better purchase: We want a fourth for another project that I have ripened.

Ruin. My wife; she shares, and can deserve it.

Witty. She can change her shape, and be masculine?

Ruin. 'Tis one of the freest conditions: She fears not the crack of a pistol; she dares say "stand!" to a grazier.

Pris. *Probatum fuit, profecto, domine.*

Witty. Good! then you, Sir Bacchus Apollo, shall be dispatched with her share, and some counters,[9] to meet us to-morrow, at a certain place and time appointed, in the masculine gender: my father has a nephew, and I an own cousin, coming up from the university, whom he loves most indulgently; easy master Credulous Oldcraft, (for you know what your mere academic is.) Your

[9] *Some* contents.] What can the meaning be of *some contents?* We should read—"and some *counters*," of which, according to the plan, she was to be robbed.—*Mason.*

carrier never misses his hour: He must not be robbed, because he has but little to lose; but he must join with us in a device that I have, that shall rob my father of a hundred pieces, and thank me to be rid on't: for there's the ambition of my wit, to live upon his professed wit, that has turned me out to live by my wits.

Pris. *Cum hirundinis alis tibi regratulor.*

Witty. A male habit, a bag of an hundred weight, though it be counters, for my alchemy shall turn 'em into gold of my father's; the hour, the place, the action shall be at large set down: And, father, you shall know, that I put my portion to use, that you have given me to live by;
And to confirm yourself in me renate,
I hope you'll find my wit's legitimate! [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Room in the House of Sir Ruinous.

Enter Lady RUINOUS *and Servant.*

Serv. Nay, lady!

L. Ruin. Put me not in mind on't, pr'ythee!
You cannot do a greater wrong to women;
For in our wants, 'tis the most chief affliction

To have that name remembered; 'tis a title
That misery mocks us by, and the world's malice!
Scorn and Contempt have not wherewith to work
On humble callings; they are safe, and lie
Level with Pity still, and pale Distress
Is no great stranger to 'em; but when Fortune
Looks with a stormy face on our conditions,
We find Affliction work, and Envy pastime,
And our worst enemy then, that most abuses us,
Is that we are called by, "Lady." Oh, my spirit,
Will nothing make thee humble? I am well methinks,
And can live quiet with my fate sometimes,
Until I look into the world again:
Then I begin to rave at my stars' bitterness,
To see how many muckhills placed above me;
Peasants and droyls,[1] caroches full of dunghills,
Whose very birth stinks in a generous nostril,
Glistering by night like glow-worms through the high-streets,
Hurried by torch-light in the footmen's hands,
That shew like running fire-drakes through the city,
And I put to my shifts and wits to live,
(Nay, sometimes danger too) on foot, on horseback,
And earn my supper manfully ere I get it:
Many a meal I have purchased at that rate,
Fed with a wound upon me, stamped at midnight.

Enter PRISCIAN.

Ha! what are you?

Pris. [*Pulls off his beard.*] Now you may tell yourself,
Lady!

[1] *Droyls.*] i. e. *Drudges*, &c.—*Sympson.*

L. Ruin. Oh, master Priscian! what's the project?
For you ne'er come without one.
Pris. First, your husband,
Sir Ruinous Gentry, greets you with best wishes,
And here has sent you your full share by me
In five cheats and two robberies.
L. Ruin. And what comes it to?
Pris. Near upon thirteen pound.
L. Ruin. A goodly share!
'Twill put a lady scarce in Philip and cheyney,[a]
With three small bugle laces, like a chambermaid:
Here's precious lifting!
Pris. 'Las, you must consider, lady,
'Tis but young term; attornies ha' small doings yet;
Then highway lawyers, they must needs ha' little:
We have had no great good luck, to speak troth, beauty,
Since your stout ladyship parted from us at Highgate;
But there's a fair hope now for a present hundred.
Here's man's apparel! your horse stands at door.
L. Ruin. And what's the virtuous plot now?
Pris. Marry, lady,
You, like a brave young gallant, must be robb'd.

[a] *In* Philip *and cheyney.*] Sympson reads, *Philippine cheyney*, which, he says, now goes by the name of *harrateen;* but the text is right, being mentioned in the following curious list of then fashionable stuffs, most of which are alluded to in these plays, in Taylor's Praise of Hempseed:

> " Alas, what would our silk mercers be?
> What would they do, sweet hempseed, but for thee?
> Rash, taffata, paropa, and novato
> Shagge, fillizetta, damaske, and mockado,
> No velvets piles, two piles, piles, and halfe pile,
> No plush or grograines could adorne this ile,
> No cloth of silver, gold, or tissue here;
> *Philip and Cheiny* never would appear
> Within our bounds."

L. Ruin. I robb'd?
Pris. Nay then——
L. Ruin. Well, well, go on! Let's hear, sir.
Pris. Here's a sealed bag of a hundred; which indeed
Are counters all, only some sixteen groats
Of white money i' th' mouth on't.
L. Ruin. So! what saddle have I?
Pris Monsieur Laroon's the Frenchman's.
L Ruin. That again?
You know so well it is not for my stride!
How oft have I complained on't?
Pris. You may have Jockey's then, the little Scotch one.
You must dispatch.
L. Ruin. I'll soon be ready, sir, [*Exit* PRISCIAN.
Before you ha' shifted saddles.—Many women
Have their wealth flow to 'em; I was made, I see,
To help my fortune, not my fortune me. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

A Room in Oldcraft's *House.*

Enter CUNNINGHAM.

Cunn. My ways are goblin-led, and the night-elf
Still draws me from my home; yet I follow:
Sure 'tis not altogether fabulous,
Such hags do get dominion of our tongues;
So soon as we speak, the enchantment binds.
I have dissembled such a trouble on me,
As my best wits can hardly clear again:
Piping through this old reed, the Guardianess,

With purpose that my harmony shall reach
And please the lady's ear; she stops below,
And echoes back my love unto my lips,
Persuaded by most violent arguments
Of self-love in herself, I am so self-fool,
To dote upon her hundred-wrinkled face.
I could beggar her to accept the gifts
She would throw upon me; it were charity;
But for pity's sake I will be a niggard,
And undo her, refusing to take from her.
I'm haunted again! if it take not now,
I'll break the spell.

Enter GUARDIANESS.

Guard. Sweet Cunningham, welcome!
What, a whole day absent? Birds that build nests
Have care to keep 'em.
Cunn. That's granted;
But not continually to sit upon 'em,
'Less in the youngling season: else,[3] they desire
To fly abroad, and recreate their labours;
Then they return with fresher appetite
To work again.
Guard. Well, well, you have built a nest
That will stand all storms; you need not mistrust
A weather-wreck: And, one day, it may be
The youngling season too; then, I hope,
You'll ne'er fly out of sight.
Cunn. There will be pains, [*Aside.*
I see, to shake this bur off!—And, sweetest,
Pr'ythee how fares thy charge? has my good friend,
Sir Gregory, the countenance of a lover?
Guard. No, by my troth, not in my mind; me-
thinks,

[3] *Else.*] *Else* means here, at other times.—*Mason.*

(Setting his worship aside) he looks like a fool.
Cunn. Nay, i'faith, ne'er divide his worship from him
For that small matter! fool and worship are
No such strangers now-a-days. But my meaning is,
Has he thy lady's countenance of love?
Looks she like a welcome on him? plainly,
Have they as good hope of one another,
As, Cupid bless us, we have?
Guard. 'Troth, I know not;
I can perceive no forwardness in my charge.
But I protest I wish the knight
Better, for your sake, bird.
Cunn. Why, thanks, sweet bird!
And with my heart I wish that he had as strong
And likely hope of her, as thou hast of me.
Guard. Well, he is like to speed never the worse
For that good wish. And I will tell you, bird,
(For secrets are not to be kept betwixt us two)
My charge thinks well of you.
Cunn. Of me? for what?
Guard. For my sake; I mean so: I have heard her
A hundred times say, since her uncle gave her
The first bob about you, that she'd do somewhat
For my sake, if things went well together:
We have spoke of doors and bolts, and things, and things—
Go to! I'll [not] tell you all;[4] but you'll find some
Advancement, for my sake, I do believe.
Cunn 'Faith, be not sparing; tell me!
Guard. By my lady,
You shall pardon me for that! it were a shame

[4] *Go to,* I'll tell you all.] Varied by Sympson, who, however, unnecessarily, omits the word *you.*

If men should hear all that women speak behind
Their backs sometimes.
Cunn. You must give me leave yet
At least to give her thanks.
Guard. Nor that neither;
She must not take a notice of my blabbing.
It is sufficient you shall give me thanks: for
'Tis for my sake, if she be bountiful:
She loves me, and loves you too for my sake.
Cunn. How shall I, knowing this, but be ingrate,
Not to repay her with my dearest duty?
Guard. Ay, but you must not know it; if you tell
All that I open to you, you'll shame us both:
Afar off, you may kiss your hand, blush, or so,
But I'll allow no nearer conference.
Cunn. Whoop! you'll be jealous, I perceive now.
Guard. Jealous?
Why, there is no true love without it, bird!
I must be jealous of thee: But for her,
(Were it within my duty to my master)
I durst trust her with the strongest tempter,
And I dare swear her now as pure a virgin
As e'er was welcomed to a marriage-bed:
If thoughts may be untainted, hers are so.
Cunn. And where's the cause of your fear then?
Guard. Well, well;
When things are past, and the wedding torches
Lighted at matches, to kindle better fire,
Then I'll tell you more.
Cunn. Come, come, I see further,
That if we were married, you'd be jealous.
Guard. I protest, I should a little, but not of her:
It is the married woman, (if you mark it)
And not the maid, that longs; the appetite
Follows the first taste; when we have relished,

We wish cloying; the taste once pleased before,
Then our desire is whetted on to more.
But I reveal too much to you, i'faith, bird.
Cunn. Not a whit, 'faith, bird, betwixt you and I;
I am beholding for bettering of my knowledge.
Guard. Nay,
You shall know more of me, if you'll be ruled;
But make not things common.
Cunn. Ud' so, your lady!
Guard. Ay, 'tis no matter; she'll like well of this;
Our familiarity is her content.

Enter Niece *and* Pompey.

Niece. This present from Sir Gregory?
Pompey. From my master, the worshipful, right Sir Gregory Fop.
Niece. A ruff? And what might be his high conceit
In sending of a ruff?
Pompey. I think he had two conceits in it, forsooth,[5] to high, to low; ruff high, because as the

[5] *He had two conceits in it, forsooth,* too high too low.] The playing upon words here, I imagine to have been the conceit of some poor player. If we consider this passage it will be found that, *two conceits too* high *too* low, is nothing but sound without sense, and that the poets probably wrote,

—— *two conceits*, t'one *high*, t'one *low*.—Sympson.

Sympson's *conceit* seems the strangest of the whole.—Ed. 1778.
The old reading is equally inexplicable with the present text [to high, to low] which I cannot understand; and should therefore be inclined to read—*one* high, *one* low. Sympson proposes to add the articles to the word *one*, which is very awkward and unnecessary.—*Mason.*
The text is very obscure; but, as I suspect it to have been a technical phrase at some game or trick of legerdemain, I have suffered it to stand as in the last edition.

ruff does embrace your neck all day, so does he desire to throw his knightly arms——

Niece. But then I leave him off a-nights.

Pompey. Why, then he is ruff low, a ruffian; a bold adventurous errant to do any rough service for his lady.

Niece. A witty and unhappy conceit![6]—Does he mean [*Toward* CUNNINGHAM.
As he seems to say unto that reverence?
He does woo her, sure!

Pompey. To tell you truth, lady, his conceit was far better than I have blazed it yet.

Niece. Do you think so, sir?

Pompey. Nay, I know it, forsooth; for it was two days ere he compassed it, to find a fitting present for your ladyship: He was sending once a very fine puppy to you.

Niece. And that he would have brought himself.

Pompey. So he would indeed; but then he altered his device, and sent this ruff, requesting withal, that whensoever it is foul, you (with your own hands) would bestow the starching of it.

Niece. Else she wooes him: Now his eyes shoot this way.— [*Toward* CUNNINGHAM.
And what was the reason for that, sir?

Pompey. There lies his main conceit, lady; "For, says he, in so doing, she cannot chuse but in the starching to clap it often between her hands, and so she gives a great liking and applause to my present; whereas, if I should send a puppy, she ever calls it to her with *hist, hiss, hiss,* which is a

[6] *A witty and* unhappy *conceit.*] *Unhappy* was often used for mischievous, wicked. So in Andromana, or The Merchant's Wife—

> "Answer me not in words, but deeds,
> I know you always talk'd *unhappily.*"

fearful disgrace:" He drew the device from a play[7] at the Bull, t'other day.

Niece. Ay, marry, sir, this was a rich conceit indeed.

Pompey. And far-fetch'd, therefore good for you, lady.—

Guard. How now? which way look you, bird?

Cunn. At the fool, bird;
Shall I not look at the fool?

Guard. At the fool,
And I here? what need that? pray look this way.

Niece. I'll fit him aptly! Either I'll awake [*Aside.*
His wits (if he have any) or force him to appear
(As yet I cannot think him) without any.—
Sirrah, tell me one thing true,
That I shall ask you now: Was this device
Your master's own? I doubt his wit in it;
He is not so ingenious.

Pompey. His own, I assure you, madam.

Niece. Nay, you must not lie.

Pompey. Not with a lady? I'd rather lie with you than lie with my master, by your leave, in such a case as this.—

Guard. Yet again your eye?

Cunn. The fool makes mirth, i'faith;
I would hear some.

Guard. Come, you shall hear none but me.

Niece. Come hither, friend; nay, come nearer me!
Did thy master send thee to me? He may be wise,
But did not shew it much in that; men sometimes
May wrong themselves unawares, when they least think on't.

[7] *The device from a play.*] And yet next page he tells Niece, who suspected his master in point of wit and ingenuity, that it was really his (Sir Gregory's) own.—*Sympson.*

Was Vu[illegible]an ever so unwise to send Mars
To be [illegible] spokesman, when he went a-wooing?
S[illegible]e? Hey-ho! a pretty rolling eye!
[illegible] I can turn up the white and the black
too, [illegible] be, forsooth.
N[illegible] Why, here's an amorous nose!
P[illegible] You see the worst of my nose, forsooth.
[illegible] A cheek!
How I could put it now in dalliance![8]
A pair of lips! Oh, that we were uneyed!
I could suck sugar from 'em; what a beard's here!
When will the knight thy master have such a
stamp
Of manhood on his face? Nay, do not blush.
Pompey. 'Tis nothing but my flesh and blood
that rise so.—
Cunn. 'Death, she courts the fool!
Guard. Away, away! 'tis sport; do not mind it.
Niece. Give me thy hand; come, be familiar!
Ay, here's a promising palm! what a soft
Handful of pleasure's here! Here's down compared
With flocks and quilted straw; thy knight's fingers
A[illegible] lean mattrice-rubbers to these feathers:
I pray thee let me lean my cheek upon't!
What a soft pillow's here!
Pompey. Hum, umh, hu, hum!
Niece. Why, there's a courage in that lively
passion!

It is singular that Sympson did not suspect that the *hiss*, mentioned above, was the device which he borrowed from a play at the Red Bull theatre, which was probably damned shortly before this comedy came out. The second device of the ruff was no doubt Sir Gregory's own production.

[8] *How I could* put *it now in dalliance.*] Corrected by Sympson.

Measure thee all over, there is not a limb
But has his full proportion: It is my voice,
There's no compare betwixt the knight and thee;
The goodlier man by half! at once, now I
See thee all over.

Pompey. If you had seen me swim t'other day on my back, you would have said you had seen! There was two chambermaids that saw me, and my legs by chance were tangled in the flags, and when they saw how I was hang'd, they cried out, "Oh, help the man for fear he be drowned!"

Niece. They could not do less in pity. Come, thine arm!
We'll walk together.

Cunn. Blindness of love and women! why, she dotes
Upon the fool.

Guard. What's that to you? mind her not.

Cunn. Away, you bur!

Guard. How's that?

Cunn. Hang off, flesh-hook! fasten thine itchy clasp
On some dry toad-stool, that will kindle with thee,
And burn together.

Guard. Oh, abominable!
Why, do you not love me?

Cunn. No; never did!
I took thee down a little way to enforce
A vomit from my offended stomach; now
Thou art up again, I loath thee filthily.

Guard. Oh, villain!

Cunn. Why, dost thou not see a sight
Would make a man abjure the sight of women?

Niece. Ha, ha, ha! he's vex'd! ha, ha, ha!

Pompey. Ha, ha, ha!

Niece. Why dost thou laugh?

Pompey. Because thou laughest; nothing else, i'faith.

Cunn. She has but mock'd my folly! else she finds not
The bosom of my purpose: Some other way
Must make me know. I'll try her; and may chance quit
The fine dexterity of her lady-wit. [*Exit.*

Niece. Yes, in troth, I laugh'd to think of thy master now,
What he would think if he knew this!

Pompey. By my troth, I laugh at him too. 'Faith, sirrah,[9] he's but a fool, to say the truth, though I say't that should not say't.

Niece. Yes, thou shouldst say truth, and I believe thee.
Well, for this time we'll part: You perceive something;
Our tongues betray our hearts, there is our weakness;
But pray be silent!

Pompey. As mouse in cheese, or goose in hay, i'faith.

Niece. Look, we are cut off! there's my hand where my lips would be.

Pompey. I'll wink, and think 'em thy lips. Farewell! [*Exit.*

Niece. Now, Guardianess, I need not ask where you have been.

Guard. Oh, lady, never was woman so abused!

[9] *Sirrah*] It has been before observed that this word was applied to women as well as men.

Re-enter POMPEY.

Pompey. Dost thou hear, lady sweetheart? I had forgot to tell thee; if you will, I will come back in the evening.

Niece. By no means; come not till I send for you.

Pompey. If there be any need, you may think of things when I am gone. I may be conveyed into your chamber; I'll lie under the bed while midnight, or so; or you shall put me up in one of your little boxes; I can creep in at a small hole.

Niece. These are things I dare not venture: I charge you,
On my love, never come till I send for you.

Pompey. *Verbum insipienti!* 'Tis enough to the wise. Nor I think it is not fit the knight should know any thing yet.

Niece. By no means! pray you go now; we are suspected.

Pompey. For the things that are past, let us use our secrets.

Niece. Now I will make a firm trial of your love;
As you love me, not a word more at this time,
Not a syllable; 'tis the seal of love; take heed!

Pompey. Hum, hum, hum, hum!

[*Exit humming "Loth to depart."*[1]

[1] Pompey. *Hum, hum, hum*——
Hums loth to depart.] The impropriety of putting this passage into Pompey's mouth is evident upon the bare mention. To the Niece it unquestionably belongs, and we should write,

Pompey. *Hum, hum, hum, hum.* [Exit.
Niece. *He hums loth to depart.*—Sympson.

Niece. So, this pleasant trouble's gone. Now, Guardianess!
What! your eyes easing your heart? the cause, woman?
Guard. The cause is false man, madam! oh, lady!
I have been gulled in a shining carbuncle,
A very glow-worm, that I thought had fire in't,
And 'tis as cold as ice.
Niece. And justly served;
Wouldst thou once think that such an erring spring*
Would dote upon thine autumn?
Guard. Oh, had you heard
Him but protest——
Niece. I would not have believed him.
Thou might'st have perceived how I mock'd thy folly,
In wanton imitation with the fool.
Go, weep the sin of thy credulity,
Not of thy loss! for it was never thine,
And it is gain to miss it. Wert thou so dull?

Mr Gifford, whose edition of Massinger is in general a pattern for all succeeding editors, observes on the present passage, that "Loth to depart" was an ancient tune, and that the words alluded to in Sympson's note, are evidently a stage-direction, and as such they are now regulated. Indeed the oldest folio very frequently prints stage-directions in Roman types, and mingles them with the text. Mason had made the same proposition in his Comments. The tune is again mentioned in the Old Law by Massinger, Middleton, and Rowley, where Gnotho says—"The old woman is *loth to depart*; she never sung other tune in her life."

* *An* erring *spring*.] So first folio; second, *early*; and Seward *caring*. We have followed the oldest copy, not only as authorized, but as falling immediately in with the sense of the context, and being preferable to *earing*, which is a hard epithet in this place.—Ed. 1778.

Erring is the right reading, and means wandering, capricious, and uncertain; the other readings are flat and unpoetical. *Erraticus* in Latin has the same meaning. Iago calls Othello an *erring* barbarian.—*Mason.*

Nay, yet thou'rt stupid and uncapable.
Why, thou wert but the bait to fish with, not
The prey; the stale to catch another bird with.
Guard. Indeed he call'd me bird.
Niece. Yet thou perceiv'st not;
It is your niece he loves; wouldst thou be made
A stalking jade? 'tis she, examine it.—
I'll hurry all awry,[3] and tread my path [*Apart.*
Over unbeaten ground, go level to the mark,
But by circular bouts: Rare things are pleasing;
And rare's but seldom in the simple sense,
But has her emphasis with eminence. [*Exit.*
Guard. My niece? she the rival of my abuse?
My flesh and blood wrong me? I'll aunt her for't!

[3] *I'll hurry all awry, and tread my path*
Over unbeaten grounds; go level to the mark,
Not *by circular bouts; rare things are pleasing.*] Seward says, "If she *hurrys all awry*, it is plain she must go to her mark as she really does, by *circular bouts*, i. e. by seeming to aim at something else. I suppose the original to have been,

Over unbeaten grounds go level to
The mark, by circular bouts; rare things are pleasing:"

And Sympson changes *not* into *but.*—There needs neither omission nor alteration. Seward misconstrues the text; and Sympson's change of *not* into *but* directly contradicts the poet's meaning. By *hurrying awry*, she only means leaving the common way, and *to tread a path over unbeaten grounds*, by which means she will *go* LEVEL *to the mark*, NOT *round about.* Did Messrs Seward or Sympson never amuse themselves in their younger days with the diversion of *steeple-hunting*? 'Tis the very thing.—Ed. 1778.

The editors, with the very laudable purpose of defending the text, have endeavoured to explain it; but they have by no means done it satisfactorily, and Sympson's modification of Seward's amendment must be adopted, otherwise the Niece says what is contrary to her intention. Mason says properly, "if she did not go by circular bouts, but directly to her work, she could not hurry all awry, or tread her path over unbeaten ground. By saying that she would go level to the mark, she means that she would have her object always in her aim." The corruption of *but* to *not* occurs several times in these plays.

Enter MIRABEL.

Oh, Opportunity, thou blessest me!—
Now, gentlewoman! are you parted so soon?
Where is your friend, I pray? your Cunningham?
Mir. What say you, aunt?
Guard. Come, come, your Cunningham!
I am not blind with age yet, nor deaf.
Mir. [*Aside.*] Dumb I am sure you're not.—
What ail you, aunt?
Are you not well?
Guard. No, nor sick; nor mad, nor in my wits; nor sleeping,
Nor waking; nor nothing, nor any thing:
I know not what I am, nor what I am not!
Mir. Mercy cover us! what do you mean, aunt?
Guard. I mean to be revenged.
Mir. On whom?
Guard. On thee, baggage!
Mir. Revenge should follow injury,
Which never reach'd so far as thought in me
Towards you, aunt.
Guard. Your cunning, minion,
Nor your Cunningham, can either blind me!
The gentle beggar loves you.
Mir. Beseech you,
Let me stay your error! I begin to hear,
And shake off my amazement: If you think
That ever any passage treating love
Hath been betwixt us yet commenced; any
Silent eye-glance that might but sparkle fire,
So much as brother and sister might meet with;
The lip-salute, so much as strangers might
Take a farewell with; the commixed hands;
Nay, but the least thought of the least of these,
In troth you wrong your bosom; by that truth
Which I think yet you durst be bail for in me

If it were offer'd you, I am as free
As all this protestation.

Guard. May I believe this?

Mir. If ever you'll believe truth. Why, I thought
He had spoke love to you; and if his heart
Prompted his tongue, sure I did hear so much.

Guard. Oh, falsest man! Ixion's plague fell on me!
Never by woman, such a masculine cloud,
So airy and so subtle, was embraced.

Mir. By no cause in me, by my life, dear aunt.

Guard. I believe you: Then help me in my revenge,
And you shall do't, or lose my love for ever:
I'll have him quitted at his equal weapon.
Thou art young, follow him, bait his desires
With all the engines of a woman's wit,
Stretch modesty even to the highest pitch;
He cannot freeze at such a flaming beauty;
And when thou hast him by the amorous gills,
Think on my vengeance, choak up his desires,
Then let his banquetings be Tantalism.
Let thy disdain spurn the dissembler out!
Oh, I should climb the stars, and sit above,
To see him burn to ashes in his love!

Mir. This will be a strange task,[4] aunt, and an
Unwilling labour; yet, in your injunction,
I am a servant to't.

Guard. Thou'lt undertake't?

Mir. Yes; let the success commend itself hereafter!

Guard. Effect it, girl, my substance is thy store;
Nothing but want of will makes woman poor.

[*Exeunt.*

[4] *A strange* taste.] Varied by Sympson.

SCENE III.

A Street.

Enter Sir GREGORY *and* POMPEY.

Greg. Why, Pompey, thou art not stark mad, art thou? Wilt thou not tell me how my lady does?

Pompey. Your lady?

Greg. Did she receive the thing that I sent her kindly, or no?

Pompey. The thing that you sent her, knight, by the thing that you sent, was, for the thing's sake that was sent to carry the thing that you sent, very kindly received. First, there is your indenture; (now go seek you a servant!) secondly, you are a knight; thirdly and lastly, I am mine own man; and, fourthly, fare you well!

Greg. Why, Pompey! Pr'ythee let me speak with thee! I'll lay my life some hare has crost him.[5]

[5] *I'll lay my life some hare has cross'd him.*] A hare crossing the road before a person is considered among the vulgar a bad omen to this day. It is mentioned, with other ill bodings, in Ford's Broken Heart:

> "*The doublers of a hare*, or, in a morning,
> Salutes from a splay-footed witch, to drop
> Three drops of blood at th' nose just, and no more,
> Croaking of ravens, or the screech of owls,
> Are not so boding mischief, as thy crossing
> My private meditations."

Pompey. Knight, if you be a knight, so keep you: As for the lady, who shall say that she is not a fair lady? a sweet lady, an honest and virtuous lady? I will say he is a base fellow, a blab of his tongue, and I will make him eat these fingers' ends.

Greg. Why, here's nobody says so, Pompey.

Pompey. Whatsoever things have past between the lady and the other party, whom I will not name at this time, I say she is virtuous and honest, and I will maintain it, as long as I can maintain myself with bread and water.

Greg. Why, I know nobody thinks otherwise.

Pompey. Any man that does but think it in my hearing, I will make him think on't while he has a thought in his bosom! Shall we say that kindnesses from ladies are common? or that favours and protestations are things of no moment betwixt parties and parties? I say still, whatsoever has been betwixt the lady and the party, which I will not name, that she is honest, and shall be honest, whatsoever she does by day or by night, by light or by darkness, with cut and long tail.[6]

Greg. Why, I say she is honest.

Pompey. Is she honest? In what sense do you say she is honest, knight?

Greg. If I could not find in my heart to throw my dagger at thy head, hilts and all, I'm an ass, and no gentleman!

Pompey. Throw your dagger at me? do not,

[6] *Cut and long tail.*] According to the forest laws, the dog of a man, who had no right to the privilege of chase, was obliged to cut, or *law* his dog, amongst other modes of disabling him, by depriving him of his tail. A dog so cut was called *a cut*, or *curt-tail*, and by contraction *cur*. *Cut and long tail*, therefore, signify the dog of a clown, and the dog of a gentleman.—*Steevens.*

knight! I give you fair warning, 'tis but cast away if you do; for you shall have no other words of me: The lady is an honest lady, whatsoever reports may go of sports and toys, and thoughts, and words, and deeds, betwixt her and the party which I will not name. This I give you to understand, that another man may have as good an eye, as amorous a nose, as fair a stampt beard, and be as proper a man, as a knight (I name no parties); a servingman may be as good as a sir, a Pompey as a Gregory, a Doodle as a Fop: So, servingman Pompey Doodle may be respected as well with ladies (though I name no parties) as Sir Gregory Fop. So, farewell!

[*Exit.*

Greg. If the fellow be not out of his wits, then will I never have any more wit while I live! either the sight of the lady has gaster'd him,[7] or else he's drunk; or else he walks in his sleep, or else he's a fool, or a knave, or both; one of the three I'm sure 'tis. Yet, now I think on't, she has not used me so kindly as her uncle promised me she should: But that's all one; he says I shall have her, and I dare take his word for the best horse I have, and that's a weightier thing than a lady, I'm sure on't.

[*Exit.*

[7] *Gaster'd.*] i. e. *frightened.*

And when he saw my best-alarmed spirits
Bold in the quarrel's right, roused to the encounter,
Or whether *gasted* by the noise I made,
But suddenly he fled.—*King Lear, act ii. scene i.*—*Reed.*

Perhaps *gastered* means corrupted, seduced, which is one of the senses of the French verb *gater*. This meaning suits the context much better than that in which *gasted* is used by Shakspeare.

SCENE IV.

On the Outskirts of the City.

Enter Lady RUINOUS (*as a Man*) WITTYPATE, *Sir* RUINOUS, PRISCIAN, *and Master* CREDULOUS, *binding and robbing her, and in scarfs.*[8] CREDULOUS *finds the Bag.*

L. Ruin. Nay, I am your own; 'tis in your pleasure
How you will deal with me: Yet I would entreat,
You will not make that which is bad enough
Worse than it need be, by a second ill,
When it can render you no second profit!
If it be coin you seek, you have your prey,
All my store I vow (and it weighs a hundred);
My life, or any hurt you give my body,
Can enrich you no more.

Witty. You may pursue.

L. Ruin. As I am a gentleman, I never will!

Witty. Only we'll bind you to quiet behaviour
Till you call out for bail, and on the other
Side of the hedge leave you: But keep the peace
Till we be out of hearing! for by that
We shall be out of danger: If we come back,
We come with a mischief!

L. Ruin. You need not fear me.

[8] *In scarfs.*] I suppose in long mantles to disguise themselves.

Pris. Come, we'll bestow you then.
[*Exeunt* RUINOUS, PRISCIAN, *and Lady* RUINOUS.

Witty. Why, la you, sir, is not this a swifter revenue
Than *Sic probos, ergos, et igiturs*, can bring in?
Why, is not this one of your syllogisms
In Barbara, *Omne utile est honestum?*

Cred. Well, sir, a little more of this acquaintance
Will make me know you fully: I protest
You have [9] (at first sight) made me conscious
Of such a deed my dreams ne'er prompted. Yet
I could almost have wish'd rather ye had robb'd
Me of my cloak, (for my purse, 'tis a scholar's,)
Than to have made me a robber.
I had rather have answer'd three difficult questions
Than this one, as easy as yet it seems.

Witty. Tush! you shall never come to further answer for't.
Can you confess your penurious uncle,
In his full face of love, to be so strict
A niggard to your commons, that you are fain
To size your belly out with shoulder fees,
With rumps and kidnies, and cues of single beer,[1]
And yet make dainty to feed more daintily,[2]
At this easier rate? Fy, Master Credulous!
I blush for you.

[9] *You have, &c.*] This, and the four next lines, are given to Wittypate in the old folio. The present regulation is from the second, and this is a strong confirmation of the supposition that the latter copy was not varied from the former without authority.

[1] — cues *of single beer.*] i. e. dregs. The derivation is self-evident.

[2] *And yet make* daymy *to feed more daintily.*] The first folio reads *daynty*; for want of consulting that edition (we suppose) Sympson is greatly puzzled what to do with *daymy*.—Ed. 1778.

Cred. This is a truth undeniable.
Witty. Why, go to then! I hope I know your uncle:
How does he use his son, nearer than you?
Cred. 'Faith, like his jade, upon the bare commons
Turn'd out to pick his living as he can get it:
He would have been glad to have shared in such
A purchase,[3] and thank'd his good fortune too.

Enter RUINOUS *and* PRISCIAN.

But mum, no more!—Is all safe, bullies?
Ruin. Secure;
The gentleman thinks him most happy in his loss,
With his life and limbs safe, and redoubles
His first vow, as he is a gentleman,
Never to pursue us.
Witty. Well; away then!
Disperse! you with Master Credulous, who still
Shall bear the purchase; Priscian and I
Will take some other course: You know our meeting
At the Three Cups in St Giles;'[4] with this proviso,
(For 'tis a law with us) that nothing be opened
Till all be present: The loser says a hundred,
And it can weigh no less.

[3] *—purchase.*] Property acquired illegally.

[4] *At the* Three Cups *in St Giles'.*] This tavern is enumerated, with many others, in a black-letter ballad, called London's Ordinary, or Every Man in his Humour (Evans's Ballads, 1810, I. 166):—

> "The goldsmiths to the *Three Cups*,
> Their money they count as dross,
> Your puritan to the pewter-can,
> And your papists to the cross."

Ruin. Come, sir, we'll be your guide.
Cred. My honesty, which till now was never forfeited,
All shall be close till our meeting!
[*Exit with* RUINOUS.
Witty. Tush, I believe it;—and then all shall out.
Where is the thief that's robb'd?

Enter Lady RUINOUS.

L. Ruin. Here, Master Oldcraft.
All follows now.
Witty. 'Twas neatly done, wench. Now to turn that bag
Of counterfeits to current pieces, *et actum est!*
L. Ruin. You are the chemist; we'll blow the fire still,
If you can mingle the ingredients.
Witty. I will not miss a cause,[5] a quantity, a dram.
You know the place.
Pris. I have told her that, sir.
Witty. Good! Turn Ruinous to be a constable,
(I'm sure we want not beards of all sorts, from
The worshipful magistrate to the under watchman)
Because we must have no danger of life,
But a cleanly cheat; attach Credulous:
The cause is plain, the theft found about him;
Then fall I in, in his own cousin's shape,
By mere accident, where, finding him distress'd,

[5] *I will not miss a* cause, *a* quantity, *a dram.*] Seward proposes a very strange and very learned amendment, where none is wanting. A *cause*, and *quantity*, are surely more chemical terms than quart and quint.—*Mason.*
The ludicrous chemical amendment of Seward is—

A cart [i. e. *quart*] a *quint*, a dram.

I with some difficulty must fetch him off,
With promise that his uncle shall shut up all,
With double restitution: Master constable
Ruinous his mouth shall be stopt;
You, Mistress Rob-thief, shall have your share of
What we can gull my father of. Is't plain enough?

L. Ruin. As plain a cozenage as can be, 'faith.

Witty. Father, I come again, and again! When this is
Past too, father, one will beget another.
I'd be loth to leave your posterity barren:
You were best to come to composition, father:
Two hundred pieces yearly allow me yet,
It will be cheaper, father, than my wit;
For I will cheat none but you, dear father.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Before Oldcraft's *House.*

Enter Oldcraft *and* Gregory.

Oldc. Why, now you take the course, Sir Gregory Fop:
I could enforce her, an I list; but love
That's gently won is a man's own for ever.
Have you prepared good music?

Greg. As fine a noise,[6] uncle,
As heart can wish.
Oldc. Why, that's done like a suitor!
They must be woo'd an hundred several ways,
Before you obtain the right way in a woman:
'Tis an odd creature, full of creeks and windings,
The serpent has not more; for she has all his,
And then her own beside came in by her mother.
Greg. A fearful portion for a man to venture on!
Oldc. But the way found once by the wits of men,
There is no creature lies so tame again.
Greg. I promise you, not a house-rabbit, sir.
Oldc. No sucker on 'em all.[7]
Greg. What a thing's that?
They are pretty fools, I warrant, when they're tame,
As a man can lay his lips to.
Oldc. How were you bred, sir?
Did you never make a fool of a tenant's daughter?
Greg. Never, i'faith; they ha' made some fools for me,
And brought 'em many a time under their aprons.
Oldc. They could not shew you the way plainlier, I think,

[6] *As fine a* noise.] It is plain from this passage, and Ben Jonson's Silent Woman, that *noise* was formerly used to express a concert of *music*. Many of our old authors will afford instances of this: among the rest, in the second part of Henry IV. act ii. scene iv. one of the Drawers says, "See if thou canst find out Sneak's *noise*; mistress Tearsheet would fain hear some *music*.— Ed. 1778.

[7] Greg. *I promise you, not a* house-rabbit, *sir.*
Oldc. *No* sucker *on 'em all.*] In the first part of Henry IV. Falstaff says, "Hang me up by the heels for a *rabbit sucker!*" which Dr Johnson explains to be a *sucking-rabbit;* and Mr Steevens furnishes several instances in support of that explanation.— Ed. 1778.

To make a fool again.
Greg. There's fools enough, sir,
'Less they were wiser.
Oldc. This is wond'rous rare!
Come you to London with a maidenhead, knight?
A gentleman of your rank ride with a cloak-bag?
Never an hostess by the way to leave it with?
Nor tapster's sister? nor head-ostler's wife?
What, nobody?
Greg. Well mock'd, old wit-monger!
I keep it for your Niece.
Oldc. Do not say so, for shame! she'll laugh at thee:
A wife ne'er looks for't; 'tis a bachelor's penny;
He may give't to a beggar-wench, i' th' progress time,
And ne'er be call'd to account for't. [*Exit*.
Greg. 'Would I had known so much!
I could ha' stopt a beggar's mouth by the way,
That rail'd upon me 'cause I'd give her nothing.

Enter Page and Fiddler's Boy.

What, are they come?
Page. And placed directly, sir,
Under her window.
Greg. What may I call you, gentleman?
Boy. A poor servant to the viol; I'm the voice, sir.
Greg. In good time, Master Voice!
Boy. Indeed, good time does get the mastery.
Greg. What countryman, Master Voice?
Boy. Sir, born at Ely; we all set up in *ela*,
But our house commonly breaks in Rutlandshire.
Greg. A shrewd place by my faith! it may well break your voice;

It breaks many a man's back. Come, set to your
business. [*Music.*

Song by the Boy.

Fain would I wake you, sweet, but fear
I should invite you to worse cheer;
In your dreams you cannot fare
Meaner than music; no compare!
None of your slumbers are compiled
Under the pleasure makes a child;
Your day-delights, so well compact,
That what you think turns all to act:
I'd wish my life no better play,
Your dream by night, your thought by day.
Wake, gently wake,
Part softly from your dreams!
The morning flies,
To your fair eyes,
To take her special beams.

Greg. I hear her up. Here, Master Voice,
Pay you the instruments; save what you can,
To keep you when you're crack'd. [*Exit Boy.*

Enter Niece at a window.

Niece. Who should this be,
That I'm so much beholding to for sweetness?
Pray Heaven, it happens right!
Greg. Good morrow, mistress!
Niece. An ill day, and a thousand, come upon
thee!
Greg. 'Light! that's six hundred more than
any almanack has!
Niece. Comes it from thee? it is the mangiest
music

That ever woman heard.
Greg. Nay, say not so, lady!
There's not an itch about 'em.
Niece. I could curse
My attentive powers, for giving entrance to't!
There is no boldness like the impudence
That's lock'd in a fool's blood! How durst you do this?
In conscience I abused you as sufficiently
As woman could a man; insatiate coxcomb!
The mocks and spiteful language I have given thee
Would o' my life ha' served ten reasonable men,
And rise contented too, and left enough for their friends
Thou glutton at abuses, never satisfied?
I am persuaded thou devour'st more flouts
Than all thy body's worth; and still a-hungred;
A mischief of that maw! pr'ythee seek elsewhere;
In troth I am weary of abusing thee:
Get thee a fresh mistress, thou'lt make work enough.
I do not think there's scorn enough in town
To serve thy turn; take the court-ladies in,
And all their women to 'em, that exceed 'em!
Greg. Is this in earnest, lady?
Niece. Oh, unsatiable!
Dost thou count all this but an earnest yet?
I'd thought I'd paid thee all the whole sum! trust me,
Thou'lt beggar my derision utterly;
If thou stay'st longer, I shall want a laugh:
If I knew where to borrow a contempt
Would hold thee tack, stay and be hang'd thou should'st then:
But thou'st no conscience, now to extort hate from me,
When one has spent all she can make upon thee:

Must I begin to pay thee hire again,
After I have rid thee twice? 'faith, 'tis unreasonable!

Greg. Say you so? I'll know that presently. [*Exit.*

Niece. Now he runs
To fetch my uncle to this musty bargain;
But I have better ware always at hand,
And lay by this still, when he comes to cheapen.

Enter CUNNINGHAM.

Cunn. I met the music now; yet cannot learn
What entertainment he received from her.

Niece. There's somebody set already;[8] I must to't, I see.—
Well, well, Sir Gregory!

Cunn Ha! Sir Gregory!

Niece. Where'er you come, you may well boast your conquest.

Cunn. She's lost, i'faith! enough! has Fortune then
Remember'd her great boy? she seldom fails 'em.

Niece. He was the unlikeliest man at first methought,
To have my love! we never met but wrangled.

Cunn. A pox upon that wrangling, say I still!
I never knew it fail yet, where'er it came;
It never comes, but, like a storm of hail,
'Tis sure to bring fine weather at the tail on't;
There's not one match 'mongst twenty made without it;

[8] *There's somebody* set;] i. e. *Posted, stationed.* We should not have thought an explanation necessary, had not the passage been quite unintelligible to Sympson, who proposes reading *fet*, or [illegible].—Ed. 1778.

It fights i' th' tongue, but's sure to agree i' th' haunches.

Niece. That man that should ha' told me, when time was,
I should ha' had him, had been laugh'd at piteously!
But see how things will change!

Cunn. Here's a heart feels it!
Oh, the deceitful promises of love!
What trust should a man put i' th' lip of woman?
She kiss'd me with that strength, as if she had meant
To ha' set the fair print of her soul upon me.

Niece. I would ha' sworn 'twould ne'er ha' been a match once.

Cunn. I'll hear no more; I'm mad to hear so much!
Why should I aim my thoughts at better fortunes
Than younger brothers have? that's a maid with nothing,
Or some old soap-boiler's widow, without teeth:
There waits my fortune for me; seek no further!
[*Exit.*

Enter OLDCRAFT *and Sir* GREGORY.

Oldc. You tell me things, Sir Gregory, that cannot be.
She will not, nor she dare not.

Greg. 'Would I were whipt then!

Niece. I'll make as little show of love, Sir Gregory,
As ever woman did; you shall not know
You have my heart a good while.

Oldc. Heard you that?

Niece. Man will insult so soon; 'tis his condition;

'Tis good to keep him off as long as we can:
I've much ado, I swear; and love i' th' end
Will have his course: Let maids do what they can,
They are but frail things till they end in man.

Oldc. What say you to this, sir?

Greg. This is somewhat handsome.

Niece. And by that little wrangling that I feign'd,
Now I shall try how constant his love is,
Although't went sore against my heart to chide
him.

Greg. Alas, poor gentlewoman!

Oldc. Now you're sure of truth;
You hear her own thoughts speak.

Greg. They speak indeed.

Oldc. Go, you're a brainless cox,[9] a toy, a Fop;
I'll go no further than your name, Sir Gregory,
I'll right myself there. Were you from this place,
You should perceive I'm heartily angry with you!
Offer to sow strife 'twixt my Niece and I?—
Good-morrow, Niece, good-morrow!

Niece. Many fair ones to you, sir!

Oldc. Go! you're a coxcomb.—How dost, Niece,
this morning?—
An idle shallow fool!—Slep'dst thou well, girl?—
Fortune may very well provide thee lordships,
For Honesty has left thee little manners.

Greg. How am I bang'd o' both sides!

Oldc. Abuse kindness?—
Wilt take the air to-day, Niece?[1]

[9] *Cox.*] Not *coax*, as the modern editions read. Cotgrave explains *benet*, "A simple, plain, doltish fellow, a noddipeake, a ninny-hamer, a pea-goose, a *coxe*, a sillie companion."

[1] *Wilt take the* air *to-day, Niece?*
Niece. *There stands the* heir *behind you I must take—*
Which I'd as lieve take as take him, I swear.] The Niece quibbles upon the words *air* and *heir*, connected with the word

Niece. When you please, sir.
There stands the heir behind you I must take—
Which I'd as lieve take as take him, I swear.
[*Apart.*

Oldc. La' you! do you hear't continued to your teeth now?
A pox of all such Gregories! what a hand
Have I with you! [*Niece lets fall her scarf.*

Greg. No more! i'feck, I ha' done, sir.—
Lady, your scarf's fallen down.

Niece. 'Tis but your luck, sir,
And does presage the mistress must fall shortly;
You may wear it, an you please.

Oldc. There's a trick for you!
You're parlously beloved; you should complain!

Greg. Yes, when I complain, sir,
Then do your worst; there I'll deceive you, sir.

Oldc. You are a dolt, and so I leave you, sir.
[*Exit.*

Greg. Ah, sirrah, mistress, were you caught, i'faith?
We overheard you all; "I must not know
I have your heart;" take heed o' that, I pray!
I knew some scarf would come.

Niece. [*Aside.*] He's quite gone, sure?—
Ah, you base coxcomb, couldst thou come again,
And so abused as thou wast?

Greg. How!

Niece. It would ha' kill'd
A sensible man; he would ha' gone to his chamber
And broke his heart, by this time.

Greg. Thank you heartily!

Niece. Or fix'd a naked rapier in a wall,

behind. She means she would prefer the *air* behind him, to the *heir* behind him.—*Mason.*

Like him that earn'd his knighthood ere he had it,
And then refused upon't ran up to th' hilts.

Greg. Yes, let him run for me! I was never brought up to't,
I never profess'd running i' my life.

Niece. What art thou made on, thou tough villainous vermin?
Will nothing destroy thee?

Greg. Yes, yes, assure yourself
Unkind words may do much.

Niece. Why, dost thou want 'em?
I've e'en consumed my spleen to help thee to 'em:
Tell me what sort of words they be would speed thee,
I'll see what I can do yet.

Greg. I'm much beholding to you.
You're willing to bestow huge pains upon me.

Niece. I should account nothing too much to rid thee.

Greg. I wonder you'd not offer to destroy me,
All the while your uncle was here.

Niece. Why, there thou
Betray'st thy house; we of the Oldcrafts were
Born to more wit than so.

Greg. I wear your favour here.

Niece. 'Would it might rot thy arm off! If thou knew'st
With what contempt thou hast it, what heart's bitterness,
How many cunning curses came along with't,
Thou'dst quake to handle it.

Greg. A pox, take't again then!
Who'd be thus plagued of all hands?

Niece. No, wear't still;
But long, I hope, thou shalt not; 'tis but cast
Upon thee purposely to serve another,

That has more right to't; as in some countries
they convey
Their treasure upon asses to their friends:
If mine be but so wise and apprehensive
As my opinion gives him to my heart,
It stays not long on thy desertless arm.
I'll make thee, ere I ha' done, not dare to wear
Any thing of mine, although I give't thee freely.
Kiss it you may, and make what show you can,
But sure you carry't to a worthier man!
And so good-morrow to you! [*Exit.*

Greg. Hu hum, ha hum!
I ha'n't the spirit now to dash my brains out,
Nor the audacity to kill myself,
But I could cry my heart out; that's as good,
For so't be out, no matter which way't comes.
If I can die with a fillip, or depart
At hot-cockles, what is that to any man?
If there be so much death, that serves my turn
there.
Every one knows the state of his own body;
No carrion kills a kite, but then again
There's cheese will choak a daw. Time I were
dead i'faith,
If I knew which way, without hurt or danger.
I am a maiden-knight, and cannot look
Upon a naked weapon with any modesty,
Else 'twould go hard with me; and to complain
To Sir Perfidious the old knight again,
Were to be more abused: Perhaps he would beat
me well,
But ne'er believe me,
And few men die o' beating; that were lost too.

Enter Cunningham.

Oh, here's my friend! I'll make my moan to him.

Cunn. I cannot tear her memory from my heart,
That treads mine down! Was ever man so fool'd
That profess'd wit?
Greg. Oh, Cunningham!
Cunn. Sir Gregory!
The choice, the victor, the town's happy man!
Greg. 'Snigs, what dost mean? come I to thee for comfort,
And dost abuse me too?
Cunn. Abuse you? how, sir?
With justifying your fortune and your joys?
Greg. Pray hold your hand, sir! I've been bobb'd enough:
You come with a new way now, strike me merrily;
But when a man's sore beaten o' both sides already,
Then the least tap in jest goes to the guts on him.
Wilt ha' the truth? I'm made the rankest ass
That e'er was born to lordships!
Cunn. What? no, sir!
Greg. I had not thought my body could a' yielded
All those foul scurvy names that she has call'd me;
I wonder whence she fetch'd 'em.
Cunn. Is this credible?
Greg. She pinn'd this scarf upon me,[3] afore her uncle;
But, his back turn'd, she cursed me so for wearing on't,

[3] *She* pinn'd *this scarf upon me.*] This is a manifest untruth, for she never was out of her chamber from the time of Sir Gregory's serenading her to the dropping of her scarf. What should hinder us then from reading, to salve the veracity of the knight,

"*She* palm'd *this scarf upon me.*"—Sympson.

Why so minute? why not admit *pinn'd* metaphorically for *fastened?*—Ed. 1778.

To pin a favour, or kindness, upon any one, is to fix it on him, even in spite of himself, and the phrase is still common.

The very brawn of mine arm has ach'd ever since;
Yet in a manner forced me to wear't still,
But hoped I should not long: If good luck serve,
I should meet one that has more wit and worth
Should take it from me; 'twas but lent to me,
And sent to him for a token.

Cunn. I conceit it! I know the man
That lies in wait for't: Part with't, by all means,
In any case! you are way-laid about it.

Greg. How, sir! way-laid?

Cunn. Pox of a scarf, say I!
I prize my friend's life 'bove a million of 'em:
You shall be ruled, sir; I know more than you.

Greg. If you know more than I, let me be rid on't!
'Las, 'tis not for my wearing; so she told me.

Cunn. No, no, give me't; the knave shall miss his purpose,
And you shall live.

Greg. I would as long as I could, sir.

Cunn. No more replies! you shall; I'll prevent this:
Pompey shall march without it.

Greg. What, is't he?
My man that was?

Cunn. Call him your deadly enemy!
You give him too fair a name, you deal too nobly;
He bears a bloody mind, a cruel foe, sir;
I care not if he heard me.

Greg. But, do you hear, sir?
Can it sound with reason she should affect him?

Cunn. Do you talk of reason? I ne'er thought to have heard
Such a word come from you: Reason in love?
Would you give that no doctor could e'er give?
Has not a deputy married his cook-maid?

An alderman's widow, one that was her turn-
broach?
Nay, has not a great lady brought her stable
Into her chamber? lay with her horse-keeper?
Greg. Did ever love play such jade's tricks, sir?
Cunn. Oh, thousands, thousands.
Beware a sturdy clown, e'er while you live, sir:
'Tis like a housewifry in most shires about us:
You shall ha' farmers' widows wed thin gentlemen
Much like yourself, but put 'em to no stress;
What work can they do, with small trap-stick legs?
They keep clowns to stop gaps and drive in pegs,
A drudgery fit for hinds. E'en back again, sir!
You're safest at returning.
Greg. Think you so, sir?
Cunn. But how came this clown to be call'd
Pompey first?
Greg. Pish! one goodman Cæsar, a pump-ma-
ker, kersen'd him;[4]
Pompey he writes himself, but his right name's
Pumpey,
And stunk too when I had him; now he's crank.[5]
Cunn. I'm glad I know so much to quell his
pride, sir.
Walk you still that way; I'll make use of this
To resolve all my doubts, and place this favour
On some new mistress, only for a try;
And if it meet my thoughts, I'll swear 'tis I.
[*Exit.*
Greg. Is Pompey grown so malapert, so fram-
pel?[6]

[4] *Kersen'd.*] A vulgar corruption of christened. See The Coxcomb, vol. IX. p. 97.

[5] *Now he's crank.*] This line will be understood by Cotgrave's definition of *recoquille*,—"Lustie, *cranke*, peart, in comparison of that he was."

[6] *Frampel.*] In the Merry Wives of Windsor, Mrs Quickly says

The only cutter about ladies honours,[7]
And his blade soonest out?

Enter OLDCRAFT.

Oldc. Now, what's the news, sir?
Greg. [*Aside.*] I dare not say but good:—Oh, excellent good, sir!
Oldc. I hope now you're resolved[8] she loves you, knight?

of Mrs Ford, that "She leads a very *frampold* life" with her husband; and Dr Johnson says that the word occurs in Hacket's Life of Williams, and there signifies a *peevish troublesome fellow.* Mr Steevens adds the following note:

"In the Roaring Girl, a comedy, 1611, I meet with a word, which, though differently spelt, appears to be the same:

Lax. Coachman.
Coach. Anon, sir!
Lax. Are we fitted with good *phrampell* jades?'

Ray, among his south and east country words, says, that *frampald*, or *frampard*, signifies *fretful*, *peevish*, *cross*, *froward*. As *froward*, he adds, comes from *from*, so may *frampard*.

Nash, in his Praise of the Red Herring, 1599, speaking of Leander, says, 'The churlish *frampold* waves gave him his belly full of fish-broth.'

So in the Inner Temple Masque, by Middleton, 1619: ''Tis so *frampole*, the Puritans will never yield to it.' So in the Blind Beggar of Bethnall-Green, by John Day: 'I think the fellow's *frampell*, &c.' Again, in Ben Jonson's Tale of a Tub—

"I pray thee grow not *frampul* now."—Ed. 1778.

[7] *The only cutter about ladies' honours,*
And his blade soonest out?] The plain allusion of this needs no explanation; but it should be remembered that Sir Gregory also refers to the old meaning of the word *cutter*, a swaggering fellow, a blood. Hence the title of Cowley's play, The *Cutter* of Coleman-street.

[8] *Resolved.*] i. e. *convinced*. So in The Lady's Trial by Ford—

"— we have *resolved* him;
He is descended from Pantagruel
Of famous memory by the father's side."

Greg. Cuds me, what else, sir? that's not to do now.

Oldc. You would not think how desperately you anger'd me,
When you belied her goodness: Oh, you vex'd me
Even to a palsey.

Greg. What a thing was that, sir!

Enter Niece.

Niece. 'Tis, that 'tis, [*Aside*.
As I have hope of sweetness, the scarf's gone!
Worthy wise friend, I dote upon thy cunning:
We two shall be well match'd; our issue male sure
Will be born counsellors. Is't possible?
Thou shalt have another token out of hand for't;
Nay, since the way's found, pity thou shouldst want, i'faith.——
Oh, my best joy and dearest!

Oldc. Well said, Niece!
So violent 'fore your uncle? What will you do
In secret then!

Greg. Marry, call me slave and rascal.

Niece. Your scarf—the scarf I gave you——

Oldc. 'Mass, that's true, Niece!
I ne'er thought upon that:—The scarf she gave you, sir!
What, dumb? no answer from you? the scarf!

Greg. I was way-laid about it, my life threaten'd;
Life's life, scarf's but a scarf, and so I parted from't.

Niece. Unfortunate woman! my first favour too?

Oldc. Will you be still an ass? no reconcilement
'Twixt you and Wit? Are you so far fallen out,
You'll never come together? I tell you true,
I'm very lousily ashamed on you;

That's the worst shame that can be.—
Thus baiting on him, now his heart's hook'd in, [*Aside.*
I'll make him, ere I ha' done, take her with nothing.
I love a man that lives by his wits, a'-life! [9]—
Nay, leave, sweet Niece; 'tis but a scarf; let it go!

Niece. The going of it never grieves me, sir;
It is the manner, the manner——

Greg. Oh, dissembling marmaset! If I durst speak,
Or could be believed when I speak, what a tale
Could I tell, to make hair stand upright now!

Niece. Nay, sir, at your request you shall perceive, uncle,
With what renewing love I forgive this:—
Here's a fair diamond, sir; I'll try how long
You can keep that.

Greg. Not very long; you know't too,
Like a cunning witch as you are!

Niece. You're best let him ha' that too.

Greg. So I were, I think; there were no living else,
I thank you, as you have handled the matter.

Oldc. Why, this is musical now, and Tuesday next
Shall tune your instruments; that's the day set.

Niece. A match, good uncle!

Oldc. Sir, you hear me too?

Greg. Oh, very well; I'm for you.

Niece. Whate'er you hear, you know my mind!
[*Exeunt* OLDCRAFT *and Niece.*

Greg. Ay, a pox on't, too well! If I do not wonder how we two shall come together, I'm a bear-

[9] *I love a man that lives by his wits a'-life.*] The last editors read *as life*; but the old text was the phraseology of the time.

whelp. He talks of Tuesday next, as familiarly as if we loved one another; but 'tis as unlikely to me, as 'twas seven year before I saw her. I shall try his cunning; it may be, he has a way was never yet thought on, and it had need to be such a one; for all that I can think on will never do't. I look to have this diamond taken from me very speedily; therefore I'll take it off o' my finger, for, if it be seen, I shall be way-laid for that too. [*Exit.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Room in Oldcraft's *House.*

Enter OLDCRAFT *and* WITTYPATE.

Oldc. Oh, torture, torture! Thou carry'st a sting
i' thy tail!
Thou never brought'st good news i' thy life yet;
And that's an ill quality, leave it when thou wilt.

Witty. Why, you receive a blessing the wrong
way, sir.
Call you not this good news, to save at once, sir,
Your credit and your kinsman's life together?
Would it not vex your peace, and gall your worth,
To have one of your name hang'd?

Oldc. Peace; no such words, boy!
Witty. Be thankful for the blessings of prevention then.
Oldc. Let me see!
There was none hang'd out of our house since Brute;
I ha' search'd both Stow and Hollinshed.
Witty. Oh, sir!
Oldc. I'll see what Polychronicon says anon too.[1]
Witty. 'Twas a miraculous fortune that I heard on't!
Oldc. I would thou'dst never heard on't!
Witty. That's true too,
So it had ne'er been done. To see the luck on't!
He was even brought to justice Aurum's threshold;
There had flown forth a mittimus straight for Newgate!
And note the fortune too! Sessions a Thursday,
Jury cull'd out a Friday, judgment a Saturday,
Dungeon a Sunday, Tyburn a Monday:
Misery's quotidian ague, when't begins once,
Every day pulls him, till he pull his last.

[1] *I'll see what* Polychronicon *says anon too.*] By *Polychronicon* he means one Higden, a monk of Chester, who wrote a large volume of history under that title. Brady, in the catalogue of writers from whom he compiled his History of England, gives us this account of him: "Ranulphus Cestrensis had the reputation of an industrious and diligent writer by our ancestors, especially Leland. He wrote from the beginning of things, and brought down his history (Latin) to the end of Edward the Third's reign, 1377, or perhaps only to the year 1344, as Mr Selden observes." As the *Polychronicon* is a book not to be met with every where, I will give my reader a specimen of our Ranulphus's *industry* and *diligence* from the translation of his Latin work by one de Trevisa. In book the first, though I can't name the page or the chapter, he gives this description of the Sicilian *Cicadæ*: "Cicades *birds, that singen well, in the best wise, and they have a pipe open under their throat, and singen* better when dead than while they be alive, *therefore herdes of that londe* bihede them to have the sweeter song."—*Sympson.*

Oldc. No more, I say! 'tis an ill theme. Where left you him?

Witty. He's in the constable's hands below i'th' hall, sir,
Poor gentleman, and his accuser with him.

Oldc. What's he?

Witty. A judge's son, 'tis thought; so much the worse too;
He'll hang his enemy, and't shall cost him nothing;
That's a great privilege.

Oldc. Within there!

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir?

Oldc. Call up the folks i' th' hall.—I had such hope on him,
For a scholar too, a thing thou ne'er wast fit for;
Therefore erected all my joys in him,
Got a Welch benefice in reversion for him,
Dean of Cardigan; he has his grace already,
He can marry and bury,
Yet ne'er a hair on's face, like a French vicar;
And does he bring such fruits to town with him?
A thief at his first lighting?—Oh, good den [2] to you!

Enter CREDULOUS, *Sir* RUINOUS (*as a Constable,*) *and Lady* RUINOUS (*as a Man.*)

Witty. Nay, sweet sir! you're so vex'd now, you will grieve him,
And hurt yourself.

Oldc. Away! I'll hear no counsel.—
Come you but once in seven year to your uncle,

[2] *Good den.*] An abbreviation of good evening.

And at that time must you be brought home too?
And by a constable?

Witty. Oh, speak low, sir;
Remember your own credit! You profess
You love a man o' wit; begin at home, sir;
Express it i' yourself.

L. Ruin. Nay, master constable,
Shew yourself a wise man, 'gainst your nature too.

Ruin. Sir, no dish-porridgement, we have brought home
As good men as ye.

Oldc. Out! a North-Britain constable? that tongue
Will publish all, it speaks so broad already.—
Are you the gentleman?

L. Ruin. The unfortunate one, sir,
That fell into the power of merciless thieves,
Whereof this fellow, (whom I'd call your kinsman
As little as I could, for the fair reverence
I owe to fame and years,) was the prime villain.

Oldc. A wicked prime!

Witty. Nay, not so loud, sweet father!

L. Ruin. The rest are fled, but I shall meet with 'em:
Hang one of 'em I will certain, (I ha' swore it)
And 'twas my luck to light upon this first.

Oldc. A Cambridge man for this? these your degrees, sir?
Nine years at university for this fellowship?

Witty. Take your voice lower, dear sir!

Oldc. What's your loss, sir?

L. Ruin. That which offends me to repeat; the money's whole, sir,
'Tis in the constable's hands there, a seal'd hundred;
But I will not receive't.

Oldc. No? not the money, sir,

Having confess'd 'tis all?
L. Ruin. 'Tis all the money, sir,
But 'tis not all I lost; for when they bound me,
They took a diamond hung at my shirt-string,
Which fear of life made me forget to hide;
It being the sparkling witness of a contract
'Twixt a great lawyer's daughter and myself.
Witty. I told you what he was.—What does the diamond
Concern my cousin, sir?
L. Ruin. No more did the money;
But he shall answer all now.
Witty There's your conscience!
It shews from whence you sprung.
L. Ruin. Sprung? I had leap'd a thief,
Had I leap'd some of your alliance.
Witty. Slave!
L. Ruin. You prevent me still.
Oldc. 'Slid, son, are you mad?
L. Ruin. Come, come, I'll take a legal course.
Oldc. Will you undo us all?—What's your demand, sir?
Now we're in's danger too!
L. Ruin. A hundred mark, sir;
I will not bate a doit.
Witty. A hundred rascals!
L. Ruin. Sir, find 'em out in your own blood, and take 'em.
Witty. Go, take your course; follow the law, and spare not.
Oldc. Does fury make you drunk? Know you what you say?
Witty. A hundred dogs-dungs! do your worst,
Oldc. You do, I'm sure: who is loud now?
Witty. What, his own asking?
Oldc. Not in such a case?

Witty. You shall have but threescore pound, 'spite a' your teeth;
I'll see you hang'd first!
Oldc. And what's seven pound more, man,
That all this coil's about?—Stay!—I say he shall ha't.
Witty. It is your own, you may do what you please with it;
Pardon my zeal! I would ha' saved you money.
Give him all his own asking?
Oldc. What's that to you, sir?
Be sparing of your own! Teach me to pinch
In such a case as this? Go, go; live by your wits, go!
Witty. I practise all I can.
Oldc Follow you me, sir;
And, master constable, come from the knave,
And be a witness of a full recompense.
Witty. Pray stop the constable's mouth, whate'er you do, sir.
Oldc. Yet again?
As if I meant not to do that myself,
Without your counsel?—As for you, precious kinsman,
Your first year's fruits in Wales shall go to rack for this!
You lie not in my house; I'll pack you out,
And pay for your lodging rather.
[*Exeunt* Oldcraft, Ruinous, *and Lady* Ruinous.
Witty. Oh, fy, cousin!
These are ill courses; you a scholar too!
Cred. I was drawn into't most unfortunately,
By filthy debosh'd company.
Witty. Ay, ay, ay;
'Tis even the spoil of all our youth in England.
What were they? gentlemen?
Cred. 'Faith, so like, some of 'em,

They were even the worse again.
Witty. Hum!
Cred. Great tobacco-whiffers;
They would go near to rob with a pipe in their mouths.
Witty. What! no?
Cred. 'Faith, leave it, cousin, because my rascals use it.[3]

[3] *'Faith leave it, cousin, because* my *rascals use it.*] That is, the rascals who robbed me. Sympson silently omits *my*, and Mason wishes his text to be followed.—The practice of smoaking, or, as it was then called, *drinking tobacco*, is very frequently ridiculed in old plays, and was as frequently attacked seriously. Ben Jonson, who seems to have detested tobacco, ridicules it with great effect in his comedies, particularly in Every Man out of his Humour. King James I. had a violent antipathy to smoaking, and condescended to wield his royal pen against it, in a tract entitled "A Counter-blast to Tobacco," and is said to have declared, that, were he to invite the devil to dinner, he should have three dishes; 1. A pig, (which to this day is no popular dish on this side the Tweed;) 2. A pole of ling and mustard; and 3. *A pipe of tobacco*, for digestion. Dr Donne, in his first satire, says—

———" One, which did excel
Th' Indians in *drinking* his *tobacco* well,
Met us."

Some lover of the pipe, which was so furiously attacked, thought it requisite to moralize the practice by the following ditty, which occurs in a hand of the seventeenth century, in the Bannatyne MS.—(Advocates' Lib. Edin.)

MEDITATIOUNS ON TOBACCO.

Why should we so much despyse
So good and holy an exercise,
As dailie and late
To meditate
Whenere we drink tobacco?

The earthen pype, so lillie whyte,
Doth show thow art a mortall wighte;
Yea even suche
Brocke with a tuche:
Thus think, than drink tobacco.

Witty. So they do meat and drink; must worthy gentlemen
Refrain their food for that? an honest man
May eat of the same pig some parson dines with,
A lawyer and a fool feed of one woodcock,
Yet one ne'er the simpler, t'other ne'er the wiser;
'Tis not meat, drink, or smoke, dish, cup, or pipe,
Co-operates to the making of a knave;
'Tis the condition makes a slave a slave:
There's London philosophy for you! I tell you, cousin,
You cannot be too cautelous, nice, or dainty,
In your society here, especially
When you come raw from the university,
Before the world has harden'd you a little;
For as a butter'd loaf is a scholar's breakfast there,
So a poach'd scholar is a cheater's dinner here:
I ha' known seven of 'em supp'd up at a meal.

Cred. Why a poach'd scholar?

Witty. 'Cause he pours himself forth,
And all his secrets, at the first acquaintance;
Never so crafty to be eaten i' th' shell,
But is out-stripp'd of all he has at first,
And goes down glib; he's swallow'd with sharp wit,
'Stead of wine vinegar.

Cred. I shall think, cousin,
O' your poach'd scholar, while I live.

And when the smoak ascends on hye,
Think on this earthlie vanitye
Of worldlie stuff,
Gon with a puff:
Thus think, than drink tobacco.

Lastlie, the ashes left behind
Doe daylie serve to move the wind,
That ashes and dust
Become we must:
Thus think, than drink tobacco.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Master Credulous,
Your uncle wills you to forbear the house:
You must with me; I'm charged to see you placed
In some new lodging about Thieving-Lane.
What the conceit is I know not; but he commands you
To be seen here no more, till you hear further.
Cred. Here's a strange welcome, sir!
Witty. This is the world, cousin,
When a man's fame's once poison'd! Fare thee well, lad!
[*Exeunt* CREDULOUS *and Servant.*
This is the happiest cheat I e'er claim'd share in;
It has a two-fold fortune, gets me coin,
And puts him out of grace that stood between me;
My father's Cambridge jewel, much suspected
To be his heir; now there's a bar in's hopes.

Enter RUINOUS *with a Purse, and Lady* RUINOUS.

Ruin. It chinks; make haste!
L. Ruin. The Goat at Smithfield-Pens.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter CUNNINGHAM.

Witty. Zo, zo, zufficient!—Master Cunningham?
I never have ill luck when I meet a wit.
Cunn. A wit's better to meet than to follow then,
For I ha' none so good I can commend yet;
But commonly men unfortunate to themselves,
Are luckiest to their friends; and so may I be.
Witty. I run o'er so much worth, going but in haste from you,

All my deliberate friendship cannot equal.

Cunn. 'Tis but to shew, that you can place sometimes
Your modesty a-top of all your virtues.—

[*Exit* WITTYPATE.

This gentleman may pleasure me yet again.

Enter MIRABEL.

I am so haunted with this broad-brimm'd hat
Of the last progress block,[5] with the young hat-band,
Made for a sucking devil of two years old,
I know not where to turn myself.

Mir. Sir!

Cunn. More torture?

Mir. 'Tis rumour'd that you love me.

Cunn. O' my troth, gentlewoman,
Rumour's as false a knave as ever piss'd then;
Pray tell him so from me! I cannot feign
With a sweet gentlewoman, I must deal downright.

Mir. I heard, though you dissembled with my aunt, sir;
And that makes me more confident.

Cunn. There's no falsehood,
But pays us our own some way!—I confess
I feign'd with her, ('twas for a weightier purpose)
But not with thee, I swear.

Mir. Nor I with you then,
Although my aunt enjoin'd me to dissemble,
To right her spleen: I love you faithfully.

5 ——— *this broad-brimm'd hat
Of the last* progress block.] The *block* of a hat is the form upon which it is made, and hence the fashion of it in general. From the text, it would seem that new fashions were frequently invented, and sported at a progress of the monarch through the kingdom.

Cunn. 'Light, this is worse than 'twas.
Mir. I find such worth in you,
I cannot, nay, I dare not, dally with you,
For fear the flame consume me.
Cunn. Here's fresh trouble!
This drives me to my conscience; for 'tis foul
To injure one that deals directly with me.
Mir. I crave but such a truth from your love, sir
As mine brings you, and that's proportionable.
Cunn. A good geometrician, 'shrew my heart!
Why, are you out o' your wits, pretty plump gentlewoman,
You talk so desperately? 'tis a great happiness
Love has made one on's wiser than another,
We should be both cast away else:
Yet I love gratitude; I must requite you,
I shall be sick else: But to give you me—
A thing you must not take, if you mean to live,
For a' my troth I hardly can myself;
No wise physician will prescribe me for you.
Alas, your state is weak; you had need of cordials,
Some rich electuary, made of a son and heir,
An elder brother, in a cullis,[6] whole;
It must be some wealthy Gregory, boil'd to a jelly,
That must restore you to the state of new gowns,
French ruffs, and mutable head-tires.
Mir. But, where is he, sir?
One that's so rich will ne'er wed me with nothing.
Cunn. Then see thy conscience, and thy wit together!
Wouldst thou have me then, that have nothing neither?
What say you to Fop Gregory the First yonder?
Will you acknowledge your time amply recompensed,

[6] *Cullis.*] A restorative broth often mentioned in these plays.

Full satisfaction upon love's record,
Without any more suit, if I combine you?
Mir. Yes, by this honest kiss.
Cunn. You're a wise client,
To pay your fee before-hand; but all do so:
You know the worst already, that's the best too.
Mir. I know he is a fool.
Cunn. You're shrewdly hurt then!
This is your comfort; your great, wisest women
Pick their first husband still out of that house,
And some will have 'em to chuse, if they bury twenty.
Mir. I'm of their minds, that like him for a first husband
To run youth's race with him, 'tis very pleasant;
But when I'm old, I'd always wish a wiser.
Cunn. You may have me by that time. For this first business,
Rest upon my performance!
Mir. With all thankfulness.
Cunn. I have a project you must aid me in too.
Mir. You bind me to all lawful action, sir.
Cunn. Pray wear this scarf about you.
Mir. I conjecture now——
Cunn. There's a court principle for't, one office must help another;
As for example, for your cast o' manchets out o' th' pantry,
I will allow you a goose out of the kitchen.
Mir. 'Tis very sociably done, sir: Farewell, Performance!
I shall be bold to call you so. [*Exit.*
Cunn. Do, sweet Confidence![7]

[7] *Farewell,* Performance!
I shall be bold to call you so.
Cunn. *Do, sweet* Confidence.] It seems to have been one of the affectations of the times, to exchange such denominations de-

Enter Sir GREGORY.

If I can match my two broad-brimm'd hats—
'Tis he! I know the maggot by his head;
Now shall I learn news of him.—My precious chief!
Greg. I have been seeking for you i' th' bowling-
green,
Enquired at Nettleton's and Anthony's ordinary;
'T has vex'd me to the heart! Look, I've a diamond
here,
And it cannot find a master.

rived from appropriate attributes between friends and cronies, mistresses and their lovers, &c. The custom is ridiculed in Ben Jonson's Every Man out of his Humour, act iv. scene v.—

Sogliardo. Good *Pylades*, discourse a robbery or two, to satisfy these gentlemen of thy worth.
Sharp. Pardon me, my dear *Orestes*: causes have their quiddits, and 'tis ill jesting with bell-ropes.
Carlo. How? *Pylades and Orestes*?
Sogl. Ay, he is my *Pylades*, and I am his *Orestes*: How like you the conceit?
Carlo. O, it's an old stale interlude device: no, I'll give you names myself; look you, he shall be your *Judas*, and you shall be his *elder-tree* to hang on.
Macilente Nay, rather let him be *Captain Pod*, and you shall be his *motion*, for he does nothing but shew him.
Carlo. Excellent: or thus, you shall be *Holden* and he your *camel*.
Shift. You do not mean to ride, gentlemen?
Puntarvolo. 'Faith, let me end it for you, gallants: you shall be his *Countenance*, and he your *Resolution*.
Sogl. 'Troth, that's pretty: how say you, cavalier, shall't be so?
Carlo. Ay, ay, most voices.
Shift. 'Faith, I am easily yielding to good impressions.
Sogl. Then give hands, good *Resolution*.
Carlo. Mass, he cannot say, good *Countenance*: now, properly to him again.
Pount. Yes, by an irony.
Maci. O, sir, the *Countenance* of *Resolution* should, as he is, be altogether unpleasant.

Cunn. No? that's hard, i'faith.
Greg. It does belong to somebody: A pox on him,
I would he had it; 'does but trouble me;
And she that sent it is so waspish too,
There's no returning to her till't be gone.
Cunn. Oh, ho! Ah, sirrah, are you come?
Greg. What's that, friend?
Cunn. Do you note that corner sparkle?
Greg. Which? which? which, sir?
Cunn. At the west end o' th' collet.[7]
Greg. Oh, I see't now.
Cunn. 'Tis an apparent mark: This is the stone, sir,
That so much blood is threaten'd to be shed for.
Greg. I pray——
Cunn. A tun at least.
Greg. They must not find it i' me then; they must
Go where 'tis to be had.
Cunn. 'Tis well it came to my hands first, Sir Gregory;
I know where this must go.
Greg. Am I discharged on't?
Cunn. My life for yours now! [*Draws.*
Greg. What now?
Cunn. 'Tis discretion, sir;
I'll stand upon my guard all the while I ha't.
Greg. 'Troth thou tak'st too much danger on thee still,
To preserve me alive.
Cunn. 'Tis a friend's duty, sir.
Nay, by a toy that I have late thought upon,

[7] *West end o' th'* coller.] There only wants the change of a letter to make this passage run like the original, *viz.* *o' th'* collet; *i. e.* beryll or socket in which the diamond was set.—*Sympson.*

I'll undertake to get your mistress for you.
Greg. Thou wilt not? wilt?
Cunn. Contract her by a trick, sir,
When she least thinks on't.
Greg. There's the right way to't;
For if she think on't once, she'll never do't.
Cunn. She does abuse you still then?
Greg. A pox! damnably,
Every time worse than other; yet her uncle
Thinks the day holds 'a Tuesday: Say it did, sir,
She's so familiarly used to call me *rascal*,
She'll quite forget to wed me by my own name;
And then that marriage cannot hold in law, you know.
Cunn. Will you leave all to me?
Greg. Who should I leave it to?
Cunn. 'Tis our luck to love nieces; I love a niece too.
Greg. I would you did, i'faith!
Cunn. But mine's a kind wretch.
Greg. Ay, marry, sir? I would mine were so too!
Cunn. No *rascal* comes in her mouth.
Greg. 'Troth, and mine
Has little else in hers.
Cunn. Mine sends me tokens,
All the world knows not on.
Greg. Mine gives me tokens too,
Very fine tokens; but I dare not wear 'em.
Cunn. Mine's kind in secret.
Greg. And there mine's a hell-cat.
Cunn. We have a day set too.
Greg. 'Slid, so have we, man;
But there's no sign of ever coming together.
Cunn. I'll tell thee who it is; the old woman's niece.
Greg. Is't she?

Cunn. I would your luck had been no worse for mildness;
But mum; no more words on't to your lady!
Greg. Foh!
Cunn. No blabbing, as you love me.
Greg. None of our blood
Were ever babblers.
Cunn. Pr'ythee convey this letter to her;
But at any hand let not your mistress see't!
Greg. Yet again, sir?
Cunn. There is a jewel in't!
The very art would make her dote upon't.
Greg. Say you so?
And she shall see't for that trick only.
Cunn. Remember but your mistress, and all's well.
Greg. Nay, if I do not, hang me! [*Exit.*
Cunn. I believe you.—
This is the only way to return a token:
I know he will do't now, 'cause he's charged to th' contrary.
He's the nearest kin to a woman, of a thing
Made without substance, that a man can find again.
Some petticoat begot him, I'll be whipt else,
Engendring with an old pair of paned hose,[8]
Lying in some hot chamber o'er the kitchen;
Very steam bred him.
He never grew where *rem in re* e'er came;
The generation of a hundred such
Cannot make a man stand in a white sheet,
For 'tis no act in law; nor can a constable
Pick out a bawdy business for Bridewell in't.
A lamentable case!
He's got with a man's urine, like a mandrake.—

[8] *With an old pair of* paun'd *hose.*] Probably *pain'd hose.*—*Sympson.* See vol. X. p. 16, 73.

Enter POMPEY (*as a Gallant.*)

How now? ha? what prodigious bravery's this?
A most preposterous gallant! the doublet sits
As if it mock'd the breeches.

Pompey. Save you, sir!

Cunn. He has put his tongue in the fine suit of words too!

Pompey. How does the party?

Cunn. Takes me for a scrivener.—
Which of the parties?

Pompey. Hum! Simplicity betide thee!—
I would fain hear o' th' party; I would be loth to go
Further with her; honour is not a thing
To be dallied withal, no more is reputation,
No, nor fame, I take it; I must not have her wrong'd
When I'm abroad; my party is not to be compell'd
With any party in an oblique way;
'Tis very dangerous to deal with women;
May prove a lady too, but shall be nameless;
I'll bite my tongue out, ere it prove a traitor.

Cunn. Upon my life, I know her!

Pompey. Not by me;
Know what you can, talk a whole day with me,
You're ne'er the wiser; she comes not from these lips.

Cunn. The old knight's niece.

Pompey. 'Slid, he has got her! Pox of his heart that told him!— [*Aside.*
Can nothing be kept secret? Let me entreat you
To use her name as little as you can, though.

Cunn. 'Twill be small pleasure, sir, to use her name.

Pompey. I had intelligence in my solemn walks,
'Twixt Paddington and Pancridge, of a scarf

Sent for a token, and a jewel follow'd;
But I acknowledge not the receipt of any:
Howe'er 'tis carried, believe me, sir,
Upon my reputation, I received none!
Cunn. What, neither scarf nor jewel?
Pompey. 'Twould be seen
Somewhere about me, you may well think that;
I have an arm for a scarf, as others have,
An ear[9] to hang a jewel too, and that's more
Than some men have, my betters a great deal.
I must have restitution, where'er it lights.
Cunn. And reason good.
Pompey. For all these tokens, sir,
Pass i' my name.
Cunn. It cannot otherwise be.
Pompey. Sent to a worthy friend!
Cunn. Ay, that's to thee.
Pompey. I'm wrong'd under that title.
Cunn. I dare swear thou art:
'Tis nothing but Sir Gregory's circumvention,
His envious spite; when thou'rt at Paddington,
He meets the gifts at Pancridge.
Pompey. Ah, false knight!
False both to honour, and the law of arms.
Cunn. What wilt thou say if I be revenged for thee,
Thou sit as witness?
Pompey. I should laugh in state then.
Cunn. I'll fob him; here's my hand.
Pompey. I shall be as glad as any man alive to see him well fobb'd, sir. But, now you talk of fobbing, I wonder the lady sends not for me according to promise: I ha' kept out o' town these two days, o' purpose to be sent for: I am almost starved with walking.

[9] *And dare.*] Corrected in 1679.

Cunn. Walking gets men a stomach.

Pompey. 'Tis most true, sir; I may speak it by experience, for I ha' got a stomach six times, and lost it again, as often as a traveller from Chelsea shall lose the sight of Paul's, and get it again.

Cunn. Go to her, man.

Pompey. Not for a million! Enfringe my oath? There's a toy call'd a vow has past between us, a poor trifle, sir! Pray do me the part and office of a gentleman: If you chance to meet a footman by the way, in orange-tawny ribbands, running before an empty coach, with a buzzard i' th' poop on't, direct him and his horses toward the New-River, by Islington; there they shall have me looking upon the pipes, and whistling. [*Exit.*

Cunn. A very good note! This love makes us all monkies.
But to my work: Scarf first? and now a diamond?
These should be sure signs of her affection's truth;
Yet I'll go forward with my surer proof. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Another in the same.

Enter Niece *and* GREGORY.

Niece. Is't possible?

Greg. Nay, here's his letter too;
There's a fine jewel in't, therefore I brought it to you.

Niece. You tedious mongril! Is it not enough

To grace thee, to receive this from thy hand,
A thing which makes me almost sick to do,
But you must talk too?

Greg. I ha' done.

Niece. Fall back!
Yet backer, backer yet! You unmannerly puppy,
Do you not see I'm going about to read it?

Greg. Nay, these are golden days! now I stay by't;
She was wont not to endure me in her sight at all;
The world mends, I see that.

Niece. What an ambiguous superscription's here!
'To the best of nieces.'
Why, that title may be mine, and more than her's:
Sure I much wrong the neatness of his art!
'Tis certain sent to me; and to requite
My cunning in the carriage of my tokens,
Used the same fop for his.

Greg. She nodded now to me; 'twill come in time.

Niece. What's here? An entire ruby, cut into a heart?
And this the word, *Istud amoris opus?*

Greg. Yes, yes;
I have heard him say, that Love is the best stone-cutter.

Niece. Why, thou saucy issue of some travelling sow-gelder,
What makes love in thy mouth? Is it a thing
That ever will concern thee? I do wonder
How thou dar'st think on't! Hast thou ever hope
To come i' the same room where lovers are,
And 'scape unbrain'd with one of their velvet slippers?

Greg. Love-tricks break out I see: An you talk of slippers once,
It is not far off to bed-time.

Niece. Is it possible thou canst laugh yet?

I would ha' undertook to ha' kill'd a spider
With less venom far than I have spit at thee.

Greg. You must conceive,
A knight's another manner o' piece of flesh.

Niece. Back, owl's face!

Oldc. [*Within.*] Do, do.

Niece. [*Apart.*] 'Tis my uncle's voice, that.—
Why keep you so far off, Sir Gregory?
Are you afraid, sir, to come near your mistress?

Greg. Is the proud heart come down? I look'd for this still.

Niece. [*Apart.*] He comes not this way yet.—Away, you dog-whelp!
Would you offer to come near me, though I said so?
I'll make you understand my mind in time!
You're running greedily,[1] like a hound to his breakfast,
That chops in head and all to beguile his fellows;
I'm to be eaten, sir, with grace and leisure,
Behaviour and discourse, things that ne'er trouble you:
After I have pelted you sufficiently,
I trow you'll learn more manners.

Greg. I am wond'ring still
When we two shall come together. Tuesday's at hand,
But I'm as far off as I was at first, I swear.

Enter Guardianess.

Guard. Now, Cunningham, I'll be revenged at large.—
Lady, what was but all this while suspicion
Is truth full blown now; my niece wears your scarf.

Niece. Ha!

[1] Your *running greedily.*] Corrected by Sympson.

Guard. Do but follow me, I'll place you instantly
Where you shall see her courted by Cunningham.

Niece. I go with greediness! We long for things
That break our hearts sometimes; there's Pleasure's misery.

[*Exeunt Niece and Guardianess.*

Greg. Where are those gad-flies going? to some junket now.
That same old humble-bee[a] toles the young one forth
To sweetmeats after kind: Let 'em look to't
The thing you wot on be not miss'd or gone!
I bring a maidenhead, and I look for one. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Another Room in the same.

Enter Cunningham, (*seemingly in discourse with a mask'd Gentlewoman, which is a puppet, in a broad hat, and scarfed,*) *and Niece at another door.*

Cunn. Yes, yes.

Niece. Too manifest now; the scarf and all!

Cunn. It cannot be; you're such a fearful soul.

Niece. I'll give her cause of fear ere I part from her!

Cunn. Will you say so? Is't not your aunt's desire too?

[a] Some *old humble-bee.*] Corrected in 1750.

Niece. What a dissembling crone's that? She'll forswear't now.

Cunn. I see my project takes; yonder's the grace on't. [*Aside.*

Niece. Who would put confidence in wit again?
I'm plagu'd, for my ambition, to desire
A wise man for a husband! and I see
Fate will not have us go beyond our stint:
We are allow'd but one dish, and that's woodcock.[3]
It keeps up wit to make us friends and servants of;
And thinks any thing's good enough to make us husbands.
Oh, that whore's hat o' thine, o' th' riding block,[4]
A shade for lecherous kisses!—

Cunn. Make you doubt on't?
Is not my love of force?

Niece. Yes; me it forces [*Comes forward.*
To tear that sorcerous strumpet from thy embraces.

Cunn. Lady?

Niece. Oh, thou hast wrong'd the exquisitest love—

Cunn. What mean you, lady?

Niece. Mine; you'll answer for't!

Cunn. Alas, what seek you?

Niece. Sir, mine own, with loss.

Cunn. You shall——

Niece. I never made so hard a bargain.

Cunn. Sweet lady!

Niece. Unjust man, let my wrath reach her,
As you owe Virtue duty! [CUNNINGHAM *falls on purpose.*] Your cause trips you.—
Now, minion, you shall feel what love's rage is,
Before you taste the pleasure.—Smile you, false sir?

[3] *We are allow'd but one dish, and that's* woodcock.] Another allusion to the old notion that woodcocks had no brains.

[4] *Block.*] See above, p. 338. In the text the word is used for the shape of the hat.

Cunn. How can I chuse, to see what pains you take,
Upon a thing will never thank you for't?
Niece. How!
Cunn. See what things you women
When clothes are taken for the best
This was to shew you, when you think I love you not,
How you're deceived still; there the moral lies:
'Twas a trap set to catch you, and the only bait
To take a lady nibbling is fine clothes:
Now I dare boldly thank you for your love;
I'm pretty well resolved in't by this fit,
For a jealous ague always ushers it.
Niece. Now blessings still maintain this wit of thine!
And I've an excellent fortune coming in thee:
Bring nothing else, I charge thee.
Cunn. Not a groat, I warrant you.
Niece. Thou shalt be worthily welcome, take my faith for't;
Next opportunity shall make us.[5]
Cunn. The old gentlewoman has fool'd her revenge sweetly.
Niece. 'Las, 'tis her part; she knows her place so well yonder!
Always when women jump upon threescore,
Love shoves 'em from the chamber to the door.
Cunn. Thou art a precious she-wit! [*Exeunt.*

[5] *Next opportunity shall make us.*] Here the loss of a monosyllable destroys the measure and injures the sense. I read,

" *Next opportunity shall make us* one."—*Seward.*

There is certainly very complete *sense* without the monosyllable.—Ed. 1778.

ACT V. SCENE I.

A mean Room in the House of Sir Ruinous.

Enter CUNNINGHAM, (*at one door*,) WITTYPATE, RUINOUS, *Lady* RUINOUS, *and* PRISCIAN (*at the other*.)

Cunn. Friend, met in the harvest of our designs!
Not a thought but's busy.
Witty. I knew it, man;
And that made me provide these needful reapers,
Hooks, rakers, gleaners: We will sing it home
With a melodious hornpipe. This is the bond;
That as we further in your great affair,
You'll suffer us to glean, pick up for crumbs,[6]
And, if we snatch a handful from the sheaf,
You will not look a churl on's.
Cunn. Friend, we'll share
The sheaves of gold; only the love acre
Shall be peculiar.
Witty. Much good do you, sir.

[6] *You'll suffer us to glean, pick up* for crums.] This reading discontinues the metaphor, as well as disturbs the sense; both may easily be amended by reading thus:

"—— *to glean, pick up* few corns."—*Sympson.*

Corns certainly pursues the metaphor best; but the old reading, being sense, should not be arbitrarily altered, though for the better; fidelity being the first duty of an editor.—Ed. 1778.

Away! you know your way, and your stay; get you
The music ready, while we prepare the dancers.

Ruin. We are a consort of ourselves.[7]

Pris. And can strike up lustily.

Witty. You must bring Sir Fop.

Cunn. That's perfect enough.

Ruin. Bring all the fops you can, the more the better fare;
So the proverb runs backwards.[8]

[*Exeunt* RUINOUS *and* PRISCIAN.

L. Ruin. I'll bring the ladies. [*Exit.*

Witty. Do so first, and then the fops will follow.
I must to my father; he must make one. [*Exit.*

Enter two Servants with a Banquet.

Cunn. While I dispatch a business with the knight,
And I go with you.—Well said! I thank you!
This small banquet will furnish our few guests
With taste and state enough. One reach my gown;
The action craves it, rather than the weather.

1 *Serv.* There is one stays to speak with you, sir.

---

7 *We are a* consort *of ourselves.*] A consort of musicians was what we now call a band. So in an old song introduced in the history of Friar Bacon:

> "We meet a *consort* of fiddle-dedees;
> We set them a cock-horse, and made them to play
> The winning of Bullen and *Upsyfrees*,
> And away to Twiver, away, away!"

For the term *upsyfreese*, see vol. III. p. 147. From this quotation it would seem that a tune was so denominated.

8 *Bring all the fops you can, the more the better fare;*
So the proverb *runs backward.*] The proverb alluded to is—The more the merrier, the fewer the better fare.—*Mason.*

Cunn. What is he?
1 *Serv.* 'Faith, I know not what, sir; a fool, I think,
That some broker's shop has made half a gentleman:
'Has the name of a worthy too.
Cunn. Pompey? is't not?
1 *Serv.* That's he, sir.
Cunn. Alas, poor fellow, pr'ythee enter him,
He will need too.[9] He shall serve for a witness.

Enter second Servant with a Gown.

Oh, gramercy! If my friend Sir Gregory comes,
(You know him) entertain him kindly.

Enter POMPEY.

Oh, Master Pompey!
How is't, man?
Pompey. 'Snails,[1] I'm almost starved with love, and cold, and one thing or other. Has not my lady sent for me yet?
Cunn. Not that I hear: Sure some
Unfriendly messenger's employ'd betwixt you.
Pompey. I was ne'er so cold in my life: In my conscience, I have been seven miles in length, along the New-River; I have seen a hundred

[9] *Alas, poor fellow, pr'ythee enter him, he will* need *too.*] Though Pompey did need victuals, yet the adverb *too* shews *need* to be a corruption for *sted*, or *speed*. And the original ran, I fancy, very near the text of this present edition [i. e. *sted.*]—Seward.

We think there are in our authors, and others, instances of a construction, by which *he will need too* may signify *he will be needed.*—Ed. 1778.

[1] *'Snails.*] An oath, abbreviated from—by God's nails.

stickle-bags;[2] I do not think but there's gudgeons too: 'Twill ne'er be a true water.

Cunn. Why think you so?

Pompey. I warrant you I told a thousand miller's thumbs in it. I'll make a little bold with your sweetmeats.

Cunn And welcome, Pompey!

Pompey. 'Tis a strange thing I have no taste in any thing.

Cunn. Oh, that's love; that distastes any thing but itself.

Pompey. 'Tis worse than cheese in that point. May not a man break his word with a lady? I could find in my heart and my hose too.

Cunn. By no means, sir; that breaks all the laws of love.

Pompey. Well, I'll ne'er pass my word without my deed, to lady, while I live, again. I would fain recover my taste.

Cunn. Well, I have news to tell you.

Pompey. Good news, sir?

Cunn. Happy news! I help you away with a rival, your master's bestow'd——

Pompey. Where, for this plumb's sake——

Cunn. Nay, listen me.

Pompey. I warrant you, sir; I have two ears to one mouth: I hear more than I eat; I'd ne'er row by Queen-Hithe while I lived else.

Cunn. I have a wife for him, and thou shalt witness the contract.

Pompey. The old one, I hope;[3] 'tis not the lady?

[2] *I have seen a hundred* stickle-bags.] It is a favourite amusement to this day among the cockney boys to angle in the New-River for *tittle-buts*, as they are now called.

[3] *The old one, I hope.*] By this expression here and a little be-

Cunn. Choke him first! 'Tis one which thou shalt see; see him, see him deceived, see the deceit, only the injunction is, you shall smile with modesty.

Pompey. I'll simper i'faith, as cold as I am yet. The old one, I hope! [*Retires.*

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, here's Sir Gregory.

Cunn. Udso, shelter, shelter! If you be seen, all's ravell'd out again: Stand there private, and you will find the very opportunity to call y forth, and place you at the table.

Enter GREGORY.

You are welcome, sir! this banquet will serve, when it is crown'd with such a dainty as you expect, and must have.

Greg. Tush, these sweetmeats are but sauce to that. Well, if there be any honesty, or true word in a dream, she's mine own, nay, and changed extremely, not the same woman.

Cunn. Who? not the lady?

Greg. No, not to me; the edge of her tongue is taken off, gives me very good words; turn'd upside down to me; and we live as quietly as two tortoises: If she hold on, as she began in my dream——

Cunn. Nay, if love send forth such predictions, you are bound to believe 'em. [*Soft Music.*] There's

low, the Clown hopes that the old Guardianess was the wife intended by Cunningham for Sir Gregory.

the watch-word of her coming; to your practised part now! If you hit it, *Æquus Cupido nobis.*

[*They both sit down, and cover themselves with the gown.*

Greg. I'll warrant you, sir, I will give arms to your gentry: Look you forward to your business, I am an eye behind you; place her in that chair, and let me alone to grope her out!

[*Hides himself in the gown.*

Enter MIRABEL.

Cunn. Silence!—Lady, your sweet presence illustrates
This homely roof, and as coarse entertainment;
But where affections are both host and guest,
They cannot meet unkindly. Please you sit!
Your something long stay made me unmannerly,
To place before you (know him!) this friend here;
(He is my guest) and more especially,
That this our meeting might not be too single,
Without a witness to't.

Mir. I came not unresolved, sir:
And when our hands are clasped in that firm faith
Which I expect from you, Fame shall be bold
To speak the loudest on it. Oh, you grasp me
Somewhat too hard, friend!

Cunn. That's Love's eager will;
I'll touch it gentlier. [*Kisses her hand.*

Mir. That's too low in you,
'Less it be doubly recompensed in me.

[*Kisses his hand.*

Pompey. Puh! I must stop my mouth; I shall be choak'd else.

Cunn. Come, we'll not play and trifle with delays;
We met to join these hands, and willingly

I cannot leave it till confirmation.

Mir. One word first! how does your friend, kind Sir Gregory?

Cunn. Why do you mention him? you love him not.

Mir. I shall love you the less if you say so, sir:
In troth, I love him; but 'tis you deceive him,
This flattering hand of yours does rob him now,
Now you steal his right from him; and I know
I shall have hate for it, his hate extremely.

Cunn. Why, I thought you had not come so weakly arm'd:
Upon my life, the knight will love you for't,
Exceedingly love you, for ever love you.

Mir. Ay, you'll persuade me so.

Cunn. Why, he's my friend,
And wishes me a fortune equal with him,
I know and dare speak it for him.

Mir. Oh, this hand betrays him!
You might remember him in some court'sy yet at least.

Cunn. I thank your help in it; here's to his health,
Where'er he be! [*Drinks.*

Mir. I'll pledge it,
Were it against my health.

Pompey. Oh, oh! my heart hops after twelve mile a-day, upon a good return![4] Now could I walk three hundred mile a-foot, and laugh forwards and backwards.

[4] *My heart* hops *after twelve mile a-day, upon a good return.*] That is, It hops, as if hopping twelve miles a-day upon a wager. Our forefathers, as well as we, dealt in extravagant feats upon odds given, which was called doing them upon return The humour of Puntarvolo's undertaking to travel to Constantinople with his dog and cat, to bring them all alive back to Tower-wharf within a year, will immediately recur to the readers of Ben Jonson.

Mir. You'll take the knight's health, sir?

Pompey Yes, yes, forsooth. Oh, my sides! Such a banquet once a-week, would make me grow fat in a fortnight.

Cunn. Well: now to close our meeting, with the close

[*Sir* GREGORY *puts forth his hand.*

Of mutual hands and hearts, thus I begin:
Here in Heaven's eye, and all Love's sacred powers,
(Which in my prayers stand propitious,)
I knit this holy hand fast, and with this hand
The heart that owes this hand, ever binding
By force of this initiating contract
Both heart and hand in love, faith, loyalty,
Estate, or what to them belongs, in all
The dues, rights, and honours, of a faithful husband;
And this firm vow, henceforth till death to stand
Irrevocable, seal'd both with heart and hand!

Mir. Which thus I second: But, oh, Sir Gregory!

Cunn. Again? This interposition's ill, believe me.

Mir. Here, in Heaven's eye, and all Love's sacred powers,
I knit this holy hand fast, and with this hand
The heart that owes this hand, ever binding
Both heart and hand in love, honour, loyalty,
Estate, or what to them belongs, in all
The dues, rights, and duties, of a true faithful wife;
And this firm vow, henceforth till death to stand
Irrevocable, seal'd both with heart and hand!

Greg. A full agreement on both parts.

Cunn. Ay, here's witness of that.

Greg. Nay, I have over-reach'd you, lady; and that's much, [*Discovers himself.*
For any knight in England to over-reach a lady.

Mir. I rejoice in my deceit; I am a lady

Now, I thank you, sir.

Pompey. Good morrow, Lady Fop!

Greg. 'Snails I am gull'd! made a worshipful ass! this is not my lady.

Cunn. But it is, sir; and true as your dream told you,
That your lady was become another woman.

Greg. I'll have another lady, sir, if there were no more ladies
In London; blindman-buff is an unlawful game.

Cunn. Come, down on your knees first, and thank your stars.

Greg. A fire of my stars! I may thank you, I think.

Cunn. So you may pray for me, and honour me,
That have preserved you from a lasting torment,
For a perpetual comfort. Did you call me friend—

Greg. I pray pardon me for that; I did miscall you, I confess.

Cunn. And should I, receiving such a thankful name,
Abuse it in the act? Should I see my friend
Baffled, disgraced, without any reverence
To your title, to be call'd *slave, rascal?* nay,
Cursed to your face, fool'd, scorned, beaten down
With a woman's peevish hate, yet I should stand
And suffer you to be lost, cast away?
I would have seen you buried quick first,
Your spurs of knighthood to have wanted rowels,
And to be hack'd from your heels! [5] *Slave, rascal?*
Hear this tongue.

Mir. My dearest love, sweet knight, my lord, my husband!

[5] *To be* kick'd *from your heels.*] Amended by Sympson. See vol. V. p. 320.

Cunn. So! this is not *slave* and *rascal* then.

Mir. What shall your eye command, but shall be done,
In all the duties of a loyal wife?

Cunn. Good, good!
Are not curses fitter for you? were't not better
Your head were broke with the handle of a fan,[6]
Or your nose bored with a silver bodkin?

Mir. Why, I will be a servant in your lady.

Cunn. 'Pox, but you shall not! she's too good for you!
This contract shall be a nullity; I'll break it off,
And see you better bestow'd.

Greg. 'Slid, but you shall not, sir! she's mine own, and I am hers, and we are one another's lawfully, and let me see him that will take her away by the civil law! If you be my friend, keep you so; if you have done me a good turn, do not hit me i' th' teeth with't! that's not the part of a friend.

Cunn. If you be content——

Greg. Content? I was never in better contention in my life: I'll not change her for both the Exchanges, New or the Old.—Come, kiss me boldly!

Pompey. 'Give you joy, sir!

6 *The handle of a fan.*] In The Merry Wives of Windsor, Falstaff speaks of Mistress Bridget having lost *the handle of her fan;* upon which Steevens says, "It should be remembered, that *fans,* in our author's time, were more costly than they are at present, as well as of a different construction. They consisted of ostrich feathers, or others of equal length and flexibility, which were stuck into handles, the richer sort of which were composed of gold, silver, or ivory, of curious workmanship.' One of these is mentioned in The Fleire, Com. 1610: "—— she hath a fan with *a short silver handle,* about the length of a barber's syringe."—*Reed.*

Greg. Oh, sir, I thank you as much as though I did! You are beloved of ladies; you see we are glad of under-women.

Pompey. Ladies? Let not ladies be disgraced!
You're, as it were,
A married man, and have a family;
And, for the party's sake that was unnamed
Before, being peas-cod time, I am appeased;
Yet I would wish you make a ruler of your tongue.

Cunn. Nay, no dissension here! I must bar that.
And this, friend, I entreat you, and be advised;
Let this private contract be yet conceal'd,
And still support a seeming face of love
Unto the lady; mark how it avails you,
And quits all her scorns: Her uncle is now hot
In pursuit of the match, and will enforce her,
Bend her proud stomach, that she shall proffer
Herself to you, which, when you have flouted,
And laugh'd your fill at, you shall scorn her off,
With all your disgraces trebled upon her;
For there the pride of all her heart will bow,
When you shall foot her from you, not she you.

Greg. Good, i'faith! I'll continue it. I'd fain laugh at the old fellow too, for he has abused me as scurvily as his niece.—My knighthood's upon the spur! we'll go to bed, and then to church as fast as we can. [*Exeunt* GREGORY *and* MIRABEL.

Pompey. I do wonder I do not hear of the lady yet.

Cunn. The good minute may come sooner than you are aware of; I do not think but 'twill ere night yet, as near as 'tis

Pompey. Well, I will go walk by the New-River, in that meditation; I am o'er shoes, I'm sure, upon the dry bank. This gullery of my master will keep me company this two hours too: If love

were not an enemy to laughter, I should drive away the time well enough. You know my walk, sir; if she sends, I shall be found angling, for I will try what I can catch for luck sake; I will fish fair for't.

Oh, knight, that thou shouldst be gull'd so, (*ha, ha!*)
It does me good at heart,
But oh, lady, thou takest down my merry part.

[Exit.

Enter WITTYPATE.

Witty. Friend!

Cunn. Here, friend.

Witty. All is a-foot, and will go smooth away:
The woman has conquer'd the women, they are gone,
Which I have already complain'd to my father,
Suggesting that Sir Gregory is fall'n off
From his charge, for neglects and ill usage,
And that he is most violently bent
On Gentry's wife (whom I have call'd a widow)
And that without most sudden prevention
He will be married to her.

Cunn. 'Foot, all this is wrong!
This wings his pursuit, and will be before me:
I am lost for ever!

Witty. No; stay! you shall not go
But with my father: On my wit let it lie;
You shall appear a friendly assistant,
To help in all affairs, and in execution
Help yourself only.

Cunn. 'Would my belief
Were strong in this assurance!

Witty. You shall credit it,
And my wit shall be your slave, if it deceive you—

Enter OLDCRAFT.

My father!

Oldc. Oh, sir, you are well met! Where's the knight,
Your friend?

Cunn. Sir, I think your son has told you.

Witty. Shall I stand to tell't again? I tell you he loves,
But not my kinswoman; her base usage, and
Your slack performance, which he accuses most
Indeed, has turn'd the knight's heart upside down.

Oldc. I'll curb her for't: Can he be but recover'd,
He shall have her, and she shall be dutiful,
And love him as a wife too.

Witty. With that condition, sir,
I dare recal him were he enter'd the church,
So much interest of love I assure in him.

Oldc. Sir, it shall be no loss to you if you do.

Witty. Ay, but these are words still; will not the deeds be wanting
At the recovery, if it should be again?

Oldc. Why, here, fool, I am provided! five hundred
In earnest of the thousands in the dower;
But were they married once,
I'd cut him short enough, that's my agreement.

Witty. Ay, now I perceive some purpose in you, father.

Oldc. But wherefore is she then stol'n out of doors
To him?

Witty. To him? Oh, fy upon your error!
She has another object, believe it, sir.

Oldc. I never could perceive it.

Cunn. I did, sir; and to her shame I should speak it,
To my own sorrow I saw it, dalliance,
Nay, dotage, with a very clown, a fool.

Oldc. Wit and wantonness;[7] nothing else, nothing else:
She love a fool? she'll sooner make a fool
Of a wise man.

Cunn. Ay, my friend complains so;
Sir Gregory says flatly, she makes a fool of him,
And these bold circumstances are approved:
Favours have been sent by him, yet he, ignorant
Whither to carry 'em, they have been understood,
And taken from him: Certain, sir, there is
An unsuspected fellow lies conceal'd,
What, or where'er he is; these slight neglects
Could not be of a knight else.

Oldc. Well, sir, you have promised (if we recover him
Unmarried) to salve all these old bruises?

Cunn. I'll do my best, sir.

Oldc. I shall thank you costly, sir, and kindly too.

Witty. Will you talk away the time here, sir, and come
Behind all your purposes?

Oldc. Away, good sir!

Witty Then stay a little, good sir, for my advice.
Why, father, are you broke? your wit beggar'd?
Or are you at your wits' end? or out of love with wit?
No trick of wit to surprise those designs,
But with open hue and cry,
For all the world to talk on? This is strange!
You were not wont to slubber a project so.

[7] *Wit and* wantons?] Corrected silently in 1750.

Oldc. Can you help at a pinch now? shew yourself
My son? Go to! I leave this to your wit,
Because I'll make a proof on't.

Witty. 'Tis thus then;
I have had late intelligence, they are now
Buxom as Bacchus' froes,[8] revelling, dancing,
Telling the music's numbers with their feet,
Awaiting the meeting of premonish'd friends,
That is questionless, little dreading you;
Now, sir, with a dextrous trick indeed, sudden
And sufficient, were well, to enter on 'em
As something like the abstract of a masque;
What though few persons? if best for our purpose,
That commends the project.

Oldc. This takes up time.

Witty. Not at all; I can presently furnish
With loose disguises that shall fit that scene.

Oldc. Why, what wants then?

Witty. Nothing but charge of music;
That must be paid, you know.

Oldc. That shall be my charge; I will pay the music,
Whate'er it cost.

Witty. And that shall be all your charge.
Now on! I like it; there'll be wit in't, father.

[*Exeunt* OLDCRAFT *and* WITTYPATE.

Cunn. I will neither distrust his wit nor friendship;
Yet if his master-brain should be o'erthrown,
My resolution now shall seize mine own. [*Exit.*

[8] *Buxom as Bacchus' froes.*] That is, like Bacchantes; *frows* being the Dutch for women.

SCENE II.

Another in the same.

Enter Niece, Lady RUINOUS, *Guardianess, Sir* RUINOUS, *and* PRISCIAN, *(with instruments) masqued.*

L. Ruin. Nay, let's have music; let that sweet breath at least
Give us her airy welcome! 'twill be the best
I fear this ruin'd receptacle will yield;
But that most freely.
Niece. My welcome follows me,
Else I am ill come hither: You assure me
Still Master Cunningham will be here, and that it was
His kind entreaty that wish'd me meet him.
L. Ruin. Else let me be that shame unto my sex,
That all belief may fly 'em.
Niece Continue still
The knight's name unto my Guardianess;
She expects no other.
L. Ruin. He will, he will; assure you,
Lady, Sir Gregory will be here, and suddenly;
This music fore ran him: Is't not so, consorts?
Ruin. Yes, lady;
He stays on some device to bring along;
Such a labour he was busy in, some witty device.
Niece. 'Twill be long ere he comes then, for wit's a great labour to him.
Guard. Well, well, you'll agree better one day.

Niece. Scarce two, I think.
Guard. Such a mock-beggar suit of clothes as led me
Into the fool's pair o' dice, with deuce ace,
He that would make me mistress Cun, Cun, Cunnie,
He's quite out of my mind, but I shall ne'er
Forget him while I have a hole in my head:
Such a one I think would please you better,
Though he did abuse you.
Ruin. Fy! speak well of him now,
Your Niece has quitted him.
Guard. I hope she has,
Else she loses me for ever. But, for Sir Gregory,
'Would he were come; I shall ill answer this
Unto your uncle else.
Niece. You know 'tis his pleasure
I should keep him company.
Guard. Ay, and should be your own,
If you did well too. Lord, I do wonder
At the niceness of your ladies now-a-days,
They must have husbands with so much wit forsooth—
Worship and wealth were both wont to be
In better request, I'm sure: I cannot tell, but they
Get ne'er the wiser children that I see.
L. Ruin. La, la, la, sol! this music breathes in vain,
Methinks 'tis dull to let it move alone;
Let's have a female motion; 'tis in private,
And we'll grace it ourselves, however it deserves.
Niece. What say you, Guardianess?
Guard. 'Las, I'm weary with the walk,
My jaunting days are done.
L. Ruin. Come, come, we'll fetch her in by course, or else
She shall pay the music.
Guard. Nay, I'll have a little for my money then.
[*They dance, a cornet is winded.*

L. Ruin. Hark! upon my life, the knight! it is your friend;
This was the warning-piece of his approach.

Enter OLDCRAFT, WITTYPATE, *and* CUNNINGHAM, *masqued, and take them to dance.*

Ha! no words but mum! Well, then we shall need
No counsel-keeping.
Niece. Cunningham?
Cunn. Yes; fear nothing.
Niece. Fear? why do you tell me of it?
Cunn. Your uncle's here.
Niece. Ay, me!
Peace!
Oldc. We have caught 'em.
Witty. Thank my wit, father.
Guard. Which is the knight, think you?
Niece. I know not; he will be found when he speaks;
No masque can disguise his tongue.
Witty. Are you charged?
Oldc. Are you awake?
Witty. I'm answer'd in a question.
Cunn. Next change we meet, we loose our hands no more.
Niece. Are you prepared to tie 'em?
Cunn. Yes.—You must go with me.
Guard. Whither, sir? Not from my charge, believe me.
Cunn. She goes along.
Niece. Will you venture, and my uncle here?
Cunn. His stay's prepared for.
Guard. 'Tis the knight sure; I will follow.
[*Exeunt* CUNNINGHAM, *Niece, and Guardianess.*
Oldc. How now? the music tired before us?
L. Ruin. Yes, sir; we must be paid now.

Witty. Oh, that's my charge, father.
Oldc. But stay! where are our wanton ladies gone?
Son, where are they?
Witty. Only changed the room in a change; that's all, sure.
Oldc. I'll make 'em all sure else, and then return to you.
L. Ruin. You must pay for your music first, sir.
Oldc *Must?*
Are there *musty* fiddlers? are beggars chusers now?
Ha? Why, Wittypate! son! where am I?
Witty. You were dancing e'en now, in good measure, sir:
Is your health miscarried since? what ail you, sir?
Oldc. 'Death, I may be gull'd to my face! Where's my Niece?
What are you?
L. Ruin. None of your Niece, sir.
Oldc. How now?
Have you loud instruments too? I will hear
No more, I thank you. What have I done, tro,
To bring these fears about me? Son, where am I?
Witty. Not where you should be, sir; you should be paying
For your music, and you are in a maze.
Oldc. Oh, is it so? Put up, put up, I pray you;
Here's a crown for you.
L. Ruin. Pish, a crown?
L. Ruin. Pris. Ha, ha, ha! a crown?
Oldc. Which way do you laugh?[9] I have seen a crown
Has made a consort laugh heartily.
Witty. Father,

[9] *Which way do you laugh?*] *i. e.* Whether in jest or earnest.—*Sympson.*

To tell you truth, these are no ordinary
Musicians; they expect a bounty above
Their punctual desert.

Oldc. A pox on your punks and their deserts too!
Am I not cheated, all this while, think you?
Is not your pate in this?

Witty. If you be cheated,
You are not to be indicted for your own goods;
Here you trifle time, to market your bounty,
And make it base, when it must needs be free,
For aught I can perceive.

Oldc. Will you know the lowest price, sir?

Witty. That I will, sir, with all my heart.

[*Talks apart to them.*

Oldc. Unless
I was discover'd, and they now fled home
Again for fear, I am absolutely beguiled;
That's the best can be hoped for.

Witty. 'Faith, 'tis somewhat too dear yet, gentlemen.

L. Ruin. There's not a denier to be bated, sir.

Oldc. Now, sir, how dear is it?

Witty. Bate but the other ten pound.

Pris. Not a bawbee, sir.

Oldc. How! bate ten pound? What is the whole sum then?

Witty. Faith, sir, a hundred pound; with much ado,
I got fifty bated; and, faith, father, to say truth,
'Tis reasonable for men of their fashion.

Oldc. La, la, la, down! a hundred pound! la, la, la,
You are a consort of thieves, are you not?

Witty. No; musicians, sir;[1] I told you before.

[1] *You are a* consort *of thieves, are you not?*
Witty. *No*; musicians, sir.] See p. 359.

Oldc. Fiddle faddle!
Is't not a robbery? a plain robbery?
Witty. No,
No, no, by no means, father; you have received
For your money, nay, and that you cannot give
back:
'Tis somewhat dear, I confess; but who can help it?
If they had been agreed with beforehand—
'Twas ill forgotten.
Oldc. And how many shares have you in this?
I see
My force! case up your instruments. I yield; here!
As robb'd and taken from me, I deliver it.
[*Gives the money.*
Witty. No, sir, you have perform'd your promise now,
Which was, to pay the charge of music, that's all.
Oldc. I have heard no music, I have received
none, sir,
There's none to be found in me, nor about me.
Witty. Why, sir, here's witness 'gainst you, you
have danced,
And he that dances acknowledges a receipt
Of music.
Oldc. I deny that, sir: Look you! I can dance
without
Music; do you see, sir? And I can sing without
it too.
You are a consort of thieves! Do you hear what
I do?
Witty. Pray take you heed, sir, if you do move
The music again, it may cost you as much more!
Oldc. Hold, hold! I'll depart quietly.
I need not bid you farewell, I think now,
So long as that hundred pound lasts with you.
[*Going.*

Enter Guardianess.

Ha, ha! am I snapt i'faith?

Guard. Oh, Sir Perfidious——

Oldc. Ay, ay; some howling another while! Music's too damnable dear.

Guard. Oh, sir! My heart-strings are broke! If I can but live to tell you the tale, I care not! Your Niece, my charge, is——

Oldc What? is she sick?

Guard. No, no, sir, she's lustily well married.

Oldc. To whom?

Guard. Oh, to that cunning dissembler, Cunningham.

Oldc I'll hang the priest first! What was he?

Guard. Your kinsman, sir, that has the Welch benefice.

Oldc. I saved him from the gallows to that end? Good! Is there any more?

Guard. And Sir Gregory is married too.

Oldc. To my Niece too, I hope, and then I may
hang her.

Guard. No, sir; to my niece, thank Cupid! And that's all that's likely to recover me; she's Lady Fop now, and I am one of her aunts, I thank my promotion.

Enter CREDULOUS, CUNNINGHAM, *Niece,* GREGORY, *and* MIRABEL.

Cred. I have performed your behest, sir.

Oldc. What have you perform'd, sir?

Witty. 'Faith, sir, I must excuse my cousin in
this act,
If you can excuse yourself for making him
A priest; there's the most difficult answer.

I put this practice on him, as from your desire:
A truth, a truth, father.

Cred. I protest, sir, he tells you truth;
He moved me to't in your name.

Oldc. I protest, sir,
He told you a lie in my name! and were you
So easy, Master Credulous, to believe him?

Cred. If a man should not believe his cousin, sir,
Whom should he believe?

Oldc. Good e'en to you,
Good master cousin Cunningham! and your fair bride,
My cousin Cunningham too! And how do you,
Sir Gregory, with your fair lady?

Greg. A little better than you would have had me, I thank you, sir! The days of *puppy*, and *slave*, and *rascal*, are pretty well blown over now; I know crabs from verjuice, I have tried both: An thou'dst give me thy Niece for nothing, I'd not have her.

Cunn. I think so, Sir Gregory; for my sake you would not.

Greg. I would thou hadst 'scaped her too! and then she had died of the green-sickness. Know this, that I did marry in spite, and I will kiss my lady in spite, and love her in spite, and beget children of her in spite, and when I die, they shall have my lands in spite! This was my resolution, and now 'tis out.

Niece. How spiteful are you now, Sir Gregory!
Why, look you, I can love my dearest husband,
With all the honours, duties, sweet embraces,
That can be thrown upon a loving man.

Greg. Pox on't, this is afore your uncle's face; but behind his back, in private, you'll shew him another tale!

Cunn. You see, sir, now, the irrecoverable state

of all these things before you. Come out of your muse! They have been but wit-weapons; you were wont to love the play.

Oldc. Let me alone in my muse, a little, sir!
I will wake to you anon.

Enter Pompey.

Cunn. Udso, your friend Pompey! How will you answer him?

Niece. Very well; if you'll but second it, and help me.

Pompey. I do hear strange stories: Are ladies things obnoxious?

Niece. Oh, the dissembling falsest wretch is come!

Cunn. How now, lady?

Niece. Let me come to him! And instead of love
Let me have revenge!

Witty. Pray you now,
Will you first examine whether he be
Guilty or no.

Niece. He cannot be excused!—
How many messengers, thou perjured man,
Hast thou return'd with vows and oaths, that thou
Wouldst follow, and ne'er till this unhappy hour
Could I set eye of thee, since thy false eye
Drew my heart to it? Oh, I could tear thee now,
Instead of soft embraces! Pray give me leave——

Witty. 'Faith, this was ill done of you, sir, if you promised otherwise.

Pompey. By this hand, never any messenger came at me, since the first time I came into her company! That a man should be wronged thus!

Niece. Did not I send thee scarfs and diamonds?
And thou return'dst me letters, one with a false heart in't.

Witty. Oh, fy! to receive favours, return false-
hoods,
And hold a lady in hand——
Pompey. Will you believe me, sir? If ever I received diamonds, or scarf, or sent any letter to her, 'would this sword might ne'er go through me!
Witty. Some bad messengers have gone between you then.
Niece. Take him from my sight! if I shall see
to-morrow——
Witty. Pray you forbear the place! this discon-
tent
May impair her health much.
Pompey. 'Foot, if a man had been in any fault, 'twould ne'er have grieved him: Sir, if you'll believe—
Witty. Nay, nay, protest no more; I do believe
you:
But you see how the lady is wrong'd by't;
She has cast away herself, 'tis to be fear'd,
Against her uncle's will, nay, any consent,
But out of a mere neglect, and spite to herself,
Married suddenly without any advice.
Pompey. Why, who can help it? if she be cast away, she may thank herself: She might have gone further and fared worse. I could do no more than I could do: 'Twas her own pleasure to command me, that I should not come till I was sent for; I had been with her every minute of an hour else
Witty. Truly I believe you.
Pompey. Night and day she might have commanded me, and that she knew well enough: I said as much to her between her and I; yet I protest, she's as honest a lady for my part; that I'd say, if she would see me hang'd. If she be cast

away, I cannot help it; she might have stayed to have spoke with a man.

Witty. Well, 'twas a hard miss on both parts.

Pompey. So 'twas; I was within one of her, for all this cross luck; I was sure I was between the knight and home.

Niece. Not gone yet? Oh, my heart! none regard my health?

Witty. Good sir, forbear her sight awhile! You hear
How ill she brooks it.

Pompey. Foolish woman, to overthrow her fortunes so! I shall think the worse of a lady's wit while I live for't. I could almost cry for anger! If she should miscarry now, 'twould touch my conscience a little, and who knows what love and conceit may do? what would people say as I go along? 'There goes he that the lady died for love on:' I am sure to hear on't i' th' streets; I shall weep beforehand. Foolish woman! I do grieve more for thee now, than I did love thee before. Well, go thy ways! Wouldst thou spare thy husband's head, and break thine own heart, if thou hadst any wit? I would some other had been the cause of thy undoing; I shall be twitted i' th' teeth with it, I'm sure of that: Foolish lady!
[*Exit.*

Niece. So, so, this trouble's well shook off.
Uncle, how do you? There's a dowry due, sir.

Cunn. We have agreed it, sweetest, and find your uncle
Fully recover'd, kind to both of us.

Witty. To all the rest, I hope.

Olde. Never to thee, nor thee, easy cousin Credulous:
Was your wit so raw?

Cred. 'Faith, yours, sir, so long season'd,

Has been faulty too, and very much to blame,
Speaking it with reverence, uncle.

Greg. Yes, 'faith, sir, you have paid as dear for your time as any man here.

Witty. Ay, sir, and I'll reckon it to him. *Imprimis*, The first preface-cheat of a pair of pieces to the beggars; you remember that; I was the example to your bounty there, I spake Greek and Syriac, sir; you understand me now. Next, the robbery put upon your indulgent cousin; which indeed was no robbery, no constable, no justice, no thief, but all cheaters; there was a hundred mark, mark you that. Lastly, This memorable hundred pounds' worth of music; this was both cheats and wit too. And for the assistance of this gentleman to my cousin (for which I am to have a fee,) that was a little practice of my wit, too, father. Will you come to composition yet, father?.

Cunn. Yes, 'faith, sir, do! Two hundred a-year will be easier than so much weekly: I do not think he's barren, if he should be put to't again.

Oldc. Why, this was the day I look'd for! Thou shalt have't;
And the next cheat makes it up three hundred.—
Live thou upon thy ten-pound vicarage;
Thou get'st not a penny more; here's thy full hire now.

Cred. I thank you, sir.

Witty. Why, there was the sum of all my wit, father,
To shove him out of your favour, which I fear'd
Would have disinherited me.

Oldc. Most certain it had,
Had not thy wit recover'd it. Is there any here
That had a hand with thee?

Witty. Yes, all these, sir.

Oldc. Nephew, part a hundred pound amongst 'em;
I'll repay it. Wealth love me as I love wit, when I die,
I'll build an alms-house for decayed wits!

Greg. I'll entertain one in my lifetime: Scholar, you shall be my chaplain; I have the gift of twenty benefices, simple as I am here.

Pris. Thanks, my great patron!

Cunn. Sir, your gentry and your name shall both be raised as high as my fortunes can reach 'em, for your friend's sake.

Witty. Something
Will be in my present power, the future more;
You shall share with me.

Ruin. and *L. Ruin.* Thanks, worthy gentlemen.

Niece. Sir, I would beg one thing of you.

Greg. You can beg nothing of me.

Witty. Oh, sir! if she begs, there's your power over her.

Greg. She has begg'd me for a fool already,[1] but 'tis no matter.
I have begg'd her for a lady, that she might have been;
That's one for another.

Witty. Nay, but if she beg——

Greg. Let her beg again then.

Niece. That your man Pompey's coat
May come over his ears back again; I would not
He should be lost for my sake.

Greg. Well, 'tis granted,
For mine own sake.

Mir. I'll entreat it, sir.

[1] *She has* begg'd me for a fool *already.*] It has been before observed, that the wardship of idiots was sold or given away to courtiers, and other applicants, by the king and the court of wards.

Greg. Why then, 'tis granted for your sake.

Oldc. Come, come,
Down with all weapons now! 'tis music time,
So it be purchased at an easy rate:
Some have received the knocks, some given the
hits,
And all concludes in love; there's happy wits!
[*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE,

AT THE REVIVING OF THIS PLAY.

WE need not tell you, gallants, that this night
The wits have jump'd, or that the scenes hit right.
'Twould be but labour lost for to excuse
What Fletcher had to do in: His brisk muse
Was so mercurial, that if he but writ
An act or two, the whole play rose up wit.
We'll not appeal unto those gentlemen
Judge by their clothes, if they sit right, nor when
The ladies smile, and with their fans delight
To whisk a clinch aside, then all goes right:
'Twas well received before, and we dare say,
You now are welcome to no vulgar play.

CUPID'S REVENGE.

BY

BEAUMONT & FLETCHER.

CUPID'S REVENGE.

THIS Tragedy is the undoubted production of Beaumont and Fletcher conjointly; and, as we are informed by Oldys, in his MS. notes on Langbaine, that it was acted at court in 1613, we may confidently assign the date of its original representation to that year. It was entered on the stationers' books April 24, 1615, but not printed till 1625. A second impression appeared in 1630, and a third in 1635. In the title-pages it is said to have been "often acted with great applause by the Children of the Revels;" and indeed its popularity seems to have been very great before the rebellion. It was acted by the Queen of Bohemia's servants, at court, in 1624, and in 1639 was declared to be the property of the Cockpit in Drury-Lane, together with other plays. After the Restoration this tragedy seems to have sunk into neglect, which, in the present instance, was certainly not undeserved.

Judging from the evidence of the difference of Beaumont's and of Fletcher's versification, we may conclude that the first half was chiefly produced by the former, and the greater part of the last by the latter.

Whether we take into consideration the absurdity of the plot, the motives by which the persons of the drama are actuated, or the deficiency of interest in the incidents, this tragedy may, without injustice, be condemned to the lowest rank among the plays of our authors. Criticism would be wasted in attempting to point out the ludicrous extravagance of the general design, and the unhappy failure of judgment, which led the poets to squander a very considerable portion of poetical imagery, and harmony of versification, upon such a subject. The characters could not, of course, be painted with appropriate diversity where the principal actors were under the constraint of supernatural influence. The tale might have given a good subject for a mythological comedy,

like that of Amphytrion; but the dotage of an old king on his son's antiquated whore, and that of his beautiful daughter on a lump of deformity, is altogether unworthy of the tragic muse. There are a few scenes which would have deserved a distinguished place in a tragedy founded on a less objectionable basis. Some of the distracted speeches of Leucippus are highly eloquent; and the scene in the last act, where Urania falls a sacrifice to the vengeance of Cupid, reminds us of the tender affection of Bellario to Philaster, and does not lose much by the comparison. On the other hand, the riot of the citizens, and their petty squabbles amongst themselves, are very humorously set forth in the last act.

The poets were probably induced to select this subject for the plot of their tragedy, by the great popularity of the romance from which it is taken. And it is not a little singular, that the excellent dramatic author, Shirley, selected the same plot for his tragedy of Andromana, and succeeded no better than his predecessors. The following story, in the second book of Sir Philip Sidney's Arcadia, furnished the plot of both tragedies:—

"Of late there reigned a king in Lydia, who had, for the blessing of his marriage, this only daughter of his, Erona, a princess worthy for her beauty as much praise as beauty may be praiseworthy. This princess, Erona, being nineteen years of age, seeing the country of Lydia so much devoted to Cupid, as that in every place his naked pictures and images were superstitiously adored, (either moved to it by the esteeming that it could be no godhead which could breed wickedness, or the shamefast consideration of such nakedness,) procured so much of her father as utterly to pull down and deface all those statues and pictures. Which how terribly he punished, (for to that the Lydians impute it,) quickly after appeared."—But it is necessary to abridge the story, as Sir Philip, whatever his other merits are, is certainly a diffuse and even tedious narrator.—Erona was punished for the sacrilege she had committed, by falling desperately in love with Antiphilus, the son of her nurse. Accordingly, when her father offered to wed her to Tiridates, king of Armenia, she refused it; and neither the reported death of her lover, nor his mock execution, could divert her love. She endeavoured to take away her life, and thus "send her soul at least to be married in the eternal church with him." This occasioned the death of her father, and Erona, inheriting the kingdom, endeavoured by all means to obtain her desires. Tiridates invaded and wasted the country, and besieged her in her best city. Musidorus and Pyrocles, the princes of Thessalia and Macedon, came to her relief, and had defeated her adversary, if Plangus, general of Tiridates' horse, had not retrieved the battle. The latter then offered a challenge of three princes in his retinue against the two princes and Antiphilus. Musidorus and Pyrocles

slew their adversaries; but Plangus took Antiphilus prisoner, whom Tiridates threatened to hang before the walls. By the valour of her two confederates, her lover was rescued and Tiridates slain. Plangus was only son to the king of Iberia by his queen, who died in child-birth. He was deeply in love with the wife of a private citizen, and his father having discovered his passion, disguised himself, discovered the lovers together, and laid his "threatenings upon her, and upon him reproaches." The prince endeavoured to plant a more favourable opinion of her in his father's mind, and praised her chastity and resistance to his wishes so strongly that the old king fell violently in love with her, and, sending his son to a distant province which had rebelled, plied his suit so earnestly, that she, whose husband died very conveniently, became his queen, and bore him a son and a daughter. When Plangus returned, she attempted to induce him to resume their criminal intercourse; but, finding him absolute in his refusal, she resolved upon revenge. This she commenced by praising him extravagantly to the king, and thus gradually awakening his jealousy. She not only extolled his beauty and superior accomplishments, but suborned one of her servants to intimate the extreme affection of the Iberians to the prince, and their weariness of the old king's government. The queen now engaged some of the principal men of the country to propose to the king to make Plangus joint ruler in the kingdom. She sent her chief counsellor to intimate to the prince that his life was sought; and when she found that he still would not quit the kingdom, she informed him by the same messenger that he should himself be witness of the plots meditated against him. Plangus, who, on account of the lateness of the night, was armed, was accordingly conducted into a room adjoining the presence. The queen now fell distractedly at the feet of the king, and declared that she was weary of her life, as she must either conceal his death or accuse his son, who had plotted to murder him. At the same time her accomplice entered the room, crying that he had observed an armed assassin in the next apartment. The king called for his guard, and, entering the room, found Plangus, and condemned him to death. But his friends and followers rescued him from the prison, and he fled to the court of his uncle Tiridates, where he remained seven years. Palladius, the son of the new queen, was now proclaimed heir to the kingdom of Iberia.—The remainder of the story bears no similarity to the plot of Cupid's Revenge; but, by the above abstract, it will be seen that our authors followed the circumstances of Sir Philip Sidney's story, with considerable variations indeed; but that, in many of the chief incidents, their absurdities may justly be ascribed to their veneration for the Arcadia.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Cupid.
Leontius, *the old duke*[1] *of Lycia.*
Leucippus, *son to the duke.*
Ismenus, *nephew to the duke.*
Telamon, *a Lycian lord.*
Dorialus, }
Agenor, } *courtiers.*
Nisus, }
Timantus, *a villainous sycophant.*
Zoilus, *Leucippus's dwarf.*
Nilo, *sent in commission to pull down Cupid's images.*
Priest to Cupid.
Four young Men and Maids.
Four Citizens.

Hidaspes, *daughter to the duke.*
Cleophila, }
Hero, } *her attendants.*
Bacha, *a strumpet.*
Urania, *her daughter.*
Bacha's *Maid.*
Urania's *Maid.*

Servants and Attendants.

SCENE,—Lycia.

[1] There is a great and irremediable confusion in this play. Leontius is sometimes called duke, at others, king of Lycia; Bacha, after her marriage to Leontius, queen and duchess, and Leucippus, prince and marquis.

CUPID'S REVENGE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

An Apartment in the Palace.

Enter DORIALUS, AGENOR, *and* NISUS.

Agenor. Trust me, my lord Dorialus, I had missed of this, if you had not called me; I thought the princess's birth-day had been to-morrow.

Nisus. Why, did your lordship sleep out the day?

Dor. I marvel what the duke meant to make such an idle vow.

Nisus. Idle? why?

Dor. Is't not idle, to swear to grant his daughter any thing she shall ask on her birth-day? she may ask an impossible thing; and I pray Heaven she do not ask an unfit thing, at one time or other: 'Tis dangerous trusting a man's vow upon the discretion of his daughter.

Age. I wonder most at the marquis her brother, who is always vehemently forward to have her desires granted.

Dor. He's acquainted with 'em before.

Age. She's doubtless very chaste and virtuous.

Dor. So is Leucippus her brother.

Nisus. She's twenty years old; I wonder she ask not a husband.

Dor. That were a folly in her, having refused all the great princes in one part of the world; she'll die a maid.

Age. She may ask but once, may she?

Nisus. A hundred times this day, if she will: And, indeed, every day is such a day; for though the duke has vowed it only on this day, he keeps it every day; he can deny her nothing.

Cornets. Enter HIDASPES, LEUCIPPUS, LEONTIUS, TIMANTUS, *and* TELAMON.

Leon. Come, fair Hidaspes! thou art duchess to-day.
Art thou prepared to ask? thou know'st my oath
Will force performance. And, Leucippus, if
She now ask aught that shall or would have performance
After my death, when by the help of Heaven
This land is thine, accursed be thy race,
May every one forget thou art my son,
And so their own obedience——

Leuc. Mighty sir,
I do not wish to know that fatal hour,
That is to make me king: But if I do,
I shall most heartily, (and like a son)
Perform your grants to all, chiefly to her.—
Remember that you ask what we agreed upon.
[*Apart to her.*

Leon. Are you prepared? then speak.

Hid. Most royal sir,
I am prepared, nor shall my will exceed

A virgin's bounds; what I request shall both
At once bring me [and you] a full content.[1]
Leon. So it ever does.
Thou only comfort of my feeble age,
Make known thy good desire! for I dare swear
Thou lovest me.
Hid. This is it I beg,
And on my knees: The people of your land,
The Lycians, are, through all the nations
That know their name, noted to have in use
A vain and fruitless superstition;
So much more hateful, that it bears the show
Of true religion, and is nothing else
But a self-pleasing bold lasciviousness.
Leon. What is it?
Hid. Many ages before this,
When every man got to himself a trade,
And was laborious in that chosen course,
Hating an idle life far worse than death,
Some one that gave himself to wine and sloth,
Which breed lascivious thoughts, and found him-
self
Contemn'd for that by every painful man,[2]

[1] —— *what I request shall both*
At once bring me a full content] The words in brackets have evidently been dropt at the press. Their insertion was proposed by Mason. The context proves the propriety of the variation, particularly the answer of Leontius.

[2] *And found himself* conjoin'd
For that by every painful man.] I know no meaning of the word *conjoin'd* that will suit the context, *condemn'd* is the natural word.—Our poets' scheme in this play (which has many excellent things in it) seems to me quite amazing. That this just speech should be esteemed such an act of real impiety, as to receive the most shocking punishment, ending in the murder and utter extirpation of the whole family, is surely a strange outrage on poetical justice, as well as on all the circle of moral virtues.—I find Mr Theobald has prevented me in the correction above, and Mr Sympson has since sent me his reading, *contemn'd.*—*Seward.*

To take his stain away, framed to himself
A god, whom he pretended to obey,
In being thus dishonest; for a name
He call'd him Cupid. This created god
(Man's nature being ever credulous
Of any vice that takes part with his blood)[3]
Had ready followers enow; and since
In every age they grew, especially
Amongst your subjects, who do yet remain
Adorers of that drowsy deity,
Which drink invented; and the winged boy
(For so they call him) has his sacrifices,[4]

The next line rather warrants *contemn'd* than *condemn'd.*—Ed. 1778.

The editors are clearly right in reading *contemn'd* instead of *conjoin'd*. *every painful man* means, every laborious man who takes pains to fulfil the duties of his profession.

Seward, in his note, accuses the poets of an outrage on poetical justice by making this just speech to be esteemed such an act of impiety as to involve the extirpation of her and her family; but he surely must have forgot that the Lycians were pagans, that Cupid was their tutelar deity, and that therefore this just speech, as he calls it, must have been the most horrid blasphemy, and the subsequent proceedings to which it prompted highly sacrilegious. —*Mason.*

[3] *Blood.*] That is, nature or disposition. So in Shakspeare's Yorkshire Tragedy:—

"For 'tis our *blood* to love what we're forbidden."

[4] —— *and the winged boy,*
(For so they call him) has his sacrifices,
These loose naked statues through the land,
And in every village, nay the palace
Is not free from 'em.—] Here are certainly deficiencies both in measure and sense: The change of points, the removal of the *and* from the beginning of one line to the line above it, and the addition of a particle that adds strength to the sentiment, seems the most probable method of restoring the original.—*Seward.*

The transposition of the *and* is evidently right; but the addition of *self* to *palace* in the fourth line does not sound like the language of our authors, and is at best unnecessary to the sense.

And these loose naked statues through the land,
In every village; nay the palace
Is not free from 'em. This is my request,
That these erected obscene images
May be pluck'd down and burnt, and every man
That offers to 'em any sacrifice
May lose his life.

Leon. But be advised,
My fairest daughter! If he be a god,
He will express it upon thee, my child;
Which Heaven avert!

Leuc. There is no such power;
But the opinion of him fills the land
With lustful sins: Every young man and maid,
That feel the least desire to one another,
Dare not suppress it, for they think it is
Blind Cupid's motion; and he is a god!

Leon. This makes our youth unchaste: I am resolved.—
Nephew Ismenus, break the statues down
Here in the palace, and command the city
To do the like: Let proclamations
Be drawn, and hastily sent through the land,
To the same purpose!

Ism. Sir, I'll break down none
Myself, but I'll deliver your command:
Hand I'll have none in't, for I like it not.

[*Exit* ISMENUS.

Leon. Go, and command it.—Pleasure of my life,
Wouldst thou aught else? Make many thousand suits;
They must and shall be granted.

Hid. Nothing else.

Leon. But go and meditate on other suits:
Some six days hence I'll give thee audience again,
And, by a new oath, bind myself to keep it.
Ask largely for thyself: Dearer than life,

In whom I may be bold to call myself
More fortunate than any in my age,
I will deny thee nothing!

Leuc. 'Twas well done, sister.

[*Exeunt all but* DORIALUS, AGENOR, *and* NISUS.

Nisus. How like you this request, my lord?

Dor. I know not yet, I am so full of wonder!
We shall be gods ourselves shortly,
An we pull 'em out of Heaven o' this fashion.

Age. We shall have wenches now when we can catch 'em,
An we transgress thus.

Nisus. An we abuse the gods once, 'tis a justice
We should be held at hard meat. For my part,
I'll e'en make ready for mine own affection;
I know the god incensed must send a hardness
Through all good women's hearts, and then we have brought
Our eggs and muscadine to a fair market:
'Would I had given an hundred pound for a toleration,
That I might but use my conscience in mine own house!

Dor. The duke, he's old and past it; he would never
Have brought such a plague upon the land else;
'Tis worse than sword and famine! Yet, to say truth,
We have deserved it, we have lived so wickedly,
Every man at his livery; and 'would that
Would have sufficed us! we murmured at
This blessing, that 'twas nothing;[5] and cried out

[5] *We murmured at this blessing, that was nothing.*] The correction in the text was proposed by Mason very judiciously, as the meaning of the text is evidently, that they considered this blessing as of no value, and cried out to the gods for endless pleasures.

To the god for endless pleasures: He heard us, and
Supplied us, and our women were new still,
As we needed 'em; yet we, like beasts,
Still cried, "Poor men can number their whores,[6] give us
Abundance!" we had it, and this curse withal.

Age. By'r lady, we are like to have a long Lent on't;
Flesh shall be flesh now! Gentlemen, I had rather
Have anger'd all the gods than that blind gunner.
I remember, once the people did but slight him
In a sacrifice, and what follow'd: Women kept
Their houses, grew good huswives, honest forsooth!
Was not that fine? wore their own faces,[7] nay,
They [let us] wear gay clothes without surveying;
And, which was most lamentable, they loved their husbands.

Nisus. I do remember it to my grief,

[6] *Poor men can number their* woers.] *Woers* for *mistresses* is uncommon, but a word very near it is quite suitable to the character of the speaker, *whores.* After I had inserted this in the text, I found in Mr Theobald's margin another conjecture, *weathers* for *woers,* with a Latin quotation, *Pauperis est numerare pecus,* as a proof of it. But my conjecture is much nearer the trace of the letters, as well as a more natural expression; for *weathers,* being of the masculine gender, will never suit this place, though *pecus* might. —*Seward.*

[7] *Wore their own faces,*
Tho' *they wear gay clothes without surveying,*
And, which was most lamentabl ,
They loved their husbands.] The reader will find the metre here easily restored, but the sense, which seems quite lost in the second line, is not so readily recovered. The only conjecture that seems tolerable is what I venture into the text with great diffidence, but the reader had better have even a false reading with sense, than one without it.—*Seward.*

Seward's alterations certainly afford a shade of sense, but I should suspect the loss of a whole line after the words—"wore their own faces."

Young maids were as cold as cucumbers,
And much of that complexion; bawds were abolish'd;
And (to which misery it must come again)
There were no cuckolds. Well, we had need to pray
To keep these devils from us; the times grow mischievous!—
There he goes! Lord!

Enter one with an Image, and passes over the Stage.

This is a sacrilege I have not heard of!
'Would I were gelt, that I might not feel what follows.

Age. And I too. You shall see, within these few years,
A fine confusion in the country; mark it!
Nay, an we grow for to depose the powers,
And set up Chastity again—Well, I have done!
A fine new goddess certainly, whose blessings
Are hunger and hard beds!

Nisus. This comes of fulness,
A sin too frequent with us; I believe now
We shall find shorter commons.

Dor. 'Would I were married! somewhat has some favour;
The race of gentry will quite run out, now
'Tis only left to husbands; if younger sisters
Take not the greater charity, 'tis lawful.[8]

Age. Well, let come what will come, I am but one,
And as the plague falls, I will shape myself:

[8] ——*If younger sisters*
Take not the greater charity, 'tis lawful.] Mason would read —'Tis *awful.* But, if we understand *lawful* in the old sense of *allowable,* no alteration will be necessary.

If women will be honest, I'll be sound.
If the god be not too unmerciful,
I'll take a little still, where I can get it,
And thank him, and say nothing.

Nisus. This ill wind yet may blow the city good,
And let them (if they can) get their own children,
They have hung long enough in doubt: But, howsoever,
The old way was the surer; then they had 'em.

Dor. Farewell, my lords! I'll e'en take up what rent
I can before the day; I fear the year
Will fall out ill.

Age. We'll with you, sir. And, Love, so favour us,
As we are still thy servants! Come, my lords;
Let's to the duke, and tell him to what folly
His doting now has brought him. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Temple of Cupid.

Enter Priest of Cupid, with four young Men and Maids.

Priest. Come, my children, let your feet
In an even measure meet!
And your chearful voices rise,
For to present this sacrifice
To great Cupid! in whose name,
I his priest begin the same.

Young men, take your loves and kiss;
Thus our Cupid honour'd is.
Kiss again, and in your kissing
Let no promises be missing!
Nor let any maiden here
Dare to turn away her ear,
Unto the whisper of her love;
But give bracelet, ring, or glove,
As a token to her sweeting,
Of an after secret meeting!
Now, boy, sing, to stick our hearts
Fuller of great Cupid's darts!

SONG.

Lovers, rejoice! your pains shall be rewarded,
The god of love himself grieves at your crying:
No more shall frozen honour be regarded,
Nor the coy faces of a maid's denying.
No more shall virgins sigh, and say "We dare not,
For men are false, and what they do they care not."
All shall be well again; then do not grieve;
Men shall be true, and women shall believe.

Lovers, rejoice! what you shall say henceforth,
When you have caught your sweethearts in your arms,
It shall be accounted oracle, and worth:
No more faint-hearted girls shall dream of harms,
And cry "They are too young:" The god hath said,
Fifteen shall make a mother of a maid:
Then, wise men, pull your roses yet unblown!
Love hates the too-ripe fruit that falls alone.

[A measure.

Enter NILO *and other Gentlemen.*

Nilo. No more of this! here break your rites for ever;
The duke commands it so. Priest, do not stare!
I must deface your temple, though unwilling,
And your god Cupid here must make a scarecrow,
For any thing I know, or, at the best,
Adorn a chimney-piece.
Priest. Oh, sacrilege unheard-of!
Nilo. This will not help it.—
Take down their images, and away with 'em!—
Priest, change your coat, you had best; all service now
Is given to men; prayers above their hearing
Will prove but babblings; learn to lie and thrive,
'Twill prove your best profession: For the gods,
He that lives by 'em now must be a beggar.
There's better holiness on earth, they say;
Pray God it ask not greater sacrifice! Go home;
And if your god be not deaf as well as blind,
He will make some smoke for it.
Gent. Sir——
Nilo. Gentlemen,
There is no talking; this must be done and speedily:
I have commission that I must not break.
Gent. We are gone, to wonder what shall follow.
Nilo. On
To the next temple! [*Exeunt.*

Cornets. CUPID *descends.*

Cupid. Am I then scorn'd? is my all-doing will
And power, that knows no limit, nor admits none,
Now look'd into by less than gods, and weaken'd?
Am I, whose bow struck terror through the earth

No less than thunder, and in this exceeding
Even gods themselves, whose knees before my altars,
* * * * * * * * *
Now shook off?[9] and condemn'd by such, whose lives
Are but my recreation? Anger, rise!
My sufferance and myself are made the subject
Of sins against us. Go thou out, displeasure!
Displeasure of a great god, fly thyself[1]
Through all this kingdom; sow whatever evils
Proud flesh is taking of, amongst these rebels;
And on the first hearts that despise my greatness
Lay a strange misery, that all may know
Cupid's Revenge is mighty! With this arrow,
Hotter than plagues of mine own anger, will I
Now nobly right myself; nor shall the prayers,
Nor sweet smokes on my altars, hold my hand,
Till I have left this a most wretched land.
[*Ascends.*

[9] —— *whose knees before my altars*
Now shook off.] There is, as Seward observes, "a great deficiency here both in grammar and sense, and reason to suspect a whole line to have been lost;" which he supposes might have been like the following:

whose knees before my altars
In zealous supplication oft have bent.—Ed. 1778.

Mason proposes to read—

Even gods themselves, *who've knelt* before my altars.

But I perfectly agree with Seward that a whole line has been lost, and that which he proposes to substitute is not unhappily imagined.

[1] *Displeasure of a great god, fly thyself.*] So quarto, [1635,] other copies, [quarto 1630,] *flying*; and Seward, from Theobald' conjecture, reads *fling*.—Ed. 1778.

SCENE III.

A Room in the Palace.

Enter HIDASPES *and* CLEOPHILA.

Hid. Cleophila, what was he that went hence?
Cleo. What means your grace now?
Hid. I mean that handsome man,
That something more than man, I met at door.
Cleo. Here was no handsome man.
Hid. Come, he's some one
You would preserve in private; but you want
Cunning to do it, and my eyes are sharper
Than yours, and can with one neglecting glance
See all the graces of a man. Who was it?
Cleo. That went hence now?
Hid. That went hence now? ay, he!
Cleo. 'Faith, here was no such one as your grace thinks:
Zoilus, your brother's dwarf, went out but now.
Hid I think 'twas he: How bravely he pass'd by!
Is he not grown a goodly gentleman?
Cleo. A goodly gentleman, madam? He is
The most deformed fellow in the land.
Hid. Oh, blasphemy! he may perhaps to thee
Appear deformed, for he is indeed
Unlike a man: His shape and colours are
Beyond the art of painting; he is like
Nothing that we have seen, yet doth resemble
Apollo, as I oft have fancied him,

When rising from his bed he stirs himself,
And shakes day from his hair.[3]

Cleo. He resembles Apollo's recorder.[4]

Hid. Cleophila, go send a page for him,
And thou shalt see thy error, and repent.

[*Exit* CLEOPHILA.

Alas, what do I feel? My blood rebels,
And I am one of those I used to scorn:
My maiden-thoughts are fled;[5] against myself
I harbour traitors; my virginity,
That from my childhood kept me company,
Is heavier than I can endure to bear.
Forgive me, Cupid! for thou art a god,
And I a wretched creature: I have sinn'd;
But be thou merciful, and grant that yet
I may enjoy what thou wilt have me love![6]

3 *When rising from his bed,* &c.] Similar to this nobly-poetical passage is the following, in The Marriage-Night, by Lord Falkland:

> "So breaks the morning forth of a crystal cloud,
> And so the sun ascends his glittering chair,
> And from his *burnish'd locks shakes day about.*"—Reed.

The text is a beautiful image, worthy of Shakspeare himself. It has some resemblance to the following lines, in the twelfth Æneid of Virgil—

> "*Postera vix summos spargebat lumine montes*
> *Orta dies; cum primum alto se, gurgite tollunt*
> *Solis Equi,* lucemque elatis naribus efflant."

But the passage before us is still more poetical.—*Mason.*

Lord Falkland is evidently indebted to our poets for the image in the above lines.

4 *He resembles Apollo's* recorder.] It has been observed before that a recorder was a flageolet.

5 *My maiden-thoughts are fled against myself;*
I harbour traitors in my virginity.] Corrected by Seward.

6 *I may enjoy what thou wilt have me, Love.*] As the address is to *Love*, a comma and a great letter was a material corruption here: To ask Cupid to let her enjoy what he would have her en-

Enter CLEOPHILA *and* ZOILUS.

Cleo. Zoilus is here, madam.
Hid. He's there indeed.
Now be thine own judge! see, thou worse than mad,
Is he deformed? Look upon those eyes,
That let all pleasure out into the world,
Unhappy that they cannot see themselves!
Look on his hair, that like so many beams,
Streaking the east, shoot light o'er half the world!
Look on him altogether, who is made
As if two natures had contention
About their skill, and one had brought forth him!
Zoilus. Ha, ha, ha!
Madam, though Nature hath not given me
So much as others in my outward show,
I bear a heart as loyal unto you
In this unsightly body (which you please
To make your mirth) as many others do
That are far more befriended in their births.
Yet I could wish myself much more deform'd
Than yet I am, so I might make your grace
More merry than you are.—Ha, ha, ha!
Hid. Beshrew me then
If I be merry! but I am content
Whilst thou art with me; thou that art my saint;
By hope of whose mild favour I do live
To tell thee so: I pray thee, scorn me not!
Alas, what can it add unto thy worth
To triumph over me, that am a maid
Without deceit? whose heart doth guide her tongue?

joy was a ridiculous request; but to let her enjoy what he would have her love is the common prayer of all worshippers of Cupid.—*Seward.*

Drown'd in my passions? Yet I will take leave
To call it reason, that I dote on thee.

Cleo. The princess is beside her grace, I think,
To talk thus with a fellow that will hardly
Serve i' the dark when one is drunk.

Hid. What answer wilt thou give me?

Zoilus. If it please your grace to jest on, I can abide it.

Hid. If it be jest,[7] not to esteem my life
Compared with thee; if it be jest in me,
To hang a thousand kisses in an hour
Upon those lips, and take 'em off again;
If it be jest for me to marry thee,
And take obedience on me whilst I live;
Then all I say is jest:
For every part of this, I swear by those
That see my thoughts, I am resolved to do!
And I beseech thee, by thine own white hand,
(Which, pardon me that I am bold to kiss
With so unworthy lips) that thou wilt swear
To marry me, as I do here to thee,
Before the face of Heaven!

Zoilus. Marry you? Ha, ha, ha!

Hid. Kill me, or grant! Wilt thou not speak at all?

Zoilus. Why, I will do your will for ever.

Hid. I ask no more: But let me kiss that mouth
That is so merciful! that is my will:
Next, go with me before the king in haste,
That is my will; where I will make our peers
Know, that thou art their better.

Zoilus. Ha, ha, ha!
That is fine! ha, ha, ha!

Cleo. Madam, what means your grace?

7 *If it be jest, &c.*] This is very like the turn of a speech in Philaster, *If it be love, &c.*—Ed. 1778.

Consider, for the love of Heaven, to what
You run madly! will you take this viper
Into your bed?

Hid. Away! hold off thy hands!
Strike her, sweet Zoilus; for it is my will,
Which thou hast sworn to do.

Zoilus. Away, for shame!
Know you no manners?—Ha, ha, ha!

[*Exit with* HIDASPES.

Cleo. Thou know'st none, I fear.—
This is just Cupid's anger: Venus, look
Down mildly on us! and command thy son
To spare this lady once, and let me be
In love with all; and none in love with me![8]

[*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Another in the same.

Enter ISMENUS *and* TIMANTUS.

Tim. Is your lordship for the wars this summer?

Ism. Timantus,
Wilt thou go with me?

Tim. If I had a company,

[8] *And let me be*
In love with all; and none in love with me.] The editors [of 1778] say that this is certainly corrupt, and that the conclusion is a strange one. But they mistake the meaning of the faithful Cleophila, who implores Venus to spare her mistress, and to let all his [Cupid's] vengeance light upon her; and considers the loving all mankind without being beloved by any as the severest punishment that could be inflicted upon her.—*Mason.*

My lord.
Ism. Of fiddlers? Thou a company?
No, no; keep thy company at home, and cause cuckolds;
The wars will hurt thy face: There are no semsters,
Shoemakers, nor tailors, nor almond-milk i' th' morning,
Nor poached eggs to keep your worship soluble,
No man to warm your shirt, and blow your roses;[9]
Nor none to reverence your round lace breeches.
If thou wilt needs go, and go thus, get a case
For thy captainship! a shower will spoil thee else.
Thus much for thee.
Tim. Your lordship's wond'rous witty;
Very pleasant, believe't.

Enter TELAMON, DORIAIUS, AGENOR, NISUS, *and* LEONTIUS.

Leon. No news yet of my son?
Tel. Sir, there be divers out in search; no doubt,
They'll bring the truth where he is, or the occasion
That led him hence.

[9] *Roses.*] *Ribbands*, in the form of *roses*, were formerly worn in the shoes of both gentlemen and ladies.—*Reed.*

These articles of dress appear to have been generally of a most enormous size, and of such expensive materials, that Stowe informs us in his time, "men of meane rank wore *garters* and *shoe-roses* of more than five pounds a-piece;" and Luke, in Massinger's City Madam, speaks of "roses worth a family."

The general dress of a gallant in his time is thus described by Gascoigne, in his Steele-Glass:—

"Our bumbast hose, our double treble ruffes,
Our suites of silke, our comely garded capes,
Our knit silke stockes, and Spanish lether shoes,
(Yea veluet serues oft times to trample in)
Our plumes, our spangs, and al our queint aray,
Are pricking spurres, provoking filthy pride."

Tim. They must have good eyes then. [*Apart.*
Leon. The gods go with them!—Who are those that wait there?
Tel. The lord Ismenus, your general, for his dispatch.
Leon. Oh, nephew, we have no use to employ your virtue
In our war; now the province is well settled.
Hear you aught of the marquis?
Ism. No, sir.
Leon. 'Tis strange he should be gone thus;
These five days he was not seen.
Tim. I'll hold my life, [*Aside.*
I could boult him in an hour.
Leon. Where's my daughter?
Dor. About the purging of the temples, sir.
Leon. She's chaste and virtuous. Fetch her to me,
And tell her I am pleased to grant her now
Her last request, without repenting me,
Be it what it will.— [*Exit* NISUS.
She's wise, Dorialus,
And will not press me further than a father.
Dor. I pray the best may follow! yet, if your grace
Had taken the opinions of your people,
At least of such whose wisdoms ever wake
About your safety, I may say it, sir,
Under your noble pardon, that this change
Either had been more honour to the gods,
Or I think not at all. Sir, the princess.

Enter HIDASPES, NISUS, *and* ZOILUS.

Leon. Oh, my daughter,
My health! and, did I say my soul, I lied not,
Thou art so near me! Speak, and have whatever
Thy wise will leads thee to! Had I a Heaven,

It were too poor a place for such a goodness!
Dor. What's here?
Age. An ape's skin stuff'd I think,
It is so plump.
Hid. Sir, you have past your word;
Still be a prince, and hold you to it. Wonder
Not I press you; my life lies in your word;
If you break that, you have broke my heart! I must
Ask that's my shame, and your will must not deny me;
Now, for Heaven, be not forsworn!
Leon. By the gods,
I will not! I cannot, were there no other
Power than my love called to a witness of it.
Dor. They have much reason to trust; you have forsworn
One of 'em out o' th' country already.
Hid. Then this is my request: This gentleman—
Be not ashamed, sir: you are worth a kingdom.
Leon. In what?
Hid. In the way of marriage.
Leon. How?
Hid. In the way of marriage; it must be so!
Your oath is tied to Heaven, as my love
To him.
Leon. I know thou dost but try my age;
Come, ask again!
Hid If I should ask all my life-time,
This is all still Sir, I am serious; I must have
This worthy man, without enquiring why;
And suddenly, and freely: Do not look
For reason or obedience in my words;
My love admits no wisdom; only haste
And hope hangs on my fury. Speak, sir, speak!
But not as a father; I am deaf and dull to counsel:
Inflamed blood hears nothing but my will.
For God's sake, speak!

Dor. Here's a brave alteration!
Nisus. This comes of chastity.
Hid. Will you not speak, sir?
Age. The god begins his vengeance: What a sweet youth
He has sent us here, with a pudding in's belly!
Leon. Oh, let me never speak,
Or with my words let me speak out my life!
Thou power abused, great Love, whose vengeance now
We feel and fear, have mercy on this land!
Nisus. How does your grace?
Leon. Sick; very sick, I hope.
Dor. Gods comfort you!
Hid. Will not you speak? is this your royal word?
Do not pull perjury upon your soul!
Sir, you are old, and near your punishment;
Remember!
Leon. Away, base woman!
Hid. Then be no more my father, but a plague
I am bound to pray against! be any sin
May force me to despair, and hang myself!
Be thy name never more remember'd, king,
But in example of a broken faith,
And curs'd even to forgetfulness! may thy land
Bring forth such monsters as thy daughter is!—
I am weary of my rage. I pray forgive me,
And let me have him! will you, noble sir?
Leon. Mercy, mercy, Heaven!
Thou heir of all dishonour, sham'st thou not
To draw this little moisture left for life,
Thus rudely from me?—Carry that slave to death!
Zoilus. For Heaven's sake, sir! it is no fault of mine
That she will love me.
Leon. To death with him, I say!
[*Exit* ZOILUS, *guarded.*

Hid. Then make haste, tyrant, or I'll be before him![1]
This is the way to Hell.
Leon. Hold fast, I charge you!
Away with him!
Hid. Alas, old man, death hath more doors than one,
And I will meet him! [*Exit.*
Leon. Dorialus, pray
See her in her chamber, and lay a guard about her.
The greatest curse the gods lay on our frailties
Is will[2] and disobedience in our issues,
Which we beget, as well as them, to plague us,
With our fond loves. Beasts, you are only blest,
That have that happy dulness to forget
What you have made! your young ones grieve not you;
They wander where they list, and have their ways
Without dishonour to you; and their ends
Fall on 'em without sorrow of their parents,
Or after ill remembrance. Oh, this woman!
'Would I had made myself a sepulchre,
When I made her!—Nephew, where is the prince?
Pray God he have not more part of her baseness
Than of her blood about him! Gentlemen,
Where is he?
Ism. I know not, sir. He has his ways by himself,
Is too wise for my company.
Leon. I do not like
This hiding of himself, from such society
As [fits] his person;[3] some of you needs must know.

[1] *Or* Ile *be* for *him*] Corrected by Seward.

[2] *Will.*] i. e. *Wilfulness, perverseness.*—Ed. 1778.

[3] *From such society as his person,*
Some of it *ye needs must know.*] Former editions. The changes

Ism. I'm sure not I, nor have known twice these ten days;
Which, if I were as proud as some of 'em,
I should take scurvily: But he's a young man,
Let him have his swinge! 'twill make him——
[TIMANTUS *whispers to the Duke.*
There's some good matter now in hand:
How the slave jeers and grins! the duke is pleased;
There's a new pair of scarlet hose now, and as much
Money to spare, as will fetch the old from pawn,
A hat and a cloak to go out to-morrow!
Garters and stockings come by nature.
Leon. Be sure of this!
Tim. I durst not speak else, sir. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

The Temple.

Cornets. CUPID *descends.*

Cupid. Leucippus, thou art shot through with a shaft

now introduced render both the sense and measure tolerably easy. I find Mr Theobald's conjecture on the passage so near mine, that it is of no consequence which is inserted: He reads,

——— *as* fits *his person.*—Seward.

Seward reads *suits.*

That will not rankle long, yet sharp enough
To sow a world of helpless misery
In this unhappy kingdom: Dost thou think,
Because thou art a prince, to make a part[4]
Against my power? But it is all the fault
Of thy old father, who believes his age
Is cold enough to quench my burning darts;
But he shall know ere long, that my dart loose
Can thaw ice, and inflame the withered heart
Of Nestor: Thou thyself are lightly struck;
But his mad love shall publish, that the rage
Of Cupid has the power to conquer age. [*Ascends.*

SCENE II.

The House of Bacha.

Enter LEUCIPPUS *and* BACHA.

Leuc. Why, what's the matter?
Bacha. Have you got the spoil
You thirsted for? Oh, tyranny of men!
Leuc. I pray thee leave!
Bacha. Your envy is, Heaven knows,
Beyond the reach of all our feeble sex:
What pain, alas, could it have been to you,
If I had kept mine honour? You might still
Have been a prince, and still this country's heir.
That innocent guard which I till now had kept,

[4] *To make a* part.] Sympson reads *party;* but the old reading is much more in our poets' style.—Ed. 1778.

For my defence, my virtue, did it seem
So dangerous in a state, that [you] yourself
Came to suppress it?

Leuc. Dry thine eyes again;
I'll kiss thy tears away: This is but folly;
'Tis past all help.

Bacha. Now you have won the treasure,
'Tis my request that you would leave me thus,
And never see these empty walls again:
I know you will do so; and well you may,
For there is nothing in them that is worth
A glance: I loath myself, and am become
Another woman! one, methinks, with whom
I want acquaintance.

Leuc. If I do offend thee,
I can be gone: And though I love thy sight,
So highly do I prize thine own content,
That I will leave thee.

Bacha. Nay, you may stay now;
You should have gone before: I know not now
Why I should fear you: All I should have kept
Is stol'n; nor is it in the power of man
To rob me further. If you can invent,
Spare not! No naked man fears robbing less
Than I do; now you may for ever stay.

Leuc. Why, I could do thee further wrong.

Bacha. You have a deeper reach in evil than I;
'Tis past my thoughts.

Leuc. And past my will to act;
But trust me I could do it.

Bacha. Good sir, do;
That I may know there is a wrong beyond
What you have done me.

Leuc. I could tell all the world
What thou hast done.

Bacha. Yes, you may tell the world;

And do you think I am so vain to hope
You will not? You can tell the world but this,
That I'm a widow, full of tears in show,
(My husband dead, and one that loved me so,
Hardly a week) forgot my modesty,
And, caught with youth and greatness, gave myself
To live in sin with you: This you may tell;
And this I do deserve!

Leuc. Why, dost thou think me
So base to tell? These limbs of mine shall part
From one another on a rack,
Ere I disclose. But thou dost utter words
That much afflict me; you did seem as ready,
Sweet Bacha, as myself.

Bacha. You are right a man;
When they have witch'd us into misery,
Poor innocent souls, they lay the fault on us.
But be it so! for prince Leucippus' sake,
I will bear any thing.

Leuc. Come, weep no more!
I wrought thee to it; it was my fault.
Nay, see if thou wilt leave! Here, take this pearl!
Kiss me, sweet Bacha, and receive this purse.

Bacha. What should I do with these? they will not deck
My mind.

Leuc. Why, keep 'em to remember me.
I must be gone; I have been absent long:
I know the duke my father is in rage,
But I will see thee suddenly again.
Farewell, my Bacha!

Bacha. Gods keep you!—Do you hear, sir?
Pray give me a point to wear.[5]

[5] *Pray give me a* point *to wear.*] A point is a string tagged, or lace.—*Johnson.*

Leuc Alas, good Bacha,
Take one, I pray thee, where thou wilt.
Bacha. Coming
From you, this point is of as high esteem
With me, as all pearl and gold. Nothing but good
Be ever with or near you!
Leuc. Fare thee well,
Mine own good Bacha! I will make all haste.
[*Exit.*
Bacha. Just as you are a dozen I esteem you;[6]
No more: Does he think I would prostitute
Myself for love? It was the love of these pearls
And gold that won me. I confess I lust
More after him than any other,
And would at any rate, if I had store,
Purchase his fellowship; but being poor,
I'll both enjoy his body and his purse,
And, he a prince, ne'er think myself the worse.

Enter LEONTIUS, LEUCIPPUS, ISMENUS, *and* TIMANTUS.

Leon. Nay, you must back and shew us what it is
That witches you out of your honour thus.
Bacha. Who's that?
Tim. Look there, sir!
Leon. Lady, never fly;

So Lord Bardolph, in Henry IV., says—

"Upon mine honour, for a silken *point*
I'll give my barony."

[6] *Just as you are a* dozen *I esteem you.*] This may mean, worth a dozen of other lovers in your gifts. I suspect, however, some corruption to have taken place. Mason would read—

Just as you are a *donor* I esteem you.

But this has a very tame sound.

You are betray'd.

Bacha Leave me, my tears, a while,
And to my just rage give a little place!—
What saucy man are you, that without leave
Enter upon a widow's mournful house?
You hinder a dead man from many tears,
Who did deserve more than the world can shed,
Though they should weep themselves to images.
If not for love of me, yet of yourself,
Away, for you can bring no comfort to me!
But you may carry hence, you know not what:
Nay, sorrow is infectious.

Leon. Thou thyself
Art grown infectious! Wouldst thou know my name?
I am the duke, father to this young man
Whom thou corrupt'st.

Bacha. [*Aside*] Has he then told him all?

Leuc. You do her wrong, sir!

Bacha. Oh, he has not told.—
Sir, I beseech you pardon my wild tongue,
Directed by a weak distempered head,
Madded with grief! Alas, I did not know
You were my sovereign; but now you may
Command my poor unworthy life, which will
Be none, I hope, ere long.

Leon. All thy dissembling
Will never hide thy shame: And were't not more
Respecting woman-hood in general,
Than any thing in thee, thou should'st be made
Such an example, that posterity,
When they would speak most bitterly, should say,
"Thou art as impudent as Bacha was."

Bacha. Sir, though you be my king, whom I will serve
In all just causes, yet when wrongfully
You seek to take mine honour, I will rise

Thus, and defy you; for it is a jewel
Dearer than you can give, which whilst I keep,
(Though in this lowly house) I shall esteem
Myself above the princes of the earth
That are without it. If the prince your son,
Whom you accuse me with, know how to speak
Dishonour of me, if he do not do it,
The plagues of Hell light on him, may he never
Govern this kingdom! Here I challenge him,
Before the face of Heaven, my liege, and these,
To speak the worst he can! If he will lie,
To lose a woman's fame, I'll say he is
Like you (I think I cannot call him worse).
He's dead, that with his life would have defended
My reputation, and I forced to play
(That which I am) the foolish woman,
And use my liberal tongue.

Leuc. Is't possible? [*Aside.*
We men are children in our carriages,
Compared with women. Wake thyself, for shame,
And leave not her (whose honour thou shouldst keep
Safe as thine own) alone to free herself!
But I am press'd, I know not how, with guilt,
And feel my conscience (never used to lie)
Loth to allow my tongue to add a lie
To that too much I did: But it is lawful
To defend her, that only for my love
Loved evil.

Leon. Tell me, why did you, Leucippus,
Stay here so long?

Leuc. If I can urge aught from me
But a truth, Hell take me! [*Aside.*

Leon. What's the matter?
Why speak you not?

Tim. Alas, good sir, forbear
To urge the prince; you see his shamefacedness.

Bacha. What does he say, sir?—If thou be a prince,
Shew it, and tell the truth!
Ism. If you have lain with her, tell your father;
No doubt but he has done as ill before now:
The gentlewoman will be proud on't.
Bacha. For God's sake, speak!
Leuc. Have you done prating yet?
Ism. Who prates?
Leuc. Thou know'st I do not speak to thee, Ismenus:—
But what said you,
Timantus, concerning my shamefacedness?
Tim. Nothing, I hope, that might displease your highness.
Leuc. If any of thy great-great-grandmothers,
This thousand years, had been as chaste as she,
It would have made thee honester: I stay'd
To hear what you would say. She is, by Heaven,
Of the most strict and blameless chastity
That ever woman was:—Good gods, forgive me!—
Had Tarquin met with her, she had been kill'd
With a slave by her ere she had agreed.
I lie with her! 'would I might perish then!
Our mothers, whom we all must reverence,
Could ne'er exceed her for her chastity,
Upon my soul! for, by this light, she is
A most obstinate modest creature!
Leon. What did you with her then so long, Leucippus?
Leuc. I'll tell you, sir: You see she's beautiful.
Leon. I see it well.
Leuc. Moved by her face, I came
With lustful thoughts (which was a fault in me;
But, telling truth, something more pardonable,
And for the world I will not lie to you:)
Proud of myself, I thought a prince's name
Had power to blow 'em down flat o' their backs;

But here I found a rock not to be shook:
For, as I hope for good, sir, all the battery
That I could lay to her, or of my person,
My greatness, or gold, could nothing move her.

Leon. 'Tis very strange, being so young and fair.

Leuc. She's almost thirty, sir.

Leon. How do you know
Her age so just?

Leuc. She told it me herself,
Once when she went about to shew by reason
I should leave wooing her.

Leon. She stains the ripest virgins of her age.[7]

Leuc. If I had sinn'd with her, I would be loth
To publish her disgrace; but, by my life,
I would have told it you, because I think
You would have pardoned me the rather.
And I will tell you farther:[8] By this light, sir,
(But that I never will bestow myself
But to your liking) if she now would have me,
I now would marry her.

Leon. How's that, Leucippus?

Leuc. Sir, will you pardon me one fault, which yet
I have not done, but had a will to do,
And I will tell it?

Leon. Be it what it will,
I pardon thee.

Leuc. I offer'd marriage to her.

Leon. Did she refuse it?

Leuc. With that earnestness,
And almost scorn to think of any other

[7] *She stains the ripest virgins of her age.*] That is, her beauty dims that of the ripest virgins of the age she lives in. Mason wishes to read without necessity—of *the* age.

[8] *And I will tell you* father.] The slight alteration of Sympson renders the passage so much more proper, that I have adopted it, though rejected by the last editors.

After her lost mate, that she made me think
Myself unworthy of her.
Leon. You have stay'd
Too long, Leucippus.
Leuc. Yes, sir.—[*Aside.*] Forgive me, Heaven,
What multitude of oaths have I bestow'd
On lies! and yet they were officious lies,
There was no malice in 'em.
Leon. She's the fairest creature [*Apart.*
That ever I beheld; and then so chaste,
'Tis wonderful: The more I look on her
The more I am amazed. I have long
Thought of a wife, and one I would have had,
But that I was afraid to meet a woman
That might abuse my age; but here she is
Whom I may trust to: Of a chastity
Impregnable, and approved so by my son;
The meanness of her birth will still preserve her
In due obedience; and her beauty is
Of force enough to pull me back to youth.
My son once sent away, whose rivalship
I have just cause to fear, if power, or gold,
Or wit, can win her to me, she is mine.—
Nephew Ismenus, I have new intelligence
Your province is unquiet still.
Ism. I am glad on't.
Leon. And so dangerously, that I must send the prince
In person with you.
Ism. I am glad of that too, sir:
Will you dispatch us? we shall wither here
For ever.
Leon. You shall be dispatch'd within
This hour: Leucippus, never wonder, nor ask;
It must be thus.—Lady, I ask your pardon,
Whose virtue I have slubber'd with my tongue;
And you shall ever be

Chaste in my memory hereafter; but
We old men often dote. To make amends
For my great fault, receive that ring! I'm sorry for
Your grief; may it soon leave you!—Come, my
lords;
Let us be gone. [*Exeunt.*

Bacha. Heaven bless your grace!—One that had
But so much modesty left as to blush,
Or shrink a little at his first encounter,
Had been undone; where I come off with honour,
And gain too: They that never would be track'd
In any course, by the most subtle sense,
Must bear it through with frontless impudence.
[*Exit.*

SCENE III.

A Room in the Palace.

Enter DORIALUS, AGENOR, *and* NISUS.

Dor. Gentlemen, this is a strange piece of justice,
To put the wretched dwarf to death because
She doted on him: Is she not a woman,
And subject to those mad figaries her whole sex
Is infected with? Had she loved you, or you,
Or I, or all on's, (as indeed the more
The merrier still with them) must we therefore
Have our heads pared with a hatchet? So she may
love
All the nobility out o' th' dukedom in

A month, and let the rascals in.

Nisus. You will not, or you do not, see the need
That makes this just to the world?

Dor. I cannot tell; I would be loth to feel it:
But, the best is, she loves not proper men;
We three were in wise cases else. But make me
know
This need.

Nisus. Why, yes: He being ta'en away,
This base incontinence dies presently,
And she must see her shame and sorrow for it.

Dor. Pray God she do! But was the sprat be-
headed?
Or did they swing him about like a chicken, and
So break his neck?

Agen. Yes, he was beheaded,
And a solemn justice made of it.

Dor. That might have been deducted.

Age. Why, how would you have had him die?

Dor. 'Faith, I would have had him roasted like
a warden,[9]
In a brown paper, and no more talk on't; or
A feather stuck in's head like a quail; or hang'd
him
In a dog-collar: What, should he be beheaded?
We shall have it grow so base shortly, gentlemen
Will be out of love with it.

Nisus. I wonder from whence this [race] of the
dwarfs first sprung?[1]

[9] *Like a* warden.] A *warden* is a *pear*, which is frequently mentioned by contemporary writers.—*Reed.*

[1] *I wonder from whence* this of the dwarf's *first sprung?*] So the old copies. The modern editions read silently—I wonder from whence this *love of the dwarfs* first sprung. And from this unauthorised reading Mason formed another equally wrong—I wonder from whence *this love of the dwarf* first sprung. There is no doubt that the unwarranted interpolation (*love*) must be struck

Dor. From an old lecherous pair of breeches, that lay upon a wench to keep her warm; for certainly they are no man's work; and I am sure a monkey would get one of the guard to this fellow! He was no bigger than a small portmanteau, and much about that making, if't had legs.

Age. But, gentlemen, what say you to the prince?

Nisus. Ay, concerning his being sent I know
not whither.

Dor. Why, then, he will come home I know not
when.
You shall pardon me; I will talk no more
Of this subject, but say, Gods be with him,
Where'er he is, and send him well home again!
For why he is gone, or when he will return,
Let them know that directed him! Only this,
There's mad moriscoes[2] in the state;
But what they are, I'll tell you when I know.
Come, let's go, hear all, and say nothing!

Age. Content. [*Exeunt.*

out. But the old text is absolute nonsense. The rejoinder of Dorialus seems to prove that *dwarfs* must be the plural, and not the second case of the singular; and that Nisus had expressed a wish to know how the *race* of dwarfs was first produced. I am by no means convinced that the word I have ventured to insert in brackets was the one dropt at the press; but it certainly affords better sense than the reading of the other editors, to which the answer of Dorialus has no relation.

[2] *Moriscoes.*] So in Henry VI. part II.—

"——I have seen him
Caper upright like a wild *Morisco.*"

Dr Johnson explains this a wild military dance, now called *morris*; but Mr Douce thinks *morisco* means a morris-dancer. In the text, however, the dance seems evidently alluded to, and used as a metaphor for turbulence.

SCENE IV.

Another in the same.

Enter TIMANTUS *and* TELAMON.

Tel. Timantus, is the duke ready yet?
Tim. Almost.
Tel. What ails him?
Tim. 'Faith, I know not; I think he has dream'd he's but eighteen; has been worse since he sent you forth for the frizzling iron.
Tel. That cannot be; he lay in gloves all night, and this morning I brought him a new perriwig, with a lock at it,[3] and knocked up a swing in's chamber.
Tim. Oh, but since, his tailor came, and they have fallen out about the fashion on's clothes; and yonder's a fellow come, has bored a hole in's ear;[4] and he has bespake a vaulting-horse. You shall see him come forth presently: He looks like Winter, stuck here and there with fresh flowers.
Tel. Will he not tilt, think you?

[3] *With a* lock *at it;*] i. e. A *love-lock.* The allusion is (as Dr Warburton observes in a note on Much Ado About Nothing) to the fantastical custom in our poets' days, of men wearing "a favourite lock of hair, which was brought before, tied with ribbands, and called a *love-lock.* Against this fashion Prynne wrote his treatise called the Unloveliness of Love-Locks."—Ed. 1778.

[4] *A hole in's ear;*] i. e. For an *ear-ring*, by means of which the love-lock was *brought before.*—Ed. 1778.

Tim. I think he will.

Tel. What does he mean to do?

Tim. I know not; but, by this light, I think he is in love! He would ha' been shaved but for me.

Tel. In love? with whom?

Tim. I could guess, but you shall pardon me; he will take me along with him some whither.

Tel. I overheard him ask your opinion of somebody's beauty.

Tim. Yes; there it goes, that makes him so youthful. And he has laid by his crutch, and halts now with a leading staff.

Enter LEONTIUS, *with a staff and a looking-glass.*[5]

Leon. Timantus!

Tim. Sir.

Leon. This feather is not large enough.

Tim. Yes, 'faith, 'tis such an one as the rest of the young gallants wear.

Leon. Telamon, does it do well?

Tel. Sir, it becomes you, or you become it, the rareliest——

Leon. Away! dost think so?

Tel. Think, sir? I know it.—Sir, the princess is past all hope of life since the dwarf was put to death.

Leon. Let her be so; I have other matters in hand. But this same tailor angers me; he has

[5] *A looking-glass.*] This article of refinement was worn by gallants as well as ladies, generally at their girdle. From a passage in Ben Jonson's Cynthia's Revels, it appears that they were sometimes displayed in the hat.—See Mr Gifford's Massinger, vol. IV. p. 8, and Ford's Works, 1810, vol. II. p. 127.

made my doublet so wide![6] And see, the knave has put no points at my arm![7]

Tim. Those will be put-to quickly, sir, upon any occasion.

Leon. Telamon,
Have you bid the dancer come a-mornings

Tel. Yes, sir.

Leon. Timantus, let me see the glass again;
Look you how careless you are grown! is this tooth
Well put in?

Tim. Which, sir?

Leon. This, sir.

Tim. It shall be.

Tel. Methinks that tooth should put him in mind on's years! and Timantus stands, as if (seeing the duke in such a youthful habit) he were looking in his mouth how old he were.

Leon. So, so!

[6] *He has made* my doublet so wide!] At the time this play was written, the wide stuffed doublets and great hose had given way to those of a closer make. So in the address to the reader affixed to Henry Shirley's play, The Martyred Soldier—

——— "Who but believes
That *doublets* with stuffed bellies and big sleeves,
And those *trunk hose*, which now our age doth scorn,
Were all in fashion and with custom worn"

Again in Heywood's Challenge for Beauty, 1636, 4to.—

Maid. Methinks your Dutch cassock is a comely wear.

Manhurst. It has been, but now a-days it grows shorter and shorter, like your court-allowance. their tailors are good husbands, though they make little or no waste at all, and that makes your gallants stand so much upon points. your button-hose is a good wear for courtiers.

Maid. Why for courtiers?

Man. 'Cause they are full of large promises outward, but lined with narrow and scant performance within.

Maid. 'Thas been a good fashion, but 'tis old.

Hellen. So is all goodness else; we have nothing new but oaths and diseases.

[7] *The knave has put no* points *at my arm.*] See above, p. 414.

Tel. Will you have your gown, sir?
Leon. My gown?
Why, am I sick? Bring me my sword! let a couple
Of the great horses be brought out for us.
[*Exit* TELAMON.
Tim. He'll kill himself.—Why, will you ride, sir?
Leon. Ride?
Dost thou think I cannot ride?
Tim. Oh, yes, sir, I know it: But, as I conceive your journey, you would have it private; and then you were better take a coach.
Leon. These coaches make me sick; Yet, 'tis no matter;
Let it be so.

Enter TELAMON *with a Sword.*

Tel. Sir, here's your sword.
Leon. Oh, well said; let me see it! I could, methinks— [*Endeavours to draw it.*
Why, Telamon, bring me another! what, think'st thou
I'll wear a sword in vain?
Tel. He has not strength enough to draw it;
A yoke of fleas tied to a hair would have drawn it.—'Tis out, sir, now; the scabbard is broke.
Leon. Oh, put it up again, and on with it!
Methinks, I am not dress'd till I feel my sword on.
Telamon, if any of my council ask for me,
Say I am gone to take the air. [*Exit.*
Tim. He has not
Been dress'd this twenty years thus.[8] If this vein
Hold but a week, he'll learn to play o'th' base-viol,
And sing to't: He's poetical already;
For I have spied a sonnet of his making

[8] *This twenty years* then.] Former editions.—*Seward.*

Lie by his bed's side: I'll be so unmannerly
To read it. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

The Apartment of the Princess.

HIDASPES *discovered in a bed,* CLEOPHILA *and* HERO *attending.*

Hid. He's dead, he's dead, and I am following!
Cleo. Ask Cupid mercy, madam!
Hid. Oh, my heart!
Cleo. Help!
Hero. Stir her!
Hid. Oh, oh!
Cleo. She's going; wretched women that we are!
Look to her, and I'll pray the while. [*She kneels.*
Hero. Why, madam——
Cleo. Cupid, pardon what is past,
And forgive our sins at last;
Then we will be coy no more,
But thy deity adore:
Troths at fifteen we will plight,
And will tread a dance at night,
In the fields, or by the fire,
With the youths that have desire—
How does she yet?
Hero. Oh, ill!
Cleo. Given ear-rings we will wear,
Bracelets of our lovers' hair,
Which they on our arms shall twist,
With their names carved on our wrist;

All the money that we owe[9]
We in tokens will bestow;
And learn to write, that, when 'tis sent,
Only our loves know what is meant.
Oh, then pardon what is past,
And forgive our sins at last!
What, mends she?

Hero. Nothing; you do it not wantonly; you should sing.

Cleo. Why——

Hero. Leave, leave! 'tis now too late: She is dead,
Her last is breathed.

Cleo. What shall we do?

Hero. Go run,
And tell the duke; and, whilst,[1] I'll close her eyes.
[*Exit* CLEOPHILA.

Thus I shut thy faded light,
And put it in eternal night.
Where is she can boldly say,
Though she be as fresh as May,
She shall not by this corpse be laid,
Ere to-morrow's light do fade?
Let us all now living be
Warn'd by thy strict chastity,
And marry all fast as we can!
Till then we keep a piece of man
Wrongfully from them that owe it:
Soon may every maid bestow it. [*Exeunt.*

[9] *Owe.*] i. e. Possess.

[1] *Whilst*] i. e. In the meantime; not an unusual acceptation of the word.

SCENE VI.

The House of Bacha.

Enter BACHA *and her Maid.*

Bacha. Who is it?

Maid. Forsooth there's a gallant coach at the door, and the brave old man in't, that you said was the duke.

Bacha. Cupid, grant he may be taken!

Maid. He's coming up, and looks the swaggering'st, and has such glorious clothes!

Bacha. Let all the house seem sad,[a] and see all handsome!

Enter LEONTIUS *and* TIMANTUS.

Leon. Nay, widow, fly not back; we come not now
To chide; stand up, and bid me welcome.

Bacha. To a poor widow's house, that knows no end
Of her ill fortune, your highness is most welcome.

Leon. Come, kiss me then! this is but manners, widow:
Ne'er fling your head aside! I have more cause
Of grief than you; my daughter's dead: But what!
'Tis nothing.—Is the rough French horse brought to th' door?

[a] *Let all the house* see me *sad.*] Corrected by Seward.

They say he's a high goer; I shall soon try his mettle.

Tim. He will be, sir, and the grey Barbary; they're fiery both.

Leon. They are the better:
Before the gods, I am lightsome, very lightsome!
How dost thou like me, widow?

Bacha. As a person
In whom all graces are.

Leon. Come, come, you flatter!
I'll clap your cheek for that; and you shall not
Be angry. Hast no music? Now could I cut
Three times with ease, and do a cross point, should
Shame all your gallants!

Bacha. I do believe you;—and yourself too:
Lord what a fine old zany[3] my love has made him!
He's mine, I'm sure: Heaven make me thankful for him! [*Aside.*

Leon. Tell me how old thou art, my pretty sweetheart?

Tim. Your Grace will not buy her! she may trip, sir!

Bacha. My sorrow shews me elder than I am
By many years.

Leon. Thou art so witty I must kiss again.

Tim. Indeed her age lies not in her mouth;
Ne'er look it there, sir: She has a better register,
If it be not burnt.

Leon. I will kiss thee;—I am a-fire, Timantus!

Tim. Can you chuse, sir, having such heavenly fire
Before you?

[3] *Zany.*] Buffoon, ape. So in Ford's Perkin Warbeck—

> "Wisdom and gravity are proper robes
> By which the sovereign is best distinguished
> From *zanies* to his greatness."

Leon. Widow, guess why I come; I pr'ythee do.
Bacha. I cannot, sir, unless you be pleased to make
A mirth out of my rudeness; and that I hope
Your pity will not let you, the subject is
So barren.—Bite, king, bite! I'll let you play a while. [*Aside.*
Leon. Now, as I am an honest man, I'll tell thee truly.—
How many foot did I jump yesterday,
Timantus?
Tim. Fourteen of your own, and some
Three fingers.
Bacha. This fellow lies as lightly, [*Aside.*
As if he were in cut taffata:
Alas, good almanack, get thee to bed,
And tell what weather we shall have to-morrow!
Leon. Widow, I'm come, in short, to be a suitor.
Bacha. For whom?
Leon. Why, by my troth, I come to woo thee, wench,
And win thee, for myself: Nay, look upon me!
I have about me that will do it.
Bacha. Now Heaven defend me! Your whore?[4]
[You] shall never—I thank the gods, I have
A little left me to keep me warm and honest:
If your grace take not that, I seek no more.
Leon. I am so far from taking any thing,
I'll add unto thee.
Bacha. Such additions may

[4] *Your whore shall never.*] The sense and measure being both defective, I have put in the natural words that supply both.
Seward.

Seward reads, *Your whore I shall be never.*—The quarto of 1635 says, *Your whore you shall never*, which words, with the help of a point of *interrogation*, and marking it as a broken sentence, make much the best reading.—Ed. 1778.

Be for your ease, sir, not my honesty;
I'm well in being single; good sir, seek another;
I am no meat for money.

Leon. Shall I fight for thee?
This sword shall cut his throat that dares lay claim
But to a finger of thee, but to a look;
I would see such a fellow!

Bacha. It would be [*Aside.*
But a cold sight to you! This is the father of
St George a-footback: Can such dry mummy talk?

Tim. Before the gods, your Grace looks like Æneas.

Bacha. He looks like his old father upon his back,
Crying to get aboard. [*Aside.*

Leon. How shall I win thy love? I pray thee tell me.
I'll marry thee, if thou desirest that:
That is an honest course, (I am in good earnest)
And presently within this hour (I am mad for thee:)
Pr'ythee deny me not; for, as I live,
I'll pine for thee, but I will have thee!

Bacha. Now he is in the toil, I'll hold him fast. [*Aside.*

Tim. You do not know what 'tis to be a queen:
Go to;[4] you're made! Else what the old man falls short of,
There's others can eke out, when you please to call on 'em.

[4] *Go too* you maide, *what, &c.*] The editors of 1750 read, *Go to,* you're mad, ELSE *what, &c.* which Seward believes "will be assented to by every reader." As the word *else* is not in the copy of 1635, we suppose it interpolated; and *mayd* surely is only an orthographical error. So in the Winter's Tale,

"—— You're a *made* old man."—*Reed.*

Else is in the quartos previous to 1635.

Bacha. I understand you not.—Love, I adore
thee!—
Sir, on my knees I give you hearty thanks,
For so much honouring your humble handmaid
Above her birth, far more her weak deservings.
I dare not trust the envious tongues of all
That must repine at my unworthy rising;
Beside, you have many fair ones in your kingdom,
Born to such worth: Oh, turn yourself about,
And make a noble choice!

Leon. If I do, let me famish! I will have thee,
Or break up house, and board here.

Bacha. Sir, you may
Command an unwilling woman to obey you:
But Heaven knows——

Leon. No more!
These half-a-dozen kisses, and this jewel,
And every thing I have, and away with me,
And clap it up; and have a boy by morning!—
Timantus, let one be sent
Post for my son again; and for Ismenus!
They are scarce twenty miles on their way yet:
By that time, we'll be married.

Tim. There shall, sir. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Room in the Palace.

Enter DORIALUS, AGENOR, *and* NISUS.

Nisus. Is not this a fine marriage?
Age. Yes, yes; let it alone.
Dor. Ay, ay, the king may marry whom he list. Let's talk of other matters.
Nisus. Is the prince coming home certainly?
Dor. Yes, yes; he was sent post for yesterday: Let's make haste! we'll see how his new mother-in-law will entertain him.
Nisus. Why, well, I warrant you: Did you not mark how humbly she carried herself to us on her marriage-day, acknowledging her own unworthiness, and that she would be our servant?
Dor. But mark what's done.
Nisus. Regard not show.
Age. Oh, God! I knew her when I have been offer'd her to be brought to my bed for five pounds; whether it could have been perform'd or no, I know not.
Nisus. Her daughter's a pretty lady.
Dor. Yes; and having had but mean bringing up, it talks the prettiliest and innocenthest! The queen will be so angry to hear her betray her breeding by her language! But I'm persuaded she's well disposed.

Age. I think, better than her mother.
Nisus. Come, we stay too long. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Another in the same.

Enter LEUCIPPUS *and* ISMENUS.

Ism. How now, man? struck dead with a tale?
Leuc. No, but with a truth.
Ism. Stand of yourself: Can you endure blows, and shrink at words?
Leuc. Thou know'st I have told thee all.
Ism. But that all's nothing to make you thus; your sister is dead.
Leuc. That's much; but not the most.
Ism. Why, for the other, let her marry and hang; 'tis no purposed fault of yours! and if your father will needs have your cast whore, you shall shew the duty of a child better in being contented, and bidding much good do his good old heart with her, than in repining thus at it: Let her go! what! there are more wenches, man; we'll have another.
Leuc. Oh, thou art vain; thou know'st I do not
love her.
What shall I do? I would my tongue had led me
To any other thing, but blasphemy,
So I had miss'd commending of this woman,
Whom I must reverence, now she is my mother!
My sin, Ismenus, has wrought all this ill:

And I beseech thee to be warn'd by me,
And do not lie! If any man should ask thee
But how thou dost, or what o'clock 'tis now,
Be sure thou do not lie! Make no excuse
For him that is most near thee! never let
The most officious falsehood [5] 'scape thy tongue!
For they above (that are entirely truth)
Will make that seed which thou hast sown of lies,
Yield miseries a thousand-fold
Upon thine head, as they have done on mine.

Enter TIMANTUS.

Tim. Sir, your highness is welcome home! the duke and queen will presently come forth to you

Leuc. I'll wait on them.

Tim. Worthy Ismenus, I pray you, how have you sped in your wars?

Ism. This rogue mocks me!—Well, Timantus. Pray how have you sped here at home at shuffle-board?

Tim. 'Faith, reasonable. How many towns have you taken in this summer?

Ism. How many stags have you been at the death of this grass?

Tim. A number. Pray how is the province settled?

Ism. Pr'ythee how does the dun nag?

Tim. I think you mock me, my lord.

Ism. Mock thee? Yes, by my troth do I; why, what wouldst thou have me to do with thee? Art good for any thing else?

[5] Officious *falsehood.* Officious seems here to relate to *duty*, *office.* It is similarly used by the same speaker in act II. scene I.—Ed. 1778.

Officious, in both instances, means done for a good purpose.

Enter LEONTIUS, BACHA, DORIALUS, AGENOR, NISUS, *and* TELAMON.

Leuc. My good Ismenus, hold me by the wrist;
And if thou see'st me fainting, wring me hard,
For I shall swoon again else! [*Kneels.*

Leon. Welcome, my son! Rise. I did send for thee
Back from the province, by thy mother's counsel,
Thy good mother here, who loves thee well:
She would not let me venture all my joy
Amongst my enemies. I thank thee for her,
And none but thee: I took her on thy word.

Leuc. Pinch harder. [*Aside to* ISMENUS.

Leon. And she shall bid thee welcome. I have now
Some near affairs, but I will drink a health
To thee anon.—Come, Telamon! I'm grown
Lustier, I thank thee for it, since I married;
Why, Telamon, I can stand now alone,
And never stagger.
[*Exeunt* LEONTIUS *and* TELAMON.

Bacha. Welcome, most noble sir, whose fame is come
Hither before you!—Out, alas! you scorn me,
And teach me what to do.

Leuc. No; you are my mother.

Bacha. Far unworthy of that name,
God knows! But trust me, here before these lords,
I am no more but nurse unto the duke;
Nor will I breed a faction in the state:
It is too much for me that I am raised
Unto his bed, and will remain the servant
Of you that did it.

Leuc. Madam, I will serve you

As shall become me.—[*Aside.*] Oh, dissembling woman!
Whom I must reverence though. Take from thy quiver,
Sure-aim'd Apollo, one of thy swift darts,
Headed with thy consuming golden beams,
And let it melt this body into mist,
That none may find it!

Bacha. Shall I beg, my lords,
This room in private for the prince and me?

[*Exeunt all but* LEUCIPPUS *and* BACHA.

Leuc. What will she say now?

Bacha. [*Aside.*] I must still enjoy him:
Yet there is still left in me a spark of woman,
That wishes he would move it; but he stands
As if he grew there with his eyes on earth.—
Sir, you and I, when we were last together,
Kept not this distance, as we were afraid
Of blasting by ourselves.

Leuc. Madam, 'tis true;
Heaven pardon it!

Bacha. Amen! Sir, you may think
That I have done you wrong in this strange marriage.

Leuc. 'Tis past now.

Bacha. But it was no fault of mine:
The world had call'd me mad, had I refused
The king; nor laid I any train to catch him,
'Twas your own oaths that did it.

Leuc. 'Tis a truth,
That takes my sleep away! But 'would to Heaven,
If it had been so pleased, you had refused him,
Though I had gratified that courtesy
With having you myself! But since 'tis thus,
I do beseech you that you will be honest
From henceforth; and not abuse his credulous age,
Which you may easily do. As for myself,

What I can say, you know, alas, too well,
Is tied within me; here 'twill sit like lead,
But shall offend no other; it will pluck me
Back from my entrance into any mirth,
As if a servant came, and whisper'd with me
Of some friend's death: But I will bear myself,
To you, with all the due obedience
A son owes to his mother: More than this
Is not in me, but I must leave the rest
To the just gods, who, in their blessed time,
When they have given me punishment enough
For my rash sin, will mercifully find
As unexpected means to ease my grief,
As they did now to bring it.

Bacha. Grown so godly? [*Aside.*
This must not be.—And I will be to you
No other than a natural mother ought;
And for my honesty, so you will swear
Never to urge me, I shall keep it safe
From any other.

Leuc. Bless me! I should urge you?

Bacha. Nay, but swear, then that I may be at peace!
For I do feel a weakness in myself,
That can deny you nothing: If you tempt me,
I shall embrace sin as it were a friend,
And run to meet it.

Leuc. If you knew how far
It were from me, you would not urge an oath;
But for your satisfaction, when I tempt you——

Bacha. Swear not.—I cannot move him. [*Aside.*]—This sad talk,
Of things past help, does not become us well:
Shall I send one for my musicians, and we'll dance?

Leuc. Dance, madam?

Bacha. Yes, a *lavalta.*[6]
Leuc. I cannot dance, madam.
Bacha. Then let's be merry!
Leuc. I am as my fortunes bid me;
Do not you see me sour?
Bacha. Yes.
And why think you I smile?
Leuc. I am so far
From any joy myself, I cannot fancy
A cause of mirth.
Bacha. I'll tell you; we're alone.
Leuc. Alone?
Bacha. Yes.
Leuc. 'Tis true; what then?
Bacha. What then? you make my smiling now
Break into laughter! What think you is
To be done then?
Leuc. We should pray to Heaven
For mercy.
Bacha. Pray? that were a way indeed
To pass the time! But I will make you blush,
To see a bashful woman teach a man
What we should do alone; try again
If you can find it out.
Leuc. I dare not think
I understand you!
Bacha. I must teach you then:
Come, kiss me.
Leuc. Kiss you?
Bacha. Yes: be not ashamed
You did it not yourself; I will forgive you.[7]

[6] *A lavalta.*] The *lavolta* was a lively dance similar to the German waltz. See vol. IX. p. 440.

[7] *Yes be not ashamed!*
You did it not yourself; I will forgive you.] The pointing

Leuc. Keep, you displeased gods, the due respect
I ought to bear unto this wicked woman,
As she is now my mother, fast within me,[8]
Lest I add sins to sins, till no repentance
Will cure me.

Bacha. Leave these melancholy moods,
That I may swear thee welcome on thy lips
A thousand times!

Leuc. Pray leave this wicked talk:
You do not know to what my father's wrong
May urge me.

Bacha. I am careless, and do weigh
The world, my life, and all my after hopes
Nothing without thy love: Mistake me not;
Thy love, as I have had it, free and open
As wedlock is, within itself: What say you?

Leuc. Nothing.

Bacha. [*Kneels.*] Pity me! behold a duchess
Kneels for thy mercy; and I swear to you,
Though I should lie with you, it is no lust;
For it desires no change: I could with you
Content myself. What answer will you give?

Leuc. They that can answer must be less amazed
Than I am now! You see my tears deliver
My meaning to you.

Bacha. Shall I be contemn'd?
Thou art a beast, worse than a savage beast,
To let a lady kneel, to beg that thing
Which a right man would offer.

in the text is Mason's, who thus explains the speech: "Be not ashamed of your not having kissed me without my bidding; I will forgive that neglect."

[8] *As she is now my mother, haste within me.*] Another judicious emendation of Mason's has here been adopted; the old text, though unnoticed by the editors of 1750 and 1778, being stark nonsense.

Leuc. 'Tis your will, Heav'n;
But let me bear me like myself,
However she does!

Bacha. Were you made an eunuch,
Since you went hence? Yet they have more desire
Than I can find in you. How fond was I
To beg thy love! I'll force thee to my will:
Dost thou not know that I can make the king
Dote as me list?[9] Yield quickly, or by Heaven
I'll have thee kept in prison for my purpose!
Where I will make thee serve my turn, and have
thee
Fed with such meats as best shall fit my ends,
And not thy health.—Why dost not speak to me?—
And when thou dost displease me, and art grown
Less able to perform, then I will have thee
Kill'd and forgotten!—Are you stricken dumb?

Leuc. All you have named, but making of me sin
With you, you may command, but never that,
Say what you will: I'll hear you as becomes me,
If you speak; I will not follow your counsel,
Neither will I tell the world to your disgrace,
But give you the just honour that is due
From me to my father's wife.

Bacha. Lord, how full
Of wise formality you are grown of late!—
But you were telling me you could have wished
That I had married you: If you will swear so yet,
I'll make away the king.

Leuc. You are a strumpet——

Bacha. Nay, I care not
For all your railings; they will batter walls

[9] *Dote* as my *list.*] So the old text. The slight variation in the text is surely better than the silent reading of the modern editors—*at* my list. *To list* was an old verb, meaning *choose.*

And take in towns, as soon as trouble me:
Tell him! I care not; I shall undo you only,
Which is no matter.

Leuc. I appeal to you
Still, and for ever, that are and cannot be other!—
Madam, I see 'tis in your power to work
Your will on him; and I desire you
To lay what trains you will for my wish'd death,
But suffer him to find his quiet grave
In peace: Alas, he never did you wrong.
And further, I beseech you pardon me
For the ill word I gave you; for however
You may deserve, it became not me
To call you so; but passion urges me
I know not whither.—My heart, break now,
And ease me ever!

Bacha. Pray you get you hence
Wi' your goodly humour! I am weary of you
Extremely.

Leuc. Trust me, so am I of myself too:
Madam, I'll take my leave. Gods set all right!
[*Exit.*

Bacha. Amen! Sir, get you gone!—
Am I denied? It does not trouble me
That I have moved, but that I am refused:
I have lost my patience! I will make him know
Lust is not love; for lust will find a mate
While there are men, and so will I, and more
Than one, or twenty!

Enter Timantus.

Yonder is Timantus,
A fellow void of any worth to raise himself,
And therefore like to catch at any evil
That will but pluck him up; him will I make

Mine own.—Timantus!

Tim. Madam?

Bacha. Thou know'st well
Thou wert, by chance, a means of this my raising;
Brought the duke to me; and, though 'twere but chance,
I must reward thee.

Tim. I shall bend my service
Unto your highness.

Bacha. But do it then entirely, and in every thing;
And tell me, couldst thou now think that thing
Thou wouldst not do for me?

Tim. No, by my soul, madam.

Bacha. Then thou art right.
Go to my lodging, and I'll follow thee, with my instruction. [*Exit* TIMANTUS.
I do see already,
This prince, that did but now contemn me, dead!
Yet will I never speak an evil word
Unto his father of him, till I have
Won a belief I love him; but I'll make
His virtues his undoing, and my praises
Shall be so many swords against his breast;
Which once perform'd, I'll make Urania,
My daughter, the king's heir, and plant my issue
In this large throne; nor shall it be withstood:
They, that begin in lust, must end in blood!
[*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Another Apartment in the same.

Enter DORIALUS, AGENOR, *and* NISUS.

Dor. We live to know a fine time, gentlemen.
Nisus. And a fine duke, that, through his doting age,
Suffers himself to be a child again,
Under his wife's tuition.
Age. All the land
Holds in that tenure too, in woman's service:
Sure we shall learn to spin!
Dor. No, that's too honest;
We shall have other liberal sciences
Taught us too soon: Lying and flattering,
Those are the studies now! and murder shortly
I know will be humanity. Gentlemen,
If we live here we must be knaves, believe it.
Nisus. I cannot tell, my lord Dorialus;
Though my own nature hate it,
If all determine to be knaves, I'll try
What I can do upon myself, that's certain:
I will not have my throat cut for my goodness;
The virtue will not quit the pain.
Age. But pray you tell me,
Why is the prince, now ripe and full experienced,
Not made a doer in the state?[1]

[1] *Not made a* dore *in the state?*] Corrected in 1750.

Nisus. Because he's honest.

Enter TIMANTUS.

Tim. Goodness attend your honours!
Dor You must not be amongst us then.
Tim. The duchess,
Whose humble servant I am proud to be,
Would speak with you.
Age. Sir, we are pleased to wait;
When is it?
Tim. An hour hence, my good lords·
And so I leave my service. [*Exit.*
Dor. This is one
Of her ferrets that she boults business out withal:
This fellow, if he were well ript, has all
The linings of a knave within him: How sly he looks!
Nisus. Have we nothing about our clothes that he
May catch at?
Age O' my conscience, there is
No treason in my doublet! if there be,
My elbows will discover it, they're out.
Dor. 'Faith,
And all the harm that I can find in mine
Is, that they are not paid for; let him
Make what he can of that, so he discharge that;
Come, let us go. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Another in the same.

Enter BACHA, LEONTIUS, *and* TELAMON.

Bacha. And you shall find, sir, what
A blessing Heaven gave you in such a son.
Leon. Pray gods I may! Let's walk, and change our subject.
Bacha. Oh, sir, can any thing come sweeter to you,
Or strike a deeper joy into your heart,
Than your son's virtue?
Leon. I allow his virtues;
But 'tis not handsome thus to feed myself
With such immoderate praises of mine own.
Bacha. The subject of our commendations
Is itself grown so infinite in goodness,
That all the glory we can lay upon it,
Though we should open volumes of his praises,
Is a mere modesty in his expression,[a]
And shews him lame still, like an ill-wrought piece
Wanting proportion.
Leon. Yet still he is a man, and subject still
To more inordinate vices than our love
Can give him blessings.
Bacha. Else he were a god;
Yet so near, as he is, he comes to Heaven,

[a] *Is a mere modesty in* his expression.] That is, in the expression of him and his merits—*Mason.*

That we may see, so far as flesh can point us,
Things only worthy them; and only these
In all his actions.

Leon. This is too much, my queen!

Bacha. Had the gods loved me, that my unworthy womb
Had bred this brave man——

Leon. Still you run wrong!

Bacha. I would have lived upon the comfort of him,
Fed on his growing hopes!

Leon. This touches me!

Bacha. I know no friends, nor being, but his virtues.

Leon. You have laid out words enough upon a subject.

Bacha. But words cannot express him, sir. Why, what a shape
Heaven has conceived him in! oh, Nature made him up——

Leon. I wonder, duchess——

Bacha. So you must; for less than admiration
Loses this godlike man.

Leon. Have you done with him?

Bacha. Done with him? Oh, good gods,
What qualities thus pass by us without reverence![3]

Leon. I see no such perfection.

Bacha. Oh, dear sir,
You are a father, and those joys to you
Speak in your heart, not in your tongue.

Leon. This leaves
A taste behind it worse than physic.

[3] *What* frailties *thus pass by us without reverence!*] *Frailties*, Seward justly observes, is "the very reverse of the idea required by the context:" He substitutes *virtues* for that word, but we have adopted Sympson's reading, *qualities*, which is much the best.—Ed. 1778.

Bacha. Then
For all his wisdom, valour, good fortune, and all
Those friends of honour,[4] they are in him as free
And natural, as passions in a woman.

Leon You make me blush at all these years,
To see how blindly you have flung your praises
Upon a boy, a very child; and worthless,
Whilst I live, of these honours.

Bacha. I would not have my love, sir, make my tongue
Shew me so much a woman, as to praise
Or dispraise, where my will is, without reason,
Or general allowance of the people.

Leon. Allowance of the people? what allow they?

Bacha. All I have said for truth; and they must do it,
And dote upon him, love him, and admire him.

Leon. How's that?

Bacha. For in his youth[5] and noble forwardness
All things are bound together that are kingly;
A fitness to bear rule——

Leon. No more!

Bacha. And sovereignty,
Not made to know command.

Leon. I have said, no more!

Bacha. I have done, sir, though unwilling; and pardon me!

Leon. I do; not a word more!

[4] Bacha. *Then for* all *his wisdom, valour,*
Good fortune, and all those friends of honour,
They are in him as free and natural, as passions
In a woman.] The measure here was quite lost, and the sense hurt, by inserting the *all* from the second line into the first.
—*Seward.*

The sense is not hurt by this word, and the measure, when properly regulated, cannot be preserved without it.

[5] *For in* this *youth.*] Varied by Seward.

Bacha. I have given thee poison [*Aside.*
Of more infection than the dragon's tooth,
Or the gross air o'er-heated.

Enter TIMANTUS.

Leon. Timantus, when
Saw you the prince?
Tim. I left him now, sir.
Leon. Tell me truly,
Out of your free opinion, without courting,
How you like him.
Tim. How I like him?
Leon. Yes;
For you in conversation may see more
Than a father.
Bacha. It works. [*Aside.*
Tim. Your grace has chosen out an ill observer.
Leon. Yes, I mean of his ill; you talk rightly.
Tim. But you take me wrong! All I know by him
I dare deliver boldly: He is the storehouse
And head of virtue, your great self excepted,
That feeds the kingdom.
Leon. These are flatteries!
Speak me his vices; there you do a service
Worth a father's thanks.
Tim. Sir, I cannot.
If there be any, sure they are the times',
Which I could wish less dangerous. But pardon me,
I am too bold.
Leon. You are not; forward,
And open what these dangers are!
Tim. Nay, good sir!
Leon. Nay, fall not off again; I will have all!
Tim. Alas, sir, what am I, you should believe
My eyes or ears so subtle to observe
Faults in a state? all my main business

Is service to your grace, and necessaries
For my poor life.

Leon. Do not displease me, sirrah!
But that you know tell me, and presently.

Tim. Since your grace will have it,
I'll speak it freely; always my obedience
And love preserved unto the prince.

Leon. Pr'ythee to the matter!

Tim. For, sir, if you consider
How like a sun in all his great employments,
How full of heat——

Leon. Make me understand
What I desire!

Tim. And then at his return——

Leon. Do not anger me!

Tim. Then thus, sir: All mislike you,
As they would do the gods, if they did dwell with 'em.

Leon. What?

Tim. Talk and prate, as their ignorant rages lead 'em,
Without allegiance or religion.
For Heaven's sake, have a care of your own person!
I cannot tell; their wickedness may lead
Further than I dare think yet.

Leon. Oh, base people!

Tim. Yet the prince,
For whom this is pretended, may persuade 'em,
And no doubt will: Virtue is ever watchful;
But be you still secured and comforted!

Leon. Heaven! how have I offended, that this rod,
So heavy and unnatural, should fall upon me
When I am old and helpless?

Tim. Brave gentleman!
That such a madding love should follow thee,
To rob thee of a father! All the court

Is full of dangerous whispers.
Leon. I perceive it;
And, 'spite of all their strengths, will make my safety!
I'll cut him shorter—I'll cut him shorter first,
Then let him rule.
Bacha. What a foul age is this,
When virtue's made a sword to smite the virtuous?
Alas, alas!
Leon. I'll teach him to fly lower.
Tim. By no means, sir; rather make more your love,
And hold your favour to him: For 'tis now
Impossible to yoke him, if his thoughts
(As I must ne'er believe) run with their rages
(He ever was so innocent[6]). But what reason
His grace has to withdraw his love from me,
And other good men that are near your person,
I cannot yet find out; I know my duty
Has ever been attending.
Leon. 'Tis too plain
He means to play the villain; I'll prevent him.
Not a word more of this; be private! [*Exit.*
Tim. Madam, 'tis done.
Bacha. He cannot escape me. Have you spoken with
The noblemen?
Tim. Yes, madam; they are here.
I wait a further service.

[6] *For 'tis now*
Impossible to yoke him, if his thoughts
(*As I must ne'er believe*) run with their rages
(*He ever was so innocent.*] This is a very involved paragraph, but the meaning is— "It is now impossible to restrain him, if he has given up his thoughts to their rages (that is, to their violent intents) which I must not suffer myself to believe, as he was ever so innocent."

Bacha. Till you see the prince,[7]
You need no more instructions.
Tim. No; I have it! [*Exit.*
Bacha. That fool, that willingly provokes a woman,
Has made himself another evil angel,
And a new hell, to which all other torments
Are but mere pastime.—

Enter DORIALUS, NISUS, *and* AGENOR.

Now, my noble lords,
You must excuse me, that unmannerly
We have broke your private business.
Age. Your good grace
May command us, and that——
Bacha. 'Faith, my lord Agenor,
It is so good a cause, I am confident
You cannot lose by it.
Dor. Which way does she fish now? [*Aside.*
The devil's but a fool to a right woman.
Nisus. Madam, we must needs win in doing service
To such a gracious lady.
Bacha. I thank you, and will let you know the business,
So I may have your helps: Never be doubtful,
For 'tis so just a cause, and will to you
Upon the knowledge seem so honourable,

[7] Till yet be *the prince.*] [So the quarto 1630.] For want of consulting the quarto of 1635 (which exhibits the lection in our text) Seward and Sympson were much puzzled about this passage: The former prints, STILL BESET *the prince;* and the latter proposes, STILL LET IT BE *the prince.*—Through inattention to that copy (which is infinitely the best, and which it is certain they were possessed of) they have made many unnecessary variations, which we forbear to particularise.—Ed. 1778.

That I assure myself your willing hearts
Will straight be for me in it.

Age. If she should prove good now, what were it like?

Dor. Thunder in January, or a good woman; that's stranger than all the monsters in Afric.[8]

Bacha. It shall not need your wonder; this it is:
The duke you know is old, and rather subject
To ease and prayers now, than all those troubles,
Cares, and continual watchings, that attend
A kingdom's safety: Therefore, to prevent
The fall of such a flourishing estate
As this has been, and to put off
The murmur of the people, that encrease
Against my government, which the gods know
I only feel the trouble of, I present
The prince unto your loves, a gentleman
In whom all excellencies are knit together,
All pieces of a true man: Let your prayers
Win from the duke half his vexation,
That he may undertake it, whose discretion
I must confess, though it be from a father,
Yet now is stronger, and more apt to govern.
'Tis not my own desire, but all the land's;
I know the weakness of it.[9]

Nisus. Madam, this noble care and love has won us
For ever to your loves: We'll to the king;
And since your grace has put it in our mouths,
We'll win him with the cunning'st words we can.

[8] *That's stranger than all Afric.*] Quarto 1630.

[9] *I know the weakness of it.*] That is, of the duke's discretion, compared with that of Leucippus.—*Mason.*

I should rather conceive the meaning to be—"It is the desire of the whole land, not my own desire only, of which I know the inadequacy."

Dor. [*Aside.*] I was never cozen'd in a woman before, for commonly they are like apples: If once they bruise, they will grow rotten through, and serve for nothing but to assuage swellings.

Bacha. Good lords,
Delay no time, since it is your good pleasures,
To think my counsel good! and by no means
Let the prince know it, whose affections
Will stir mainly against it; besides, his father
May hold him dangerous, if it be not carried
So that his forward will appear not in it.
Go, and be happy!

Dor. Well, I would not be chronicled as thou wilt be for a good woman, for all the world.

Nisus. Madam, we kiss your hand; and so inspired,
Nothing but happiness can crown our prayers.[1]

[*Exeunt.*

[1] *Madam, we kiss your hand, and so inspire.*
Nothing but happiness can crown our prayers.] Corrected by Seward.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

An Apartment in the Palace.

Enter LEUCIPPUS *and* ISMENUS.

Leuc. Thus she has used me: Is't not a good
mother?
Ism. Why kill'd you her not?
[illegible] The gods forbid it!
[illegible] [illegible]ght, if all the women in the world were
[illegible] [illegible] died!
[illegible] B[illegible] 'tis not reason directs thee thus.
Ism. Then have I none at all; for all I have in me
directs me. Your father's in a pretty rage.
Leuc. Why?
Ism. Nay, 'tis well if he know himself: But some of the nobility have delivered a petition to him; what is in't I know not; but it has put him to his trumps: He has taken a month's time to answer it, and chafes like himself.

Enter LEONTIUS, BACHA, *and* TELAMON.

Leuc. He's here, Ismenus.
Leon. Set me down, Telamon!—Leucippus!
Leuc. Sir.
Bacha. Nay, good sir, be at peace! I dare swear
He knew not of it.
Leon. You are foolish; peace!

Bacha. All will go ill! Deny it boldly, sir;
Trust me, he cannot prove it by you.

Leuc. What?

Bacha. You'll make all worse too with your facing it.

Leuc. What is the matter?

Leon. Know'st thou that petition?
Look on it well! Wouldst thou be join'd with me?
Unnatural child! to be weary of me,
Ere Fate esteem me fit for other worlds!

Bacha. May be he knows not of it.

Leuc. Oh, strange carriages!
Sir, as I have hope that there is any thing
To reward doing well, my usages,
Which have been—but it is no matter what—
Have put me so far from the thought of greatness,
That I should welcome it like a disease
That grew upon me, and I could not cure.
They are my enemies that gave you this;
And yet they call me friend, and are themselves,
I fear, abused. I am weary of my life;
For God's sake, take it from me! it creates
More mischief in the state than it is worth.
The usage I have had, I know, would make
Wisdom herself run frantic through the streets,
And Patience quarrel with her shadow. Sir,
This sword——

Bacha. Alas! help, for the love of Heaven!
Make a way through me first; for he is your father

Leon. What, would he kill me?

Bacha. No, sir, no.

Leon. Thou always mak'st the best on't; but I fear—

Leuc. Why do you use me thus? Who is't can think
That I would kill my father, that can yet
Forbear to kill you?—Here, sir, is my sword;

I dare not touch it, lest she say again
I would have kill'd you. Let me not have mercy
When I most need it, if I would not change
Place with my meanest servant!—Let these faults
[*Apart to* BACHA.
Be mended, madam! if you saw how ill
They did become you, you would part with them.
Bacha. I told the duke as much before.
Leuc. What? what did you tell him?
Bacha. That it was only an ambition,
Nursed in you by your youth, provoked you thus,
Which age would take away.
Leon. It was his doing then?—Come hither, love!
Bacha. No, indeed, sir.
Leuc. How am I made, that I can bear all this?
If any one had used a friend of mine
Near this, my hand had carried death about it.
Leon. Lead me hence, Telamon! Come, my dear
Bacha!
I shall find time for this.
Ism. Madam, you know I dare not speak before
The king; but you know well, (if not, I'll tell you)
You're the most wicked, and most murderous
strumpet,
That ever was call'd woman!
Bacha. My lord,
What I can do for him, he shall command me.
Leon. I know thou art too kind: Away, I say!
[*Exeunt* LEONTIUS, BACHA, TIMANTUS, *and* TELAMON.
Ism. Sir, I am sure we dream: this cannot be.
Leuc. Oh, that we did! My wickedness has
brought
All this to pass, else I should bear myself.
[URANIA *passes over the Stage.*
Ism. Look! do you see who's there? your vir-

tuous mother's issue: Kill her yet! take some little pidling revenge.

Leuc. Away!
The whole court calls her virtuous; for they say,
She is unlike her mother; and if so,
She can have no vice.

Ism. I'll trust none of 'em
That come of such a breed.

Leuc. But I have found
A kind of love in her to me. Alas!
Think of her death! I dare be sworn for her,
She is as free from any hate to me
As her bad mother's full. She was brought up
I' th' country, as her tongue will let you know,
If you but talk with her, with a poor uncle,
Such as her mother had.

Enter URANIA.

Ism. She's come again.

Ura. I would fen speak to the good marquis, my brother,
If I but thought he could abaid me.

Leuc. Sister, how do you?

Ura. Very well, I thank you.

Ism. How does your good mother?

Leuc. Fy, fy, Ismenus!
For shame! mock such an innocent soul as this?

Ura. Feth, a' she be no good, God may her so!

Leuc. I know you wish it with your heart, dear sister!
But she is good, I hope.

Ism. Are you so simple,
To make so much of this? Do you not know,
That all her wicked mother labours for
Is but to raise her to your right, and leave her
This dukedom?

Ura. Ay; but ne'er, sir, be afred;
For though she take th' ungainest weas she can,
I'll ne'er ha't fro' you.

Leuc. I should hate myself, Ismenus,
If I should think of her simplicity
Aught but extremely well.

Ism. Nay, as you will!

Ura. And though she be my mother,
If she take any caurse to do you wrang,
If I can see't, you'st quickly hear on't, sir:
And so I'll take my leave.

Leuc. Farewell, good sister!
I thank you. [*Exit* URANIA.

Ism. You believe all this?

Leuc. Yes.

Ism. A good faith doth well; but, methinks, it were no hard matter now for her mother to send her.

Enter TIMANTUS.

Yonder's one you may trust if you will too.

Leuc. So I will,
If he can shew me as apparent signs
Of truth as she did. Does he weep, Ismenus?

Ism. Yes, I think so; some good's happen'd I warrant.—Do you hear, you? What honest man has 'scaped misery, that thou art crying thus?

Tim. Noble Ismenus,
Where is the prince?

Ism. Why, there: Hast wept thine eyes out?

Tim. Sir, I beseech you hear me.

Leuc. Well, speak on.

Ism. Why, will you hear him?

Leuc. Yes, Ismenus; why?

Ism. I would hear blasphemy as willingly.

Leuc. You are to blame.

Tim. No, sir, he's not to blame,
If I were as I was.
Ism. Nor as thou art,
I'faith, a whit to blame.
Leuc. What is your business?
Tim. 'Faith, sir, I am ashamed to speak before you;
My conscience tells me I have injured you,
And, by the earnest instigation
Of others, have not done you to the king
Always the best and friendliest offices:
Which pardon me, or I will never speak!
Ism. Never pardon him, and silence a knave!
Leuc. I pardon thee.
Tim. Your mother sure is naught.
Leuc. Why shouldst thou think so?
Tim. Oh, noble sir, your honest eyes perceive not
The dangers you are led to: Shame upon her,
And what fell miseries the gods can think on,
Shower down upon her wicked head! She has plotted,
I know too well, your death: 'Would my poor life,
Or thousand such as mine is, might be offer'd
Like sacrifices up for your preserving;
What free oblations would she have to glut her!
But she is merciless, and bent to ruin,
If Heaven and good men step not to your rescue,
And timely, very timely. Oh, this dukedom!
I weep, I weep for the poor orphans in
This country, left without friends or parents.*

* *I weep, I weep for the poor orphans* i' th' *country*
Left with but *friends* or *parents*.] The villainy of Timantus will not allow him to talk absurdly; his art imposes on the prince, and he should therefore at least speak sense. And indeed how easy was the mistake of *without* to *with but*? This being made, the repetition of the *or* was absurd, and being left out, the measure was spoilt, and consequently believed to be no measure at all. This

Leuc. Now, Ismenus, what think you of this fellow?
This was a lying knave, a flatterer!
Does not this love still shew him so?
Ism. This love? this halter! If he prove not yet
The cunning'st, rankest rogue that ever canted,
I'll ne'er see man again![3] I know him to bring,[4]
And can interpret every new face he makes.
Look how he wrings, like a good stool, for a tear!
Take heed;
Children and fools first feel the smart, then weep.
Leuc. Away, away! such an unkind distrust
Is worse than a dissembling, if it be one,
And sooner leads to mischief: I believe it,
And him an honest man; he could not carry,
Under an evil cause, so true a sorrow.
Ism. Take heed! this is your mother's scorpion,

process of the corruption seems natural, and therefore I hope I have only restored the original. Mr Sympson joins in correcting *with but* to *without*.—Seward.

Quarto 1635 reads, *Left but with friends*, NOT *parents*.—Ed. 1778.

[3] *I'll ne'er see man again.*] Seward calls this "absurd," and substitutes *seem* for *see*: We think the expression easy and natural.—Ed. 1778.

[4] —— *I know him to* bring,
And can interpret every new face he makes.] Unless a whole line be left out after *bring*, or the first part be made an imperfect sentence, which would be very improper here, this seems quite unintelligible. I read—*I know him* to b' a rogue, which is much nearer the trace of the letters than it seems in the pronunciation; *ring* and *rogue* having two of the same letters, and a third, *u* and *n* extremely like each other.—*Seward.*

No reader can be convinced by this reasoning of Seward's. Mason wishes to read—

I know him to *be one,*

that is, a rogue. This is more plausible, but I have little hesitation in believing, that this is one of the numerous passages where a line has been overlooked by the compositor.

That carries stings even in his tears, whose soul
Is a rank poison through: Touch not at him;
If you do, you are gone, if you had twenty lives.
I knew him for a roguish boy,
When he would poison dogs, and keep tame toads;
He lay with his mother, and infected her,
And now she begs i' th' hospital, with a patch
Of velvet where her nose stood, like the queen
Of spades, and all her teeth in her purse.
The devil and this fellow are so near,
'Tis not yet known which is the eviler angel.

Leuc. Nay, then I see 'tis spite.—Come hither, friend!
Hast thou not heard the cause yet that incensed
My mother to my death? for I protest
I feel none in myself.

Tim. Her will, sir, and ambition, as I think,
Are the provokers of it, as in women
Those two are ever powerful to destruction;
Beside a hate of your still-growing virtues,
She being only wicked.[5]

Leuc. Heavens defend me,
As I am innocent, and ever have been,
From all immoderate thoughts and actions,
That carry such rewards along with 'em!

Tim. Sir, all I know my duty must reveal;
My country and my love command it from me,
For whom I'll lay my life down: This night coming,
A counsel is appointed by the duke,
To sit about your apprehension:
If you dare trust my faith, (which, by all good things,
Shall ever watch about you!) go along,
And to a place I'll guide you, where no word
Shall 'scape without your hearing, nor no plot,
Without discovering to you; which once known,

[5] *She being* only wicked.] That is, nothing but wickedness; entirely compounded of it.—*Mason.*

You have your answers and prevention.

Ism. You're not so mad to go? shift off this fellow!
You shall be ruled once by a wise man.—Ratsbane!
Get you gone, or——

Leuc. Peace, peace for shame! thy love is too suspicious;
'Tis a way offer'd to preserve my life,
And I will take it.—Be my guide, Timantus,
And do not mind this angry man! thou know'st him.
I may live to requite thee.

Tim. Sir, this service
Is done for Virtue's sake, not for reward,
However he may hold me.

Ism. The great pox on you! but thou hast that curse so much, 'twill grow a blessing in thee shortly.—Sir, for Wisdom's sake, court not your death!
I am your friend and subject, and I shall lose in both; if I loved you not, I would laugh at you, and see you run your neck into the noose, and cry, a woodcock!

Leuc. So much of man, and so much fearful; fy!
Pr'ythee have peace within thee! I shall live yet
Many a golden day to hold thee here,
Dearest and nearest to me.—Go on, Timantus!—
I charge you by your love, no more, no more!

[*Exeunt* LEUCIPPUS *and* TIMANTUS.

Ism. Go, and let your own rod whip you! I pity you;
And, dog, if he miscarry, thou shalt pay for't:
I'll study for thy punishment, and it shall last
Longer and sharper than a tedious winter,
Till thou blasphem'st; and then thou diest and damn'st. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Another in the same.

Enter LEONTIUS *and* TELAMON.

Leon. I wonder the duchess comes not.
Tel. She has heard, sir, your will is to speak with her:
But there is something leaden at her heart,
(Pray God it be not mortal!) that even keeps her
From conversation with herself.

Enter BACHA.[c]

Bacha. Oh, whither
Will you, my cross affections, pull me? Fortune, Fate,
And you whose powers direct our actions,
And dwell within us, you that are angels
Guiding to Virtue, wherefore have you given
So strong a hand to evil? wherefore suffer'd
A temple of your own, you deities,
Where your fair selves dwelt only, and your goodness,
Thus to be soil'd with sin?
Leon. Heaven bless us all!
From whence comes this distemper? Speak, my fair one!

[c] There seems to me to be a striking resemblance between the character of Bacha and that of Congreve's Lady Touchwood.—*Mason*.

Bacha. And have you none, Love and Obedience,
You ever faithful servants, to employ
In this strange story of impiety,
But me? a mother? Must I be your trumpet,[7]
To lay black treason open?[8] and in him
In whom all sweetness was; in whom my love
Was proud to have a being; in whom Justice,
And all the gods for our imitations,[9]
Can work into a man, were more than virtues?
Ambition, down to Hell, where thou wert foster'd!
Thou hast poison'd the best soul, the purest, whitest,
And merest innocence itself,[1] that ever
Man's greedy hopes gave life to.

Leon. This is still stranger! lay this treason open
To my correction.

Bacha. Oh, what a combat Duty and Affection
Breed in my blood!

Leon. If thou conceal'st him, may,
Beside my death, the curses of the country,
Troubles of conscience, and a wretched end,
Bring thee unto a poor forgotten grave!

Bacha. My being, for another tongue to tell it!
Oh, ease a mother, some good man that dares

[7] *Must I be your* strumpet?] Was she frightened at the idea of being a *strumpet* to Love and Obedience? Surely *trumpet* is the true reading. Ed. 1778.

[8] *To lay black treason* upon.] Corrected in 1750.

[9] For *our* imaginations.] Sympson would read *imitations* instead of *imaginations:* We think the text best. If the passage is at all corrupt, we should perhaps read OR, not FOR *our imaginations.* Ed. 1778.

Mason proposes to read "to our imaginations," which he calls "a slighter emendation;" but Sympson's is much better, and nothing is more common than corruptions in words of many syllables.

[1] *And merest* innocentst.] Mr Theobald had prevented me in this correction.—*Seward.*

Speak for his king and country![2] I am full
Of too much woman's pity: Yet, oh, Heaven,
Since it concerns the safety of my sovereign,
Let it not be a cruelty in me,
Nor draw a mother's name in question
'Mongst unborn people, to give up that man
To law and justice, that unrighteously
Has sought his father's death! Be deaf, be deaf, sir!
Your son is the offender: Now have you all;
'Would I might never speak again!

Leon. My son?
Heaven help me! No more! I thought it;
And since his life is grown so dangerous,
Let them that gave him, take him! he shall die,
And with him all my fears.

Bacha. Oh, use your mercy!
You have a brave subject to bestow it on.
I will forgive him, sir: and for his wrong
To me, I'll be before you.

Leon. Durst his villainy
Extend to thee?

Bacha. Nothing but heats of youth, sir.

Leon. Upon my life he sought my bed!

Bacha. I must confess he loved me
Somewhat beyond a son; and still pursued it

[2] *My being: For another tongue to tell it,*
Cease, a mother! some good man that dares
Speak for his king and country: I am full
Of too much woman's pity.] Few emendations have given me so much pleasure as that of this passage. The corruption lay in the loss only of about a fifth part of a letter, and yet it utterly spoiled both metre and sense, where both were very beautiful. It cost me two or three turns before I could hit upon it, but when mentioned it carries immediate conviction. Instead of *Cease a mother*, it is only turning the *C* into an *O*.

> O! ease *a mother some good man that dares*
> *Speak for his king and country.* - Seward.

With such a lust, I will not say ambition,
That, clean forgetting all obedience,
And only following his first heat unto me,
He hotly sought your death, and me in marriage.
Leon. Oh, villain!
Bacha. But I forget all; and am half ashamed
To press a man so far.

Enter TIMANTUS.

Tim Where is the duke?
For God's sake, bring me to him!
Leon. Here I am.
Each corner of the dukedom sends new affrights
forth!
What wouldst thou? Speak!
Tim. I cannot, sir; my fear
Ties up my tongue.
Leon. Why, what's the matter? Take
Thy courage to thee, and boldly speak! Where are
The guard? In the gods' name, out with it!
Tim. Treason, treason!
Leon. In whom?
Bacha. Double the guard!
Tim. There is a fellow, sir——
Leon. Leave shaking, man!
Tim. 'Tis not for fear, but wonder.
Leon. Well?
Tim. There is a fellow, sir, close[3] in the lobby:—
You o' the guard, look to the door there!
Leon. But let me know the business.
Tim. Oh, that the hearts of men should be so
harden'd
Against so good a duke!—For God's sake, sir,
Seek means to save yourself! This wretched slave

[3] *Close.*] i. e. Closely or privately concealed.

Has his sword in his hand; I know his heart:
Oh, it hath almost kill'd me with the thought of it!
Leon. Where is he?

Enter the Guard.

Tim. I' the lobby, sir, close in a corner:
Look to yourselves, for Heaven's sake! methinks,
He's here already. Fellows of the guard, be valiant!
Leon. Go, sirs, and apprehend him! Treason shall
Never dare me in mine own gates.
[LEUCIPPUS *brought in by the Guard.*
Tim. 'Tis done.
Bacha. And thou shalt find it to thy best content.
Leon. Are these the comforts of my age? They are happy
That end their days contented with a little,
And live aloof from dangers! to a king
Every content doth a new peril bring.
Oh, let me live no longer! Shame of Nature,
Bastard to Honour, traitor, murderer,
Devil in a human shape! Away with him;
He shall not breathe his hot infection here.
Leuc. Sir, hear me.
Leon. Am I or he your duke? Away with him
To a close prison! Your highness now shall know,
Such branches must be cropt before they grow.
Leuc. Whatever fortune comes, I bid it welcome;
My innocence is my armour: Gods preserve you!
[*Exit.*
Bacha. Fare thee well!
I shall ne'er see so brave a gentleman.
'Would I could weep out his offences!
Tim. Or
I could weep out mine eyes!
Leon. Come, gentlemen!
We'll determine presently about his death;

We cannot be too forward in our safety.
I am very sick; lead me unto my bed! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Street.

Enter Citizen and his Boy.

Cit. Sirrah, go fetch my fox* from the cutler's
There's money for the scow'ring: Tell him I stop
A groat since the last great muster, he had in stone pitch
For the bruise he took, with the recoiling of his gun.
Boy. Yes, sir.
Cit. And (do you hear?) when you come, take down my buckler,
And sweep the cobwebs off, and grind the pick on't,
And fetch a nail or two and tack on the bracers:
Your mistress made a pot-lid on't, I thank her,
At her maid's wedding, and burnt off the handle.
Boy. I will, sir. [*Exit.*
Cit. [*Knocking at a door.*] Who's within here? Ho, neighbour!
Not stirring yet?

Enter Secon Citizen.

2 Cit. Oh, good morrow, good morrow!
What news, what news?

* *My* fox.] *i. e.* My *sword.*

1 *Cit.* It holds, he dies this morning.
2 *Cit.* Then happy man be his fortune! I am resolved.
1 *Cit.* And so am I, and forty more good fellows,
That will not give their heads for the washing, I take it.[5]
2 *Cit.* 'Sfoot, man, who would not hang in such good company,
And such a cause? A fire o' wife and children!
'Tis such a jest, that men should look behind 'em
To the world, and let their honours, their honours, neighbour, slip.
1 *Cit.* I'll give thee a pint of bastard[6] and a roll,
For that bare word.
2 *Cit* They say, that we tailors are
Things that lay one another, and our geese hatch us:
I'll make some of 'em feel they are geese o' the game then.
Jack, take down my bill; 'tis ten to one I use it.—
Take a good heart, man! all the low ward is ours,
With a wet finger.—
And lay my cut-finger'd gauntlet ready for me,
That that I used to work in, when the gentlemen
Were up against us, and beaten out of town,
And almost out of debt too; for a plague on 'em,
They never paid well since! And take heed, sirrah,
Your mistress hears not of this business;
She's near her time: Yet, if she do, I care not;

[5] *That will not give their heads for the washing, I take it.*] This proverbial phrase occurs in Hudibras (Part I. Canto III, ver. 255.)

> "For my part it shall ne'er be said
> I for the washing gave my head."

[6] *Bastard.*] For a description of this sweet wine, see vol. V. p. 297. It is thus mentioned in S. Rowley's Martyred Soldier: "You'll praise *bastard* for the sweetest wine in the world, and call for another quart of it."

She may long for rebellion, for she has
A devilish spirit.

1 *Cit.* Come, let's call up the new ironmonger!
He's as tough as steel, and has a fine wit in
These resurrections. Are you stirring, neighbour?
[*Knocking at another door.*

3 *Cit.* [*Within.*] Oh, good morrow, neighbours!
I'll come to you presently.

2 *Cit.* Go to!——
This is his mother's doing; she's a polecat!

1 *Cit.* As any is in the world.

2 *Cit.* Then say I have hit it; and a vengeance on her,
Let her be what she will!

1 *Cit.* Amen say I!
She has brought things to a fine pass with her wisdom,
Do you mark it?

2 *Cit.* One thing I am sure she has, the good old duke;
She gives him pap again, they say, and dandles him,
And hangs a coral and bells about his neck,
And makes him believe his teeth will come again;
Which if they did, and I he, I would worry her
As never cur was worried! I would, neighbour,
Till my teeth met I know where; but that's counsel.[7]

Enter Third Citizen.

3 *Cit.* Good morrow, neighbours! Hear you the sad news?

1 *Cit.* Yes; 'would we knew as well how to prevent it!

[7] *But that's* counsel.] That is, a secret. So in the Duke of Milan by Massinger:—

"———Nay, it is no *counsel*,
You may partake it, gentlemen."

3 *Cit.* I cannot tell: Methinks, 'twere no great matter,
If men were men; but——

2 *Cit.* You do not twit me with my calling, neighbour?

3 *Cit.* No, surely; for I know your spirit to be tall:
Pray be not vexed!

2 *Cit.* Pray forward with your counsel.
I am what I am, and they that prove me shall
Find me to their cost—Do you mark me, neighbour?
To their cost, I say.

1 *Cit.* Nay, look how soon you are angry!

2 *Cit.* They shall, neighbours; yes, I say they shall.

3 *Cit.* I do believe they shall.

1 *Cit.* I know they shall.

2 *Cit.* Whether you do or no, I care not two-pence!
I am no beast; I know mine own strength, neighbours:
God bless the king! Your companies is fair.

1 *Cit.* Nay, neighbour, now ye err; I must tell ye so,
An ye were twenty neighbours.

3 *Cit.* You had best
Go peach; do peach!

2 Cit. *Peach?* I scorn the motion.

3 *Cit.* Do, and see what follows! I'll spend an hundred pound
(An't be two, I care not), but I'll undo thee.

2 Cit. *Peach?* oh, disgrace! *peach* in thy face! and do
The worst thou canst! I am a true-man, and a free-man
Peach?

1 *Cit.* Nay, look, you will spoil all.

2 Cit. *Peach?*

1 *Cit.* Whilst you two brawl together,

The prince will lose his life.

3 *Cit.* Come, give me your hand!
I love you well. Are you for the action?

2 *Cit.* Yes;
But *peach* provokes me! 'tis a cold fruit; I feel it
Cold in my stomach still.

3 *Cit.* No more! I'll give you cake to digest it.

Enter Fourth Citizen.

4 *Cit.* [*Entering.*] Shut up my shop, and be ready at a call, boys!
And one of you run over my old tuck with a few ashes
('Tis grown odious with toasting cheese), and burn
A little juniper in my murrion[8] (the maid made it
Her chamber-pot); an hour hence I'll come again.
And, as you hear from me, send me a clean shirt!

3 *Cit.* The chandler by the wharf, an it be thy will!

2 *Cit.* Gossip, good morrow!

4 *Cit.* Oh, good morrow, gossip!
Good morrow, all! I see ye of one mind,
Ye cleave so close together. Come; 'tis time!
I have prepared an hundred, if they stand.

1 *Cit.* 'Tis well done: Shall we sever, and about it?

3 *Cit.* First, let's to th' tavern! and a pint a-piece
Will make us dragons.

2 *Cit.* I will have no mercy,
Come what will of it.

4 *Cit.* If my tuck hold, I'll spit
The guard like larks with sage between 'em.

2 *Cit.* I have
A foolish bill to reckon with 'em, will make
Some of their hearts ache, and I'll lay it on!
Now shall I fight, 'twill do you good to see me.

[8] *Murrion.*] Properly, *morion*, a helmet.

3 Cit. Come, I'll do something for the town to talk of
When I am rotten: Pray God there be enough
To kill, that's all! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Before the Palace.

Enter DORIALUS, NISUS, *and* AGENOR

Age. How black the day begins!

Dor. Can you blame it, and look upon such a deed as shall be done this morning?

Nisus. Does the prince suffer to-day?

Dor. Within this hour, they say.

Age. Well, they that are most wicked are most safe. 'Twill be a strange justice, and a lamentable: Gods keep us from the too-soon feeling of it!

Dor. I care not if my throat were next; for to live still, and live here, were but to grow fat for the shambles.

Nisus. Yet we must do't, and thank 'em too, that our lives may be accepted.

Age. 'Faith, I'll go starve myself, or grow diseased, to shame the hangman; for I am sure he shall be my herald, and quarter me.

Dor. Ay, a plague on him, he's too excellent at arms.

Nisus. Will you go see this sad sight, my lord Agenor?

Age I'll make a mourner.

Dor. If I could do him any good, I would go; the bare sight else would but afflict my spirit: My prayers shall be as near him as your eyes. As ye find him settled, remember my love and service to his grace.

Nisus. We will weep for you, sir. Farewell!

[*Exeunt.*

Dor. Farewell!
To all our happiness, a long farewell!—
Thou angry Power, whether of heaven or hell,
That lay'st this sharp correction on our kingdom
For our offences, infinite and mighty!
Oh, hear me, and at length be pleased, be pleased
With pity to draw back thy vengeance,
Too heavy for our weakness; and accept
(Since it is your discretion, heavenly wisdoms,
To have it so) this sacrifice for all,
That now is flying to your happiness,
Only for you most fit; let all our sins
Suffer in him!— [*A shout within.*
Gods, what's the matter? I hope
'Tis joy:—How now, my lords?

Enter AGENOR *and* NISUS.

Nisus. I'll tell you with what little breath I have:
More joy than you dare think; the prince is safe
From danger.

Dor. How!

Age. 'Tis true, and thus it was: His hour was come
To lose his life; he, ready for the stroke,
Nobly and full of saint-like patience,
Went with his guard; which when the people saw,
Compassion first went out, mingled with tears,

That bred desires, and whispers to each other,
To do some worthy kindness for the prince;
And ere they understood well how to do,
Fury stepped in, and taught them what to do,
Thrusting on every hand to rescue him,
As a white innocent. Then flew the roar
Through all the streets, of *Save him, save him, save him!*
And as they cried, they did; for catching up
Such sudden weapons as their madness shew'd them,
In short, they beat the guard, and took him from 'em,
And now march with him like a royal army.

Dor. Heaven, Heaven, I thank thee! what a slave was I
To have my hand so far from this brave rescue!
'Thad been a thing to brag on when I was old.
Shall we run for a wager to the next temple,
And give thanks?

Nisus. As fast as wishes. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

The Street.

Enter LEUCIPPUS *and* ISMENUS; *the People within stop.*

Leuc. Good friends, go home again! there's not a man
Shall go with me.

Ism. Will you not take revenge?
I'll call them on.

Leuc. All that love me, depart!
I thank you, and will serve you for your loves;
But I will thank you more to suffer me
To govern 'em. Once more, I do beg ye,
For my sake to your houses!

All. [*Within.*] Gods preserve you!

Ism. And what house will you go to?

Leuc. Ismenus, I will take the wariest courses
That I can think of to defend myself,
But not offend.

Ism. You may kill your mother, and ne'er offend your father, an honest man![9]

Leuc. Thou know'st I can 'scape now; that's all
I look for.
I will leave——

Ism. Timantus, a pox take him! 'would I had him here! I would kill him at his own weapon, single scythes. We have built enough on him. Plague on't, I'm out of all patience! discharge such an army as this, that would have follow'd you without paying? Oh, gods!

Leuc. To what end shall I keep 'em? I am free.

Ism. Yes, free o' th' traitors; for you are proclaimed one.

Leuc. Should I therefore make myself one?

Ism. This is one of your moral philosophy, is it? Heaven bless me from subtilties to undo myself with! but I know, if reason herself were here, she would not part with her own safety.

[9] *You may kill your mother, and ne'er offend your father, an honest man.*] Former editions. Both sense and measure require the emendation.—*Seward.*

I conceive the expression, An honest man! is an ironical exclamation. As for the metre, I do not believe any to have been intended, as Ismenus generally speaks in prose. Seward reads plausibly, but very licentiously, *or any* honest man.

Leuc. Well, pardon, Ismenus! for I know
My courses are most just; nor will I stain 'em
With one bad action. For thyself, thou know'st,
That though I may command thee, I shall be
A ready servant to thee, if thou need'st:
And so I'll take my leave.

Ism. Of whom?

Leuc. Of thee.

Ism. 'Heart, you shall take no leave of me!

Leuc. Shall I not?

Ism. No, by the gods, shall you not! Nay, if you have no more wit but to go absolutely alone, I'll be in a little.

Leuc. Nay, pr'ythee, good Ismenus, part with me!

Ism. I wo'not, i'faith! never move it any more; for by this good light, I wo'not!

Leuc. This is an ill time to be thus unruly: Ismenus, you must leave me.

Ism. Yes, if you can beat me away; else the gods refuse me, if I will leave you till I see more reason! you shall not undo yourself.

Leuc. But why wilt not leave me?

Ism. Why, I'll tell you: Because when you are gone, then—'Life, if I have not forgot my reason, hell take me! you put me out of patience so. Oh! marry, when you are gone, then will your mother—A pox confound her!—she ne'er comes in my head, but she spoils my memory too. There are a hundred reasons.

Leuc. But shew me one.

Ism. Shew you? what a stir here is! Why I will shew you: Do you think—well, well, I know what I know; I pray come, come! 'Tis in vain, but I am sure—Devils take 'em! what do I meddle with them? You know yourself—'Soul, I think I am—Is there any man i' th' world—As if you knew

not this already better than I! Pish, pish, I'll give no reason!

Leuc. But I will tell thee one, why thou shouldst stay:
I have not one friend in the court but thou,
On whom I may be bold to trust to send me
Any intelligence; and if thou lov'st me,
Thou wilt do this; thou need'st not fear to stay;
For there are new-come proclamations out,
Where all are pardon'd but myself.

Ism. 'Tis true; and in the same proclamation your fine sister Urania, whom you used so kindly, is proclaim'd heir-apparent to the crown.

Leuc. What though, thou may'st stay at home without danger?

Ism. Danger? hang danger! what tell you me of danger?

Leuc. Why, if thou wilt not do't, I think thou dar'st not.

Ism. I dare not? If you speak in earnest, you are a boy.

Leuc. Well, sir, if you dare, let me see you do't.

Ism. Why, so you shall; I will stay.

Leuc. Why, God-a-mercy——

Ism. You know I love you but too well!

Leuc. Now take these few directions, and farewell!
Send to me by the wariest ways thou canst:
I have a soul tells me we shall meet often.
The gods protect thee!

Ism. Pox o' myself for an ass, I am crying now! God be with you! if I never see you again, why then—Pray get you gone; for grief and anger wo'not let me know what I say. I'll to the court as fast as I can, and see the new heir apparent.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

A Street.

Enter URANIA, *(in boys clothes) and her Maid.*

Ura. What, hast thou found him?
Maid. Madam, he's coming in.
Ura. God bless my brother, wheresoe'er he is!
And I beseech you keep me fro' the bed
Of any naughty tyrant, whom my mother
Would ha' me have to wrong him.

Enter ISMENUS.

Ism. What would her new grace have with me?
Ura. Leave us awhile.— [*Exit Maid.*
My lord Ismenus,
I pray, for the love of Heaven and God,
That you would tell me one thing, which I know
You can do weel.
Ism. [*Mocking her.*] Where's her fain grace?
Ura. You know me weel inough,[a] but that you mock;
I'm she my sen.
Ism. God bless him that shall be thy husband! if thou wear'st breeches thus soon, thou'lt be as impudent as thy mother.

[a] It is one of the numerous singularities in this play, that Urania, the Lycian princess, speaks a mixture of broad Scotch and Yorkshire.

Ura. But will you tell me this one thing?
Ism. What is it? if it be no great matter whether I do or no, perhaps I will.
Ura. Yes, 'faith, 'tis matter.
Ism. And what is't?
Ura. I pray you let me know whair the prince
my brother is.
Ism. I'faith, you shan be hang'd first! Is your mother so foolish to think your good grace can sift it out of me?
Ura. If you have any mercy
Left in you to a poor wench, tell me!
Ism. Why, wouldst not thou have thy brains beat out for this, to follow thy mother's steps so young?
Ura. But, believe me, she knows none of this.
Ism. Believe you? Why do you think I never had wits? or that I am run out of them? How should it belong to you to know, if I could tell?
Ura. Why, I will tell you; and if I speak false,
Let the de'il ha' me! Yonder's a bad man,
Come from a tayrant to my mother, and what
name
They ha' for him, good feith, I cannot tell.
Ism. An ambassador?
Ura. That's it: But he would carry me away,
And have me marry his master; and I'll daye
Ere I will ha' him.
Ism. But what's this to knowing where the prince is?
Ura. Yes; for ye know all my mother does
Agen the prince, is but to ma' me great.
Ism. Pray, (I know that too well) what then?
Ura. Why,
I would go to the good marquis my brother,
And put myself into his hands, that so
He may preserve himself.

Ism. Oh, that thou hadst no seed of thy mother in thee, and couldst mean this now!

Ura. Why, feth I do;
'Would I might never stir more if I do not!

Ism. I shall prove a ridiculous fool, I'll be damn'd else: Hang me if I do not half believe thee?

Ura. By my troth, you may.

Ism. By my troth, I do! I know I'm an ass for't, but I cannot help it.

Ura. And won you tell me then?

Ism. Yes, faith will I, or any thing else i' th' world; for I think thou art as good a creature as ever was born.

Ura. But ail go i'this lad's reparel; but you mun help me
To silver.

Ism. Help thee? why, the pox take him that will not help thee to any thing i' th' world! I'll help thee to money, and I'll do't presently too: And yet—'Soul, if you should play the scurvy harlotry, little pocky baggage now, and cozen me, what then?

Ura. Why, an I do, would I might ne'er see day again!

Ism. Nay, by this light, I do not think thou wilt: I'll presently provide thee money and a letter. [*Exit.*

Ura. Ay, but I'll ne'er deliver it.
When I have found my brother, I will beg
To serve him; but he shall never know who I am;
For he must hate me then for my bad mother:
I'll say I am a country lad that want a service,
And have stray'd on him by chance, lest he discover me.
I know I must not live long, but that taime

I ha' to spend, shall be in serving him.
And though my mother seek to take his life
Away, in ai day [3] my brother shall be taught
That I was ever good, though she were naught.
[*Exit.*

SCENE II.

A Room in the Palace.

Enter BACHA, *reading a Letter, and* TIMANTUS.

Bacha. Run away? the devil be her guide!
Tim. 'Faith, she's gone!
There's a letter; I found it in her pocket.—
'Would I were with her! she's a handsome lady;
A plague upon my bashfulness! I had bobb'd her
Long ago else. [*Aside.*
Bacha. What a base whore is this, that, after all
My ways for her advancement, should so poorly
Make Virtue her undoer, and chuse this time,
The king being deadly sick, and I intending
A present marriage with some foreign prince,
To strengthen and secure myself! She writes here,
Like a wise gentlewoman, she will not stay;
And the example of her dear brother makes

[3] *In ai day;*] *i. e.* In *one* day.—Ed. 1778.

Her fear herself,[4] to whom she means to fly.

Tim. Why, who can help it?

Bacha Now poverty and lechery, which is thy end,
Rot thee, where'er thou goest, with all thy goodness!

Tim By'r lady they'll bruise her, an she were of brass! I am sure they'll break stone walls: I have had experience of them both, and they have made me desperate. But there's a messenger, madam, come from the prince with a letter to Ismenus, who by him returns an answer.

Bacha. This comes as pat as wishes: Thou shalt presently away, Timantus.

Tim. Whither, madam?

Bacha. To the prince! and take the messenger for guide!

Tim. What shall I do there? I have done too much mischief to be believed again; or, indeed, to 'scape with my head on my back, if I be once known.

Bacha. Thou'rt a weak shallow fool! Get thee a disguise;
And withal, when thou com'st before him, have a letter
Feign'd to deliver him; and then, as thou
Hast ever hope of goodness by me, or after me,
Strike one home stroke that shall not need another!
Dar'st thou? speak! dar'st thou? If thou fall'st off,
Go be a rogue[5] again, and lie and pandar

[4] Fear *herself.*] Seward reads, *Fear* for *herself;* but the text is good sense, according to the idiom prevailing in our authors' time.—Ed. 1778.

[5] *Rogue.*] A rogue means here a beggar, as it frequently does in these plays.—*Mason.*

To procure thy meat! Dar'st thou? speak to me.
Tim. Sure I shall never walk when I am dead,
I have no spirit. Madam, I'll be drunk,
But I will do it; that is all my refuge. [*Exit.*
Bacha. Away! no more! Then I will raise an army
Whilst the king yet lives, if all the means and power
I have can do it; I cannot tell.

Enter ISMENUS *and the three Lords.*

Ism. Are you inventing still? we'll ease your studies.
Bacha. Why, how now, saucy lords?
Ism. Nay, I'll shake you! yes, devil, I will shake you!
Bacha. Do not you know me, lords?
Nis. Yes, deadly sin, we know you: 'Would we did not!
Ism. Do you hear, whore? a plague o' God upon thee!
The duke is dead.
Bacha. Dead?
Ism. Ay, wildfire and brimstone take thee! Good man, he is dead, and past those miseries, which thou, salt infection,[6] like a disease flungest upon his head Dost thou hear? An 'twere not more respect to womanhood in general than thee, because I had a mother, who—I will not say she

[6] *Which thou salt infection like, like a disease.*] The reduplication of *like* is evidently accidental, but the modern editions not only retain it, but introduce another *thou.*

was good, she lived so near thy time—I would have thee, in vengeance of this man, whose peace is made in Heaven by this time, tied to a post, and dried i' th' sun; and after carried about, and shewn at fairs for money, with a long story of the devil thy father, that taught thee to be whorish, envious, bloody.

Bacha. Ha, ha, ha!

Ism. You fleering harlot, I'll have a horse to leap thee, and thy base issue shall carry sumpters.[7]—Come, lords; bring her along! We'll to the prince all, where her hell-hood shall wait his censure; and if he spare thee, she-goat, may he lie with thee again! and beside, may'st thou lay upon him some nasty foul disease, that hate still follows, and his end a dry ditch!—Lead, you corrupted whore, or I'll draw a goad shall make you skip; away to the prince!

Bacha. Ha, ha, ha!
I hope yet I shall come too late to find him.

[*Exeunt.*

[7] *Shall carry* sumpters.] A *sumpter* horse is that which carries the provisions and baggage.—*Reed.*

SCENE III.

A Forest, with a Cave in the Back-ground.

Cornets.[8] CUPID *descends.*

Cupid. The time now of my revenge draws near;
Nor shall it lessen, as I am a god,
With all the cries and prayers that have been,
And those that be to come, though they be infinite
In need and number![9] [*Ascends.*

Enter LEUCIPPUS *and* URANIA *from the Cave.*

Leuc. Alas, poor boy, why dost thou follow me?
What canst thou hope for? I am poor as thou art.
Ura. In good feth, I shall be weell and rich enough
If you will love me, and not put me from you!
Leuc. Why dost thou chuse out me, boy, to undo thee?
Alas, for pity, take another master,
That may be able to deserve thy love
In breeding thee hereafter! me thou knowest not

[8] Cornets. *Cupid from above.*] Seward, seeing "no propriety" in the *cornets* "belonging to Cupid," places that direction at the end of the foregoing scene; but why displace the *cornets* here, since he inserts them on Cupid's other appearances? We have made this direction like the former.—Ed. 1778.

[9] Cupid. *The time now*, &c.] This speech, till Seward very properly introduced it here, was placed at the end of the play, notwithstanding the direction quoted in the last note stood where it now does.—Ed. 1778.

More than my misery; and therefore canst not
Look for rewards at my hands: 'Would I were able,
My pretty knave, to do thee any kindness!
Truly, good boy, I would, upon my faith;
Thy harmless innocence moves me at heart.
Wilt thou go save thyself? Why dost thou weep?
Alas, I do not chide thee.

Ura. I cannot tell;
If I go from you, sir, I shall ne'er dawn day more:
Pray, if you can, (I will be true to you)
Let me wait on you! If I were a man,
I would fight for you: Sure you have some ill-willers;
I would slay 'em.

Leuc. Such harmless souls are ever prophets. Well
I take thy wish, thou shalt be with me still:
But, pr'ythee eat, my good boy! thou wilt die,
My child, if thou fast one day more; these four days
Thou hast tasted nothing: Go into the cave,
And eat; thou shalt find something for thee,
To bring thy blood again, and thy fair colour.

Ura. I cannot eat, God thank you! but I'll eat
To-morrow.

Leuc. Thou'lt be dead by that time.

Ura. I should be
Well then; for you'll not love me.

Leuc. Indeed I will.—
This is the prettiest passion that e'er I felt yet!—
Why dost thou look so earnestly upon me?

Ura. You have fair eyes, master.

Leuc. Sure the boy dotes!—
Why dost thou sigh, my child?

Ura. To think that such
A fine man should live, and no gay lady love him.

Leuc Thou wilt love me?
Ura. Yes sure, till I die; and when
I am in Heaven, I'll e'en wish for you.
Leuc. And I'll come to thee, boy.— This is a love
I never yet heard tell of.--Come, thou'rt sleepy, child;
Go in, and I'll sit with thee.—Heaven, what portends this?
Ura. You're sad, but I'm not sleepy: Would I could
Do aught to make you merry; shall I sing?
Leuc. If thou wilt, good boy. Alas, my boy, that thou
Shouldst comfort me, and art far worse than I!

Enter TIMANTUS, *disguised.*

Ura. La', master, there is one; look to yourself!
Leuc. What art thou that into this dismal place,
Which nothing could find out but misery,
Thus boldly step'st? Comfort was never here;
Here is no food, nor beds, nor any house
Built by a better architect than beasts;
And ere you get a dwelling from one of them,
You must fight for it: If you conquer him,
He is your meat; if not, you must be his.
Tim. I come to you (for, if I not mistake,
You are the prince) from that most noble lord
Ismenus, with a letter.
Ura. Alas, I fear
I shall be discover'd now.
Leuc Now I feel
Myself the poorest of all mortal things;
Where is he that receives such courtesies
But he has means to shew his gratefulness
Some way or other? I have none at all!

I know not how to speak so much as well
Of thee, but to these trees.
Tim. His letters speak him, sir.
Ura. Gods keep him but from knowing me till I die![1]
Ah me! sure I cannot live a day.
[LEUCIPPUS *opening the Letter, the whilst* TIMANTUS *runs at him, and* URANIA *steps before, and receives the stroke.*
Oh, thou foul traitor!—How do you, master?
Leuc. How dost thou, my child?—Alas! look on this;
It may make thee repentant, to behold
Those innocent drops that thou hast drawn from thence.
Ura. 'Tis nothing, sir, an you be well.
Tim. Oh, pardon me!
Know you me now, sir?
[*Kneels and discovers himself.*
Leuc. How couldst thou find me out?
Tim. We intercepted
A letter from Ismenus, and the bearer
Directed me.
Leuc. Stand up, Timantus, boldly!
The world conceives that thou art guilty
Of divers treasons to the state and me:
But oh, far be it from the innocence
Of a just man, to give a traitor death
Without a trial! Here the country is not
To purge thee or condemn thee;[2] therefore,
(A nobler trial than thou dost deserve,
Rather than none at all,) here I accuse thee,

[1] *Gods keep* me *but from knowing* him *till I die.*] This most self-evident corruption was not discovered by the editors of 1750 and 1778. Mason first proposed the transposition.

[2] *To purge thee or condemn thee; therefore*
A nobler trial than thou dost deserve.] Here a verb is evidently

Before the face of Heaven, to be a traitor
Both to the duke my father and to me,
And the whole land. Speak! is it so, or no?
Tim. 'Tis true, sir: Pardon me!
Leuc. Take heed, Timantus,
How thou dost cast away thyself! I must
Proceed to execution hastily
If thou confess it: Speak once again! is't so, or no?
Tim. I am not guilty, sir.
Leuc. Gods and thy sword
Acquit thee! here it is.
[*Delivers him his sword.*
Tim. I'll not use any violence
Against your highness.
Leuc. At thy peril then!
For this must be thy trial; and from henceforth
Look to thyself!
[TIMANTUS *draws his sword, they fight,* TIMANTUS *falls.*
Tim. I do beseech you, sir,
Let me not fight.
Leuc. Up, up again, Timantus!
There is no way but this, believe me. Now if—
Fy, fy, Timantus! is there no usage can
Recover thee from baseness! Wert thou longer
To converse with men, I would have chid thee for this.
Be all thy faults forgiven!
Tim. Oh, spare me, sir, I am not fit for death.
Leuc. I think thou art not; yet trust me, fitter than

left out, being equally necessary to the sense and measure.—*Seward.*
Seward's addition is *take*, and he reads,

——— therefore *take*
A nobler trial, &c.

But there is no occasion for this addition if we substitute a comma for a colon after the words "*at all*," as Mason directs, and place the parentheses as in the text.

For life. Yet tell me, ere thy breath be gone,
Know'st of any other plots against me?

Tim. Of none.

Leuc. What course wouldst thou have taken, when thou hadst kill'd me?

Tim. I would have ta'en your page, and married her.

Leuc. What page? [Urania *swoons.*

Tim. Your boy there— [*Dies.*

Leuc. Is he fall'n mad in death? what does he mean?
Some good god help me at the worst!—How dost thou?
Let not thy misery vex me; thou shalt have
What thy poor heart can wish: I am a prince,
And I will keep thee in the gayest clothes,
And the finest things that ever pretty boy
Had given him.

Ura. I know you well enough.
Feth, I am dying; and now you know all too.

Leuc. But stir up thyself: Look what a jewel here is,
See how it glisters! what a pretty show
Will this make in thy little ear! ha, speak!
Eat but a bit, and take it.

Ura. Do you not know me?

Leuc. I pr'ythee mind thy health! why, that's well said;
My good boy, smile still.

Ura. I shall smile till death,
An I see you! I am Urania,
Your sister-in-law.

Leuc. How!

Ura. I am Urania.

Leuc. Dulness did seize me! now I know thee well:
Alas, why cam'st thou hither?

Ura. Feth, for love:
I would not let you know till I was dying;
For you could not love me, my mother was
So naught. [*Dies.*

Leuc. I will love thee, or any thing!
What, wilt thou leave me as soon as I know thee?
Speak one word to me! Alas, she is past it!
She will ne'er speak more.—
What noise is that? it is no matter who
Comes on me now.

Enter ISMENUS, *with the Lords bringing in* BACHA.

What worse than mad are you
That seek out sorrows? if you love delights,
Begone from hence!

Ism. Sir, for you we come,
As soldiers to revenge the wrongs you have suffer'd
Under this naughty creature: What shall be done with her?
Say; I am ready.

Leuc. Leave her to Heaven, brave cousin!
They shall tell her how she has sinn'd against 'em;
My hand shall ne'er be stain'd with such base blood.
Live, wicked mother! that reverend title be
Your pardon! for I'll use no extremity
Against you, but leave you to Heaven.

Bacha. Hell take you all! or, if there be a place
Of torment that exceeds that, get you thither!
And till the devils have you, may your lives
Be one continued plague, and such a one
That knows no friends nor ending! may all ages
That shall succeed curse you, as I do! and,
If it be possible, I ask it Heaven,
That your base issues may be ever monsters,
That must, for shame of Nature and succession,

Be drown'd like dogs! 'Would I had breath to poison you![4]

Leuc. 'Would you had love within you, and such grief
As might become a mother! Look you there!
Know you that face? that was Urania:
These are the fruits of those unhappy mothers,
That labour with such horrid births as you do!
If you can weep, there's cause; poor innocent,
Your wickedness has kill'd her; I'll weep for you.

Ism. Monstrous woman! Mars would weep at this,
And yet she cannot.

Leuc. Here lies your minion too, slain by my hand:
I will not say you are the cause; yet certain,
I know you were to blame: The gods forgive you!

Ism. See, she stands as if she were inventing
Some new destruction for the world.

Leuc. Ismenus,
Thou art welcome yet to my sad company.

Ism. I come to make you somewhat sadder, sir.

Leuc. You cannot; I am at the height already.

Ism. Your father's dead.

Leuc. I thought so; Heaven be with him!
Oh, woman, woman, weep now or never! thou
Hast made more sorrows than we have eyes to utter.

Bacha. Now let Heaven fall! I'm at the worst of evils;
A thing so miserably wretched, that every thing,
The last of human comforts, hath left me!

[4] *Would I had breath to* poison *you.*] Some editions (Seward's among the number) [and the quarto of 1630]

Would I had breath to please *you.*—Ed. 1778.

The text is from quarto 1635.

I will not be so base and cold to live,
And wait the mercies of these men I hate:
No, 'tis just I die, since Fortune hath left me.
My steep descent attends me:[5] Hand, strike thou home!
I have soul enough to guide: and let all know,
As I stood a queen, the same I'll fall,
And one with me! [*Stabs the Prince, then herself.*

Leuc. Oh!

Ism. How do you, sir?

Leuc. Nearer my health than I think any here.
My tongue begins to faulter: What is man!
Or who would be one, when he sees a poor weak woman
Can in an instant make him none!

Dor. She's dead already.

Ism. Let her be damn'd
Already, as she is! Post all for surgeons!

Leuc. Let not a man stir! for I am but dead.
I have some few words which I would have you hear,
And am afraid I shall want breath to speak 'em:
First to you, my lords; you know Ismenus is
Undoubted heir of Lycia;[6] I do beseech you all,
When I am dead, to shew your duties to him.

Lords. We vow to do't.

Leuc I thank you.—Next to you,
Cousin Ismenus, that shall be the duke,
I pray you let the broken images[7]
Of Cupid be re-edified! I know
All this is done by him.

Ism. It shall be so.

[5] *My* step *descent attends me.*] Corrected in 1750.

[6] Undoubtedly *heir.*] Varied by Seward.

[7] *I pray you let the broken* image *of Cupid.*] Altered in 1750.

Leuc. Last, I beseech you that my mother-in-law
May have a burial according to—— [*Dies.*
Ism. To what, sir?
Dor. There's a full point!
Ism. I will interpret for him: She shall have burial
According to her own deserts, with dogs!
Dor. I would your majesty
Would haste for settling of the people.
Ism. I am ready.
Age. Go; and let the trumpets sound
Some mournful thing, whilst we convey the body
Of this unhappy prince unto the court,
And of that virtuous virgin to a grave!
But drag her to a ditch, where let her lie,
Accurs'd, whilst one man has a memory!
[*A dead march. Exeunt.*[8]

[8] In the course of Mr Seward's notes on this play, he remarks, that "had this whole plot, a father marrying his son's whore, the son's penitence and distress, and her plots for his destruction, been wrought into a tragedy, without the idle machinery of Cupid and his Revenge, it would have afforded sufficient matter to such geniuses as our authors:" And afterwards says, "I cannot take leave of this play without again regretting the farcical intermixture of the machinery of Cupid, from whence it takes its name. Without this, and the ridiculous death of the princess, what a noble tragedy would our authors have left us! The character of the king from his ridiculous dotage on his children, to a still more ridiculous dotage on a wanton wife; the misfortunes of a virtuous young prince from taking one vicious step, and endeavouring to conceal it by a falsity, are finely described; but how is the just moral arising from thence spoiled, by making this only *Cupid's Revenge!*"

In our opinion, the plot and the machinery are equally ridiculous; and we cannot avoid expressing our concern, that so much admirable poetry should be bestowed on so absurd a drama.—Ed. 1778.

I cannot discover the great merit which Seward finds in this play, or think that the omission of any part would render it a noble tragedy. In point both of language and metre it is inferior to other productions of the poets: the characters and the incidents so unnatural, that nothing can reconcile us to them but the interposi-

tion of that little deity which gives Seward so much offence. It would be difficult, therefore, to find any fitter utle for this drama than *Cupid's Revenge.*—Mason.

This is all very just, excepting the observations on the metre; and this to be sure is ridiculous enough in the modern editions, where all the prose is cut down into verse.

END OF THE ELEVENTH VOLUME.

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